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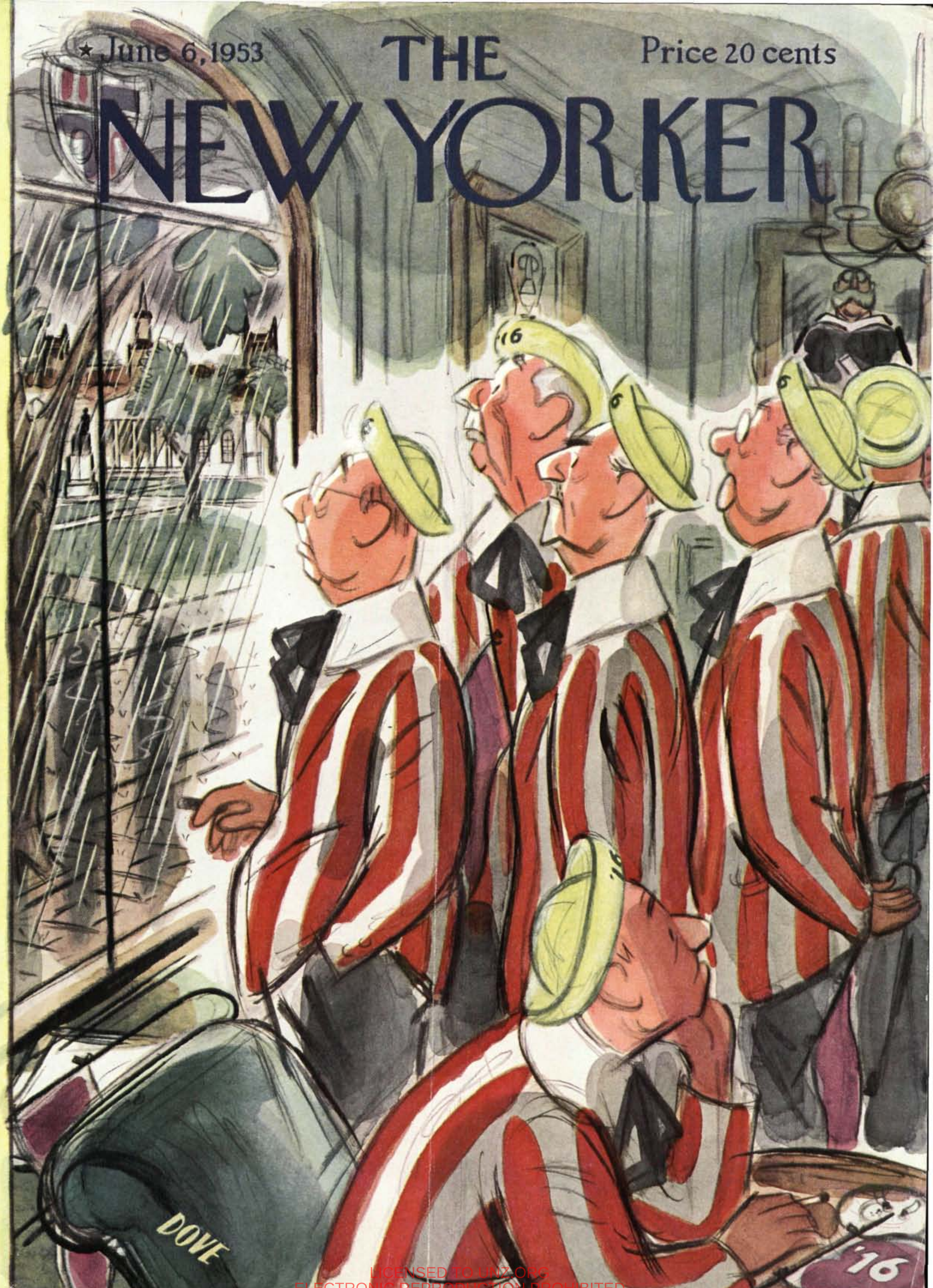
THE NEW YORKER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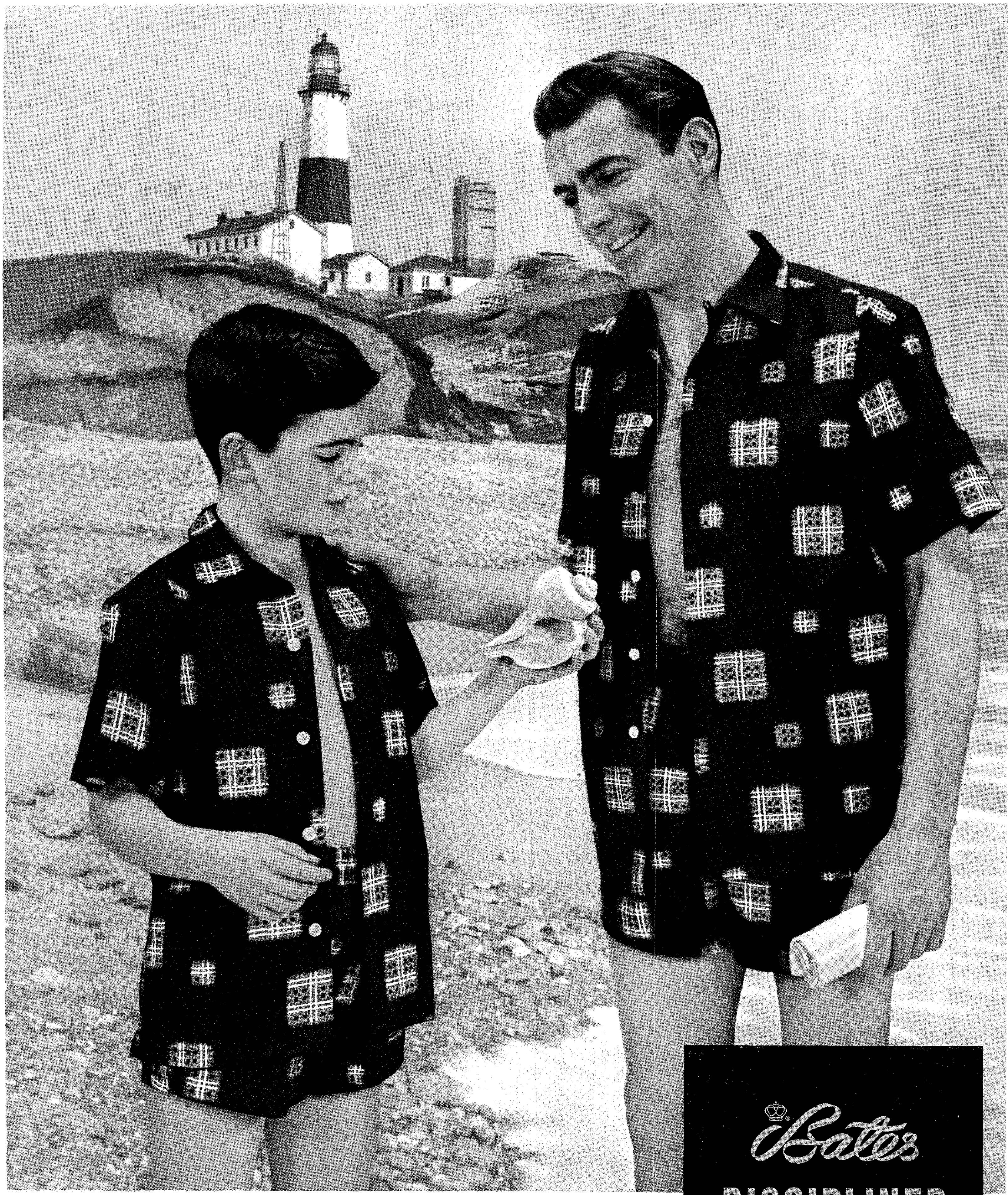

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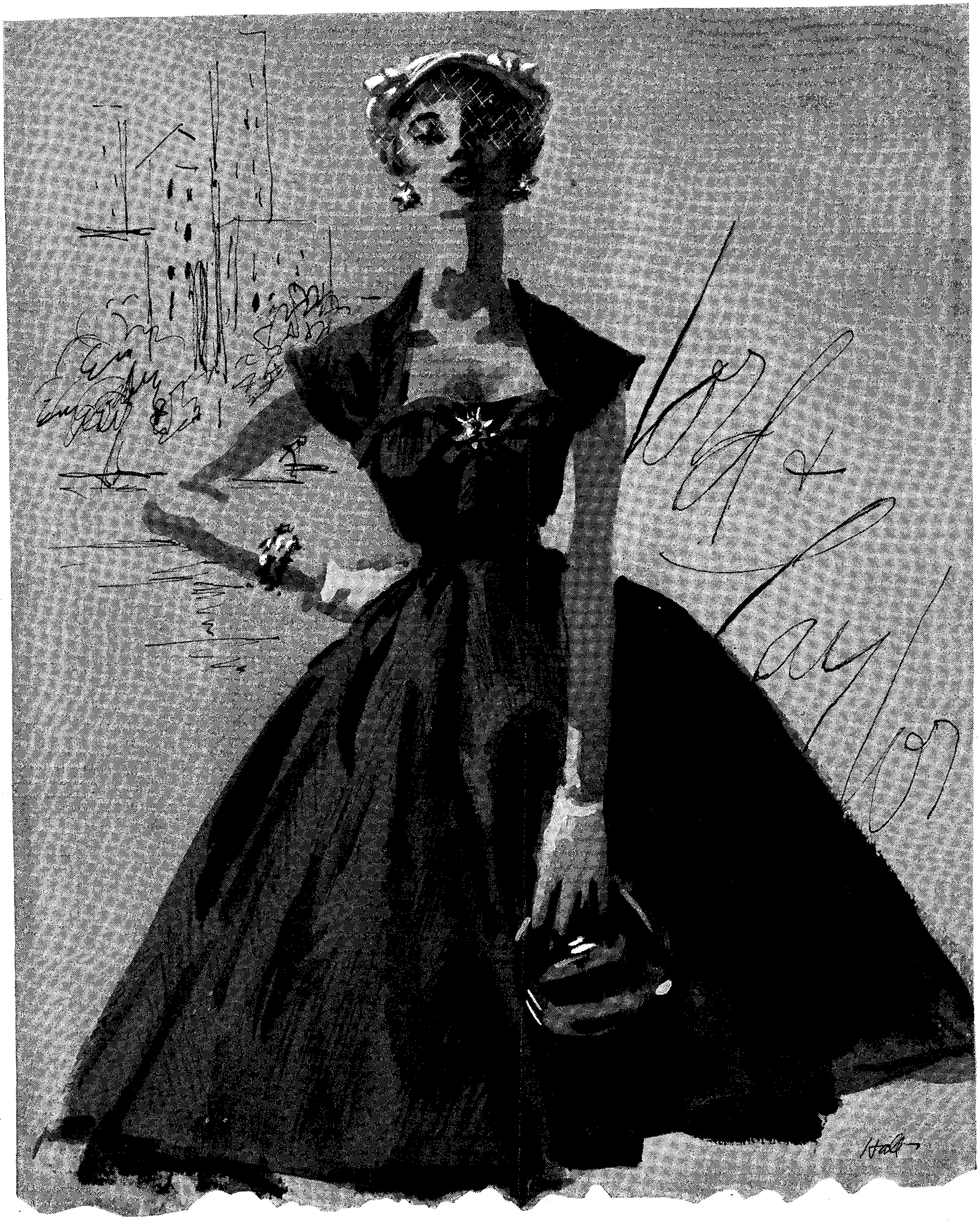

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Crucible—Arthur Miller's emotional and effective drama about the witchcraft trials in Salem a couple of centuries ago. The play was directed by Jed Harris and includes Arthur Kennedy, Maureen Stapleton, and Philip Coolidge in its cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dial "M" for Murder—A taut English melodrama, by Frederick Knott, about a man who hires an old college mate to murder his wife. Maurice Evans is very sinister and urbane in the leading role. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Fun among the denizens of the garment belt on Seventh Avenue, with Menasha Skulnik providing most of the laughs. Richard Whorf shares the showroom with Mr. Skulnik. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Misalliance—Put together forty-three years ago, this comedy of Shaw's about the way in which the British upper classes go to seed turns out to be durable and still hilarious. The cast includes Martyn Green, Jan Farrand, and Tamara Geva. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—An excellent comedy, derived by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French original, which has to do with some droll convicts in Cayenne who want to see justice done according to their own eccentric notions. José Ferrer has directed the piece briskly, Boris Aronson has contrived an admirable set, and Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler fulfill the authors' fondest expectations. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A fine play by William Inge, which was directed by Joshua Logan and has Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin in its cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Seven Year Itch—A very jolly comedy, by George Axelrod, dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Oddly enough, he succeeds in the seduction—to use the word frivolously—of a most appetizing girl. As played by Tom Ewell, the protagonist is completely ingratiating, and as his inamorata, Vanessa Brown makes a beguiling case for the younger set. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Time Out for Ginger—Something about a girl in her nonage who is determined to be a football hero. Not precisely stimulating to anyone who has reached the age of reason. Melvyn Douglas, Polly Rowles, Laura Pierpont, and Philip Loeb figure in the play. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 7.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The choreography by Michael Kidd, the scenery by Jo Mielziner, and Motley's costumes are chiefly responsible for the appeal of this play about Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, Abe Burrows did the book, and the cast is distinguished by the presence of Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hazel Flagg—A musical concocted from Ben Hecht's movie of a dozen or more years ago called "Nothing Sacred." Some of the bite of the original is missing, but Thomas Mitchell, Helen Gallagher, and Jack Whiting keep the proceedings reasonably sprightly. The piece concerns a girl who thinks she's dying from radium poisoning, but there's nothing morbid in the way Mr. Hecht has approached the theme. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II wrote the book and lyrics for this play-within-a-play, and Richard Rodgers supplied the score. The cast is headed by Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken, but most of the credit properly belongs to Jo Mielziner, who has designed some of the most stunning sets you ever saw, and Robert Alton, whose dance routines are as competent as any that have turned up in several seasons. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Porgy and Bess—On its third time around, the Gershwin folk opera seems brighter than ever With Porgy played alternately by LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes, Bess by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, Sportin' Life by Cab Calloway, and Crown by John McCurry, the music and attendant uproar are in good hands. Directed by Robert Breen, the revival has the services of Alexander Smallens as conductor. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

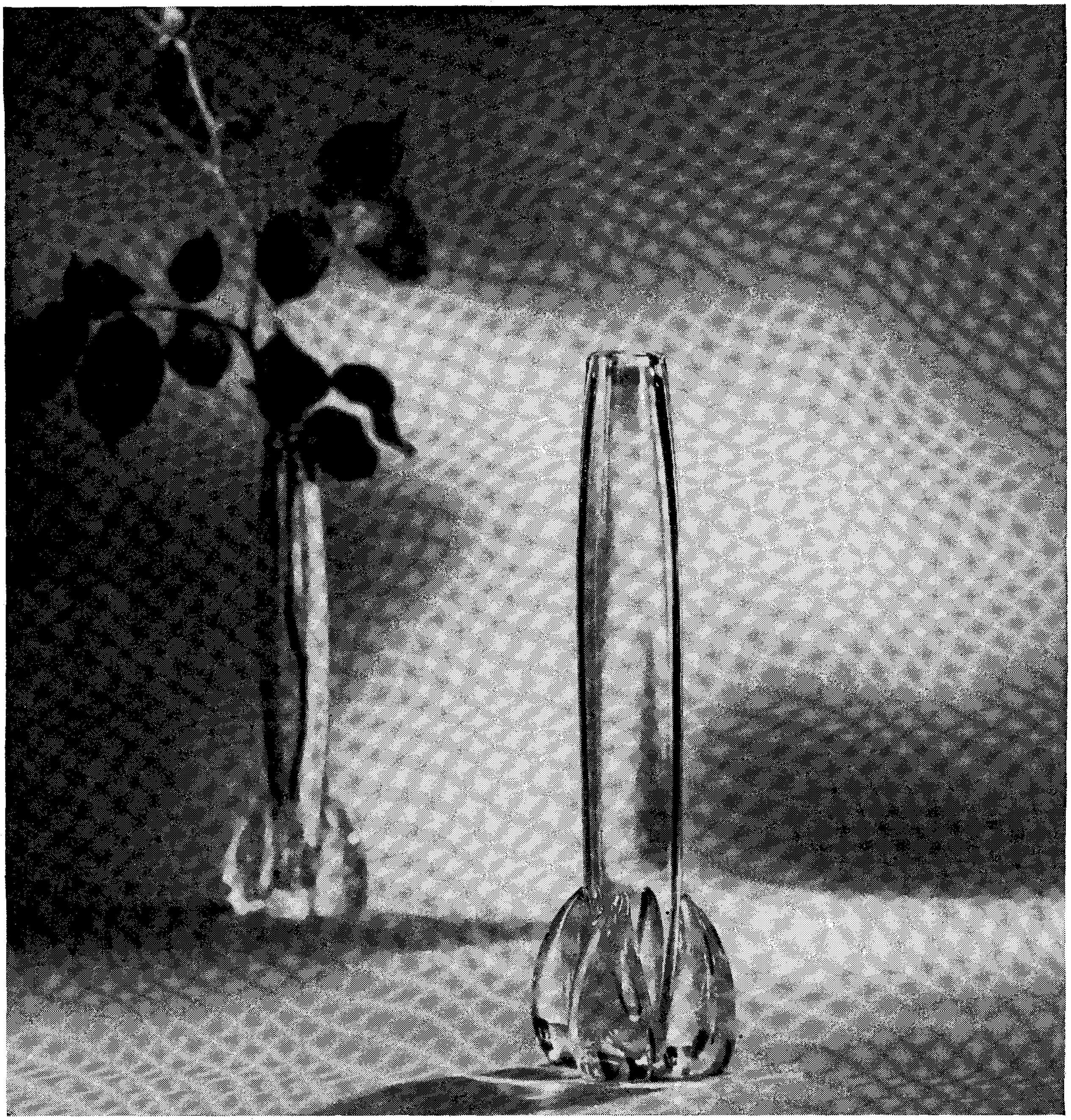
Wonderful Town—"My Sister Eileen" again, this time with music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and direction by George Abbott. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, who dramatized the Ruth McKenney stories in the first place, are responsible for the lively book, and Rosalind Russell proves to be a versatile comedienne, with plenty of humor to compensate for a rather sketchy knowledge of singing and dancing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, June 7.)

Long Runs—**guys and dolls:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Alfred Drake is, at present, the King; Constance Carpenter is the English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **wish you were here:** Life in a summer resort in the Catskills. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, June 4: "Fanfare," "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Harlequinade," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Scotch Symphony," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 7: "Kaleidoscope," "Swan Lake," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 7: "Picnic at Tintagel," "Age of Anxiety," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 9: "Fanfare," "Con Amore" (première), "The Filly," and "Metamorphoses." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 10: "Four Temperaments," "Lilac Garden," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: "The Duel," "Con Amore," "Scotch Symphony," and "Metamorphoses." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Swan Lake," "A la Françaix," "Prodigal Son," and "Metamorphoses." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: "Swan Lake," "Filling Station," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Concerto Barocco," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Pas de

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIX, No. 16, June 6, 1953. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1953, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Trois," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 14.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra strums away at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in the Garden, which is opulent and shady, since it's quite a distance underground. Now and again, there's even concert piano.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Perched above a mighty expanse of dance floor, Harry James' band, which has Buddy Rich on drums, plays muted jazz at the dinner hour and more frisky stuff later on. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, you can hear Michael Kent's string music "under the clock" at cocktail time and in the Madison Room at dinnertime. No dancing anywhere.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If only there were a ticker in the lobby, most of the inmates would never even have to go to the office. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room is an excellent place to store the winter furs and the only place to see an ice show. The show involves a minimum of plot and a maximum of long-legged lady skaters. Bernie Cummins' orchestra does the music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The *danses drolatiques* of Mata and Hari are merrily tongue in cheek. The spectacularly arranged Denise Darcel, whose songs are either regal or wickedest-woman-in-Paris, occasionally takes a fall between these two stools. All this is in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands play for dancing. Sundays there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, in the Café Pierre, there's dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Blackburn Twins and Marion Colby are energetic proof that vaudeville isn't dead. Clifford Guest, ventriloquist, is another reminder of the old days at the Palace. They operate in the Persian Room, where Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's orchestras play continuously between shows. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a well-appointed retreat from plenty of things, is filled with Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo is again exerting his squatter's rights to the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, an airy bower next to and second best only to Heaven, vibrates gently to the music of Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Charlie Fisk's band and Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland are performing in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. One of Hugo Pedell's cheery little orchestras and a rumba band do the dance tunes.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Some very funny people, notably Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, and Lou Nelson, and some very beautiful ones, such as Margie Duncan, are mixed up in the local George White musical comedy, in which their actions sometimes speak louder than their words. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

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Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Magic nights in the gardens of Granada, with the enchanting music of Los Chavales de España and the fiery dances of Trini Reyes. The scene is actually the staid old Starlight Roof, where Emil Coleman's band and Mischa Borr's boys toot dance music all evening. Sundays, there's no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a cloudtop the size of the Louisiana Purchase but much closer to home, affords cocktails and modest non-dance music from four to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who dates back to the Magna Carta, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The serene starlight and the piano of Ralph Strain make this small world, at least from ten to one, a perfect invitation to romance. Closed Saturdays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) when Al Capone, rather than Al Capp, was a national monument. Except Sundays, Johnny Mehegan plays truly cerebral piano at dinner and (alternating with Marshall Grant, another stout fellow) at supper. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Some people have been dropping in here every night for the past two hundred years. There's piano and violin after nine-thirty and tête-à-têtes at all hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney begins his piano recital, which is perky without being obtrusive, around nine every night but Monday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, a prominent friend of the Iberian (or non-electric) guitar, is the host of this Spanish restaurant at dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper except Sundays, when John Kelley, Jr., looks in. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, in the latter of which the clients can join. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* Harry Meyerowitz turns out cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield turns out dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Sedate fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch these commencement exercises.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The Ritz Brothers, three jokers steeped in the anything-goes tradition, are in noisy residence. Fran Warren does some very presentable tricks with her ballads. On Thursday, June 11, Nelson Eddy will launch the summertime "Student Prince" season here. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Through Saturday, June 6, the Mills Brothers will be crooning away. A new show is due the following evening. Van Smith's trio and Phil Moore's quartet will keep on making the dance music. . . . **VILLAGE BARN,** 52 W. 8th St. (GR 7-4687): Grass-roots melodrama in the rococo manner, by Ernest Sarracino and Clara Cedrone, and square dances by the house guests. Little of the other nonsense is really worth the effort. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): This gatekeeper's lodge for the George Washington Bridge affords a Jerseyite's-eye view of the timeless Hudson and the topless towers of New Ilium, N.Y., to say nothing of the generally diverting dance steps of Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander and the powerhouse singing of Tony Martin.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce is a perfect example of the bewitched, bothered, and bewildered brand of comedy. There is more comedy, mostly to music, by the deadpan Three Riffs, and there is high-style balladry by Portia Nelson and impassioned balladry by Amru Sani, a lady lately imported from India. Bart Howard is frequently at the piano, and the festive Jimmy Lyons trio helps considerably. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A divine spark named Ceil Cabot, a girl waif full of the Old Nick, is careering across the tiny stage here. Julius Monk, headmaster of this school for talent, also offers Nancy Reed, who whispers the sweetest sort of nothings; Dana and Wood, whose humor is young but promising; and the Jackson Sisters, who do part singing. The background is the music of the unique Norman Paris trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Phil Leeds' wit is a gentle, easygoing flow of words; Celestin Gamory's Calypso songs were grown in Trinidad, not Tin Pan Alley; Patricia Wilson's ballads are, on the whole, cheerful. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, pours forth blithe dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, still waging the Battle of the Sexes, has some pretty heavy artillery on her side. The songs of Michael Mason have much more sweetness and light. She's off Sundays; he's off Mondays. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her nest is upstairs over the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A community playhouse where everyone (including the waiters and the audience) gets into the act of everyone else before day breaks. Mae Barnes sings rampageously,

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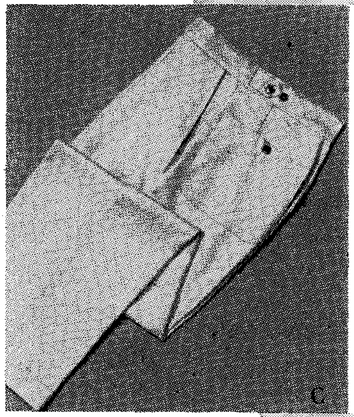

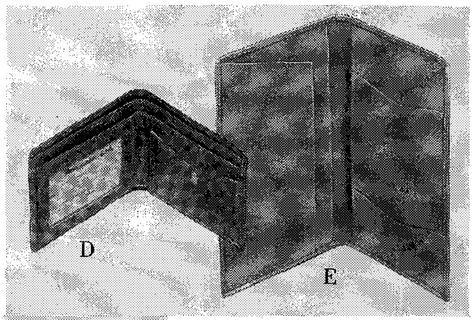

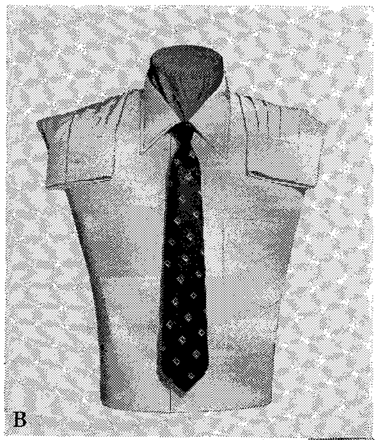

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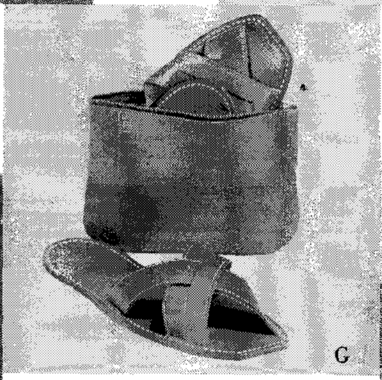

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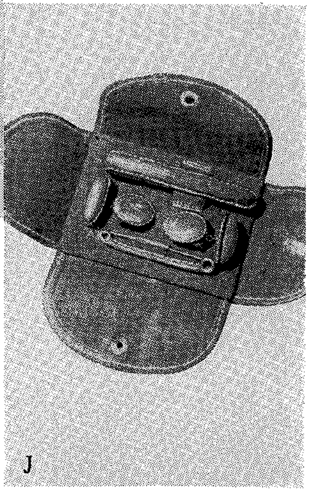

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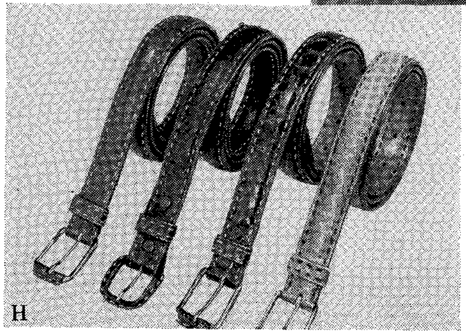

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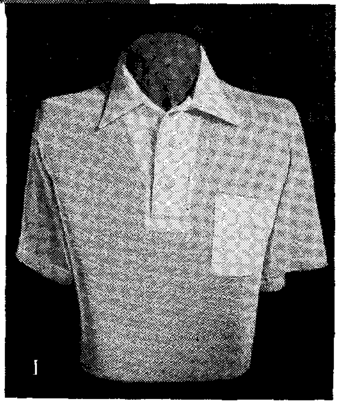

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jimmie Daniels sings sentimentally, Tiger Haines (of the frantic instrumental trio called the Three Flames) sings existentially. Another type of humor, elfin and yet caustic, is supplied by the clever little Charlotte Rae, and still another comes from Oliver Wakefield, a remarkably disconnected after-dinner speaker. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate, of course, are at the two pianos. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This rocket ship goes into action around nine, manned by Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Wild Bill Davison, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays robust piano while these boys are outside fanning themselves. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Life is definitely on the upbeat in this commodious greenhouse. The most obvious reason is Jo Jones' quartet (Hank Jones on piano, Tyree Glenn on trombone, Tommy Potter on bass). It and Erroll Garner's trio, which boasts Al Hall on bass, tee off at nine-thirty. Don Abney gets in some neat fingerwork on the piano from five-thirty to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixielanders are rattling the silverware and brasses here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore, is once more putting forth just about the best music to be heard on this onetime street of dreams. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): There's an almost hypnotic rapport between audience and performer in this odd temple of outlandish arts. Dinah Washington is showing off her noble voice at the moment, and Bill Davis's trio is also on tap. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): There's free-wheeling music in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Jimmy McPartland's gang, which includes George Wettling on drums, departs on Thursday, June 4, and next evening Conrad Janis and his tailgaters take over. On Sunday, June 7, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Bud Freeman, Wild Bill Davison, Zutty Singleton, and Claude Hopkins will help out. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX,** 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): The surf breaks high in this vast grotto, where, amid myriad microphones, Earl Hines' band, Oscar Peterson's trio, and Joe Loco's noisy mambo band keep up a continuous recital. Starting Tuesday, June 9, Woody Herman's band and Ruth Brown's vocal acrobatics will be the main events. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the ultramodern Douglas Duke trio wings off into the wild blue yonder. . . . **L'ONYX,** 256 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9836): Chuck Wayne's quintet, Ruby Hill's voice, and Beryl Booker's piano add a bit of cheer to this tiny bar-and-grill. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): On Friday, June 5, the *agents provocateurs* should be Max Kaminsky, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Miff Mole (at long last), Bud Freeman, Ed Barefield, Claude Hopkins, Zutty Singleton, and Tommy Benford. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, the thunder and lightning will probably be provided by Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Willie the Lion Smith, Sonny Greer, and Phil Napoleon's band. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628); dancing on Friday evenings. . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS—A smallish, but smartly selected, spring exhibition of small paintings and sculptures; through June 30. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS,** Broadway at 155th St.: Paintings and other works by Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Bouché, William Zorach, and other members; through June 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . **CREATIVE GALLERY,** 18 E. 57th St.: Drawings and paintings by Hans Guggenheim and three new artists, Alex Aizer, Robert Minter, and Beatrice Fried; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **GANSO,** 125 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Karl Fortess, Joseph Meert, Edward Chavez, and others; through June 10. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century drawings, ranging from early examples by William Glackens and Gifford Beal to more recent work by John Heliker, Joe Lasker, and others; through June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: The annual end-of-the-season retrospective, with paintings and sculptures by, among others, Gladys Rockmore Davis, Dong Kingman, and Cécile Bellé; through June 27. . . . **DE NAGY,** 206 E. 53rd St.: A review of the past year's work by ten of the gallery artists, with drawings by Dwight Ripley and oils by Harry Jackson; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **THE STABLE,** 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings and prints by fourteen artists, including John Von Wicht, Carl Shrag, Boris Margo, and other moderns; through June 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: An exhibition of oils and gouaches by Austin, Bombois, Braque, Picasso, and at least fifteen others whose work the gallery regularly handles; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **CURT VALENTIN,** 32 E. 57th St.: A group of five artists, none especially well known, in a small but distinguished showing; through June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: This show combines the paintings and sculptures of Americans (Erle Loran, Joseph Glasco, Kay Sage, and others) with those of such Italians as Afro, Leonardo Cremonini, and Renato Birolli; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.)

DOUGLAS CHANDOR—A portrait of Queen Elizabeth II painted at Buckingham Palace in the

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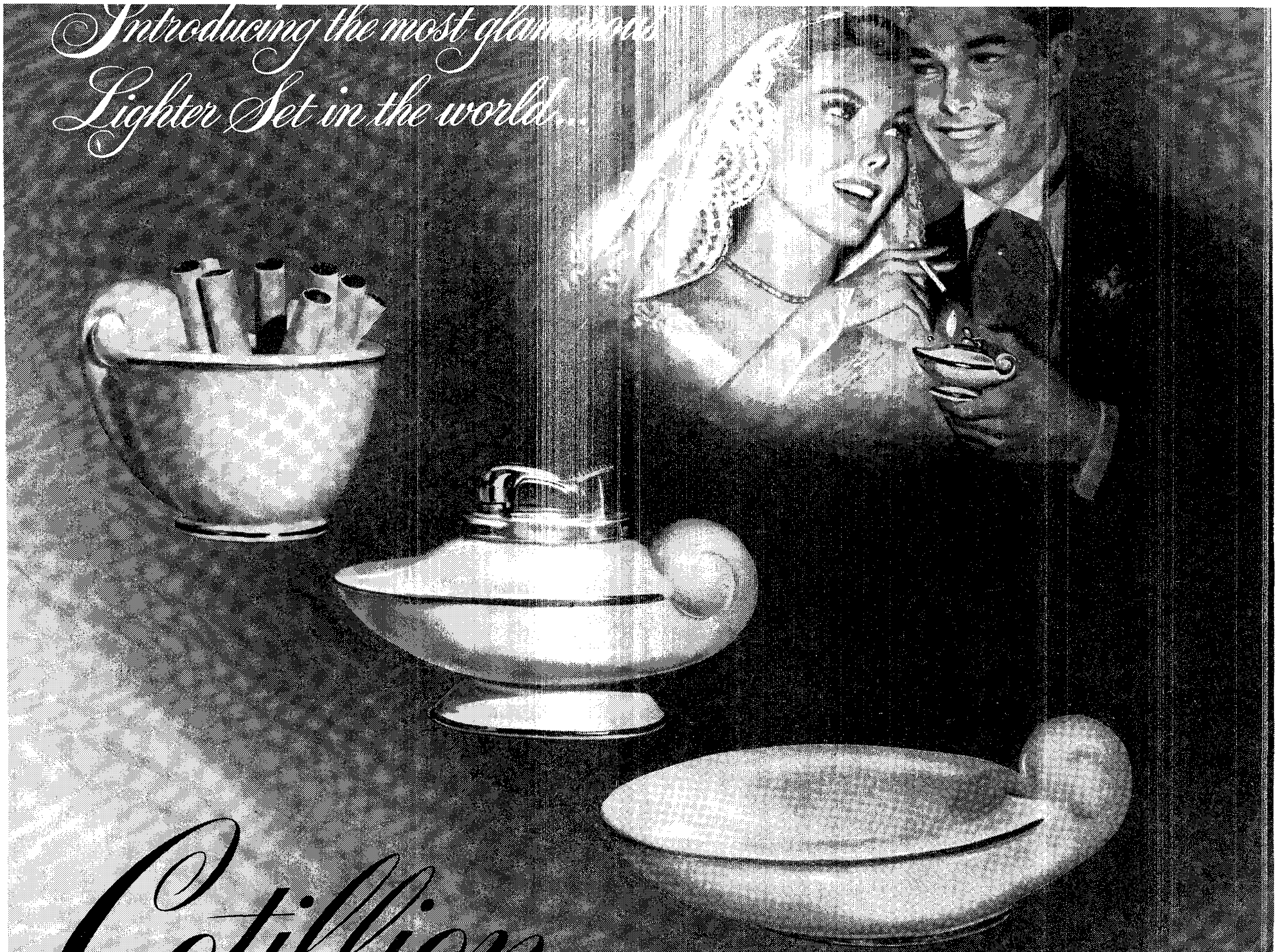

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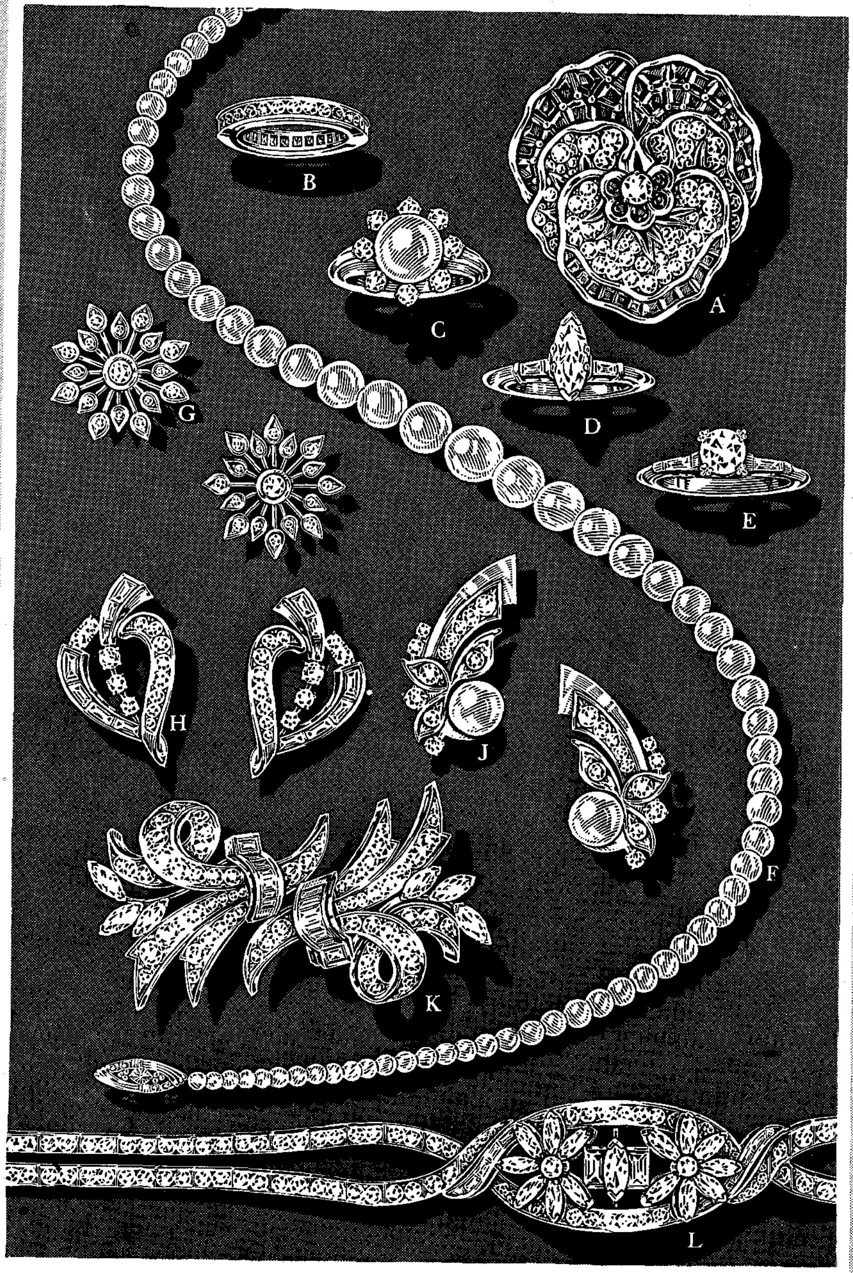

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fall of 1952; through June 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At **duveen brothers,** 18 E. 79th St.: Two oils of Venice by Guardi, a landscape by Gainsborough, and other "pastoral and urban fantasies" by old masters; through June 26. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **fine arts associates,** 51 E. 57th St.: About fifteen oils by Cross, Derain, Vlaminck, and other French masters; through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.)

Sue Fuller—Constructions in colored wire, a bit unrelievedly geometric in design, but unbelievably precise in execution; through June 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Florence Kawa—Twenty water colors in a portfolio and as many oils that range in subject from potted plants to city shapes; through June 5. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St.)

Babette Kornblith—Life in San José, the provinces of Costa Rica, and parts of this country, depicted in water colors and shown here for the first time; through June 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

George Laine—The first-prize winner in the A.C.A.'s annual new-talent competition shows some effectively handled rural scenes; through June 5. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Jean Lurçat—Gouaches and drawings, some done as designs for his rugs; through June 6. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.)

Nathaniel Pousette-Dart—An artist known usually for his abstractions shows a group of ingratiatingly handled, conventionally styled small water colors; through June 6. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **associated american artists,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Arthur Zaidenberg; through June 13. . . . **borgenicht,** 61 E. 57th St.: Sidney Gordin; through June 30. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **babcock,** 38 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 31. (Closed Saturdays.) **levitt,** 35 E. 49th St.; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) **milch,** 55 E. 57th St.; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) **national arts club,** 15 Gramercy Park; through Sept. 7. (Daily, noon to 6.) **niveau,** 63 E. 57th St.; through June 30.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, June 14. . . . ¶ At the second annual Brandeis University Festival of the Creative Arts, there will be an exhibition called "Three Centuries of the Comic Spirit," with a hundred varied works by artists ranging from Tiepolo to Steinberg. Starts Wednesday evening, June 10, and will continue through Sunday, June 14. (Shapiro Athletic Center, Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass.)

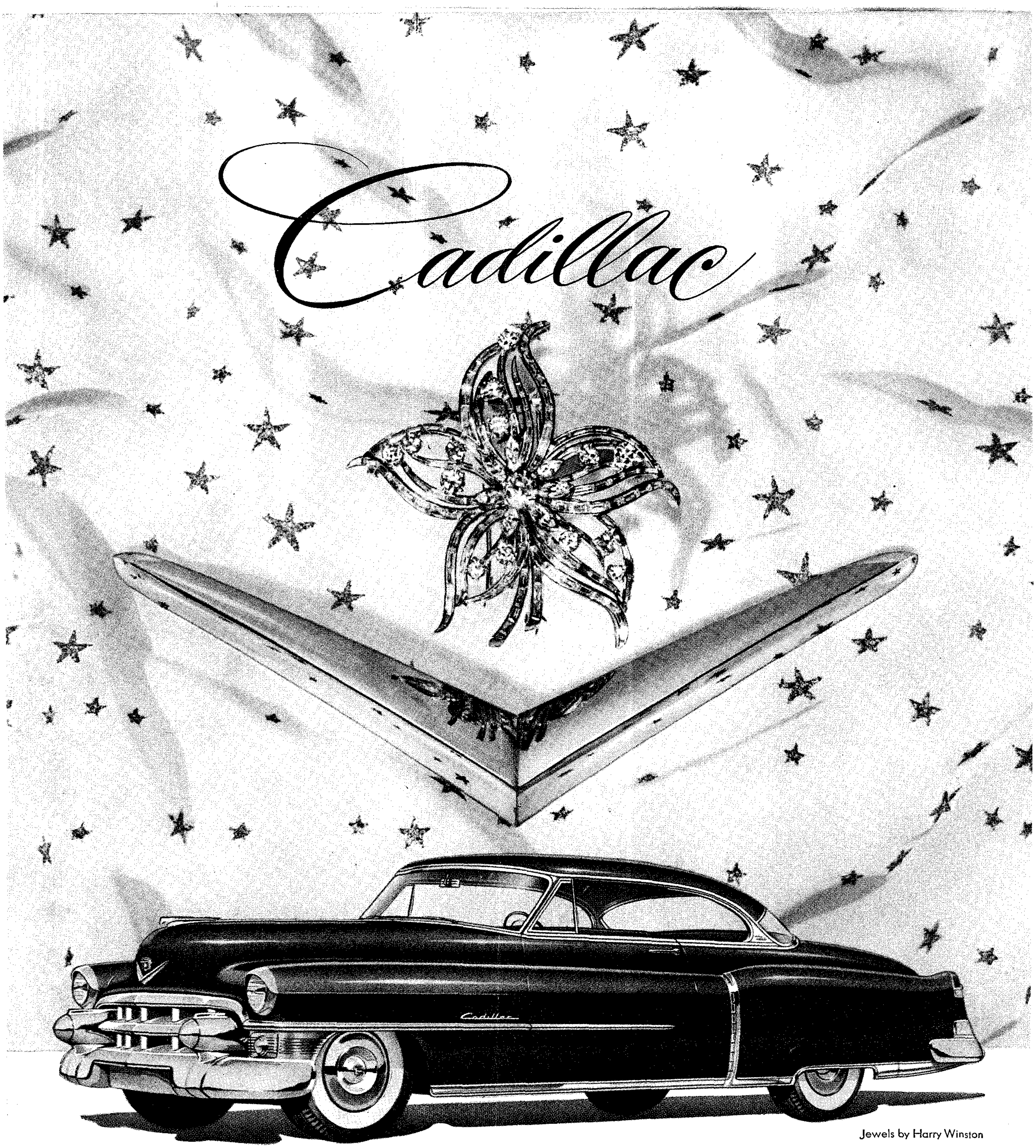
MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Seventeenth Biennial International Water Color Exhibition, with two hundred paintings by John Marin, Dong Kingman, Graham Sutherland, I. Rice Pereira, and others; through June 21. . . . ¶ Lee Chesney, John Paul Jones, and Seong Moy are among the hundred or so artists represented in the annual print show, which this year is predominantly made up of woodcuts; through June 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art and Anatomy," a show comprising prints, drawings, paintings, and sculptures, and presented to coincide with the meeting of the American Medical Association here. . . . ¶ An absorbing exhibition of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, tracing the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The second in a series of airings of the Museum's permanent collec-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion of modern Europeans, particularly valuable for the number of lesser-known early figures it brings to light; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Close to forty water colors of Israel (1951) and twenty-five sculptures dating back to 1931, all by Chaim Gross; through July 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibition of drawings by Abraham Walkowitz assembled from the Museum's collection and ranging from early detailed sketches to more recent abstractions; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

Lemonade Opera—Mozart's "Don Pedro," with a new English libretto by Joseph Longstreth. (Lemonade Opera, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9831. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Note—At the second annual Brandeis University Festival of the Creative Arts, the Lemonade Opera, under the direction of Max Leavitt, will present the first American performances of Francis Poulenc's comic opera "Les Mamelles de Tiresias," for which Robert Goss has done a new English version of the libretto by Guillaume Apollinaire; among those in the cast are Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Mr. Goss, baritone. The orchestra in the pit will be made up of members of the Boston Symphony, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Preceding the opera, the orchestra will do Morton Gould's "Concerto for Tap Dancer and Orchestra," with Danny Daniels. (Ullman Amphitheatre, Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 9. For information about tickets, call MU 8-7150.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, June 4, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 5, at 8; Saturday, June 6, at 1:30; and Sunday, June 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Monday, June 8, at 8; Tuesday, June 9, at 1:30; Wednesday, June 10, at 8; and Thursday, June 11, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, June 12, at 8, and Saturday, June 13, at 1:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Chicago, Friday, June 5, at 8:30; Saturday, June 6, at 1:30; and Sunday, June 7, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Monday, June 8, at 1:30; Tuesday, June 9, at 8:30; and Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 13, at 1:30.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, June 5: Willie Pep vs. Pat Marcune, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12: Jimmy Carter vs. George Araujo, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. Friday, June 12; varsity race at 7:30 P.M.)

Fencing—National Championships—Friday, June 12, at 5: Men's foil team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 2: Men's épée team. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.)

Golf—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Essex Fells Country Club, Essex Fells, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Mixed Foursome Tournament. (Century Country Club, White Plains. Wednesday, June 10.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13.)

Horse Shows—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sunday, June 7.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 7.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 12-13.) . . . ¶ Greenwich

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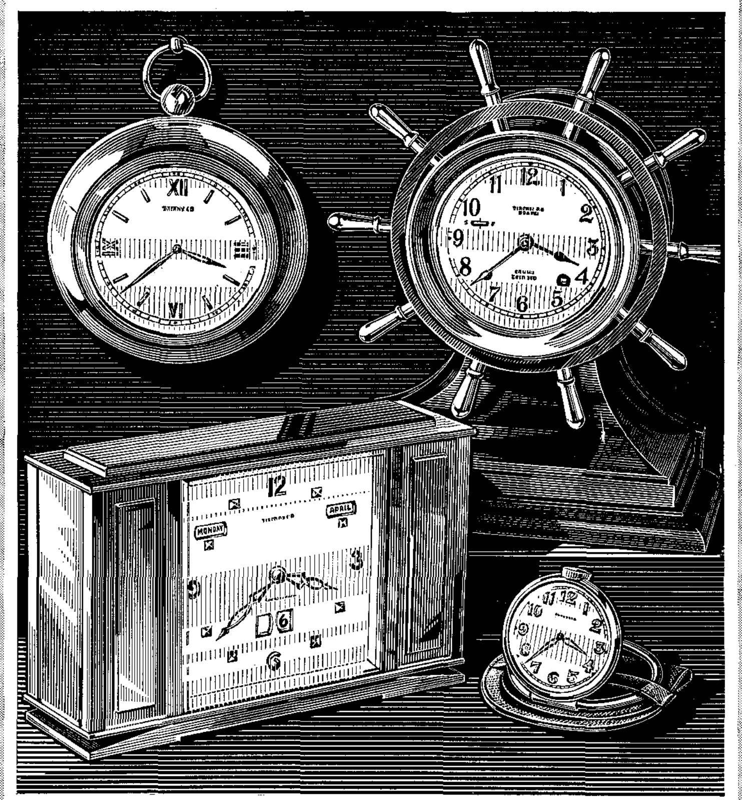

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Horse Show. (Greenwich. Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—**BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, June 17. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 6; the National Stallion, Wednesday, June 10; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, June 13, through Monday, Aug. 10. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 16, when the Trusteeship Council will convene; however, there will be periodic sessions of the Security Council and various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours of the Headquarters, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Flower Mart—The annual flower display sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday, June 9, from 10 to 6.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson—Drafts of twenty-three poems; working manuscripts of "Immortality" and "Of Beauty;" correspondence with Carlyle, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, and others; first editions, many of them inscribed; and a raft of other items, arranged in an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Emerson's birth. Through Sept. 30. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

The Healing Art of Old New York—A collection of pictures, books, and medical equipment reflecting the last hundred and fifty years of epidemics, medical education, hospital buildings, and the like in New York City; through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Marine Exhibits—Scrimshaw work, braided-rope designs, and other examples of sailors' handiwork, including a large and extremely impressive collection of ship models, some of them more than a hundred years old. (Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South St. Daily, 10 to 5.) . . . ¶ About thirty more ship models, one of Henry Hudson's Half Moon (1609) and another of the clipper Flying Cloud (1851); pictures of New York's harbor from 1653 to 1889; and other material tracing the city's maritime growth during the last three hundred years. Through Oct. 12. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium—Simulated rainbows, a lunar halo, northern lights, and a violent thunderstorm, plus explanations of them and of the role the sun plays in creating such phenomena, make up the major portion of the June show, called "Color in the Sky." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and

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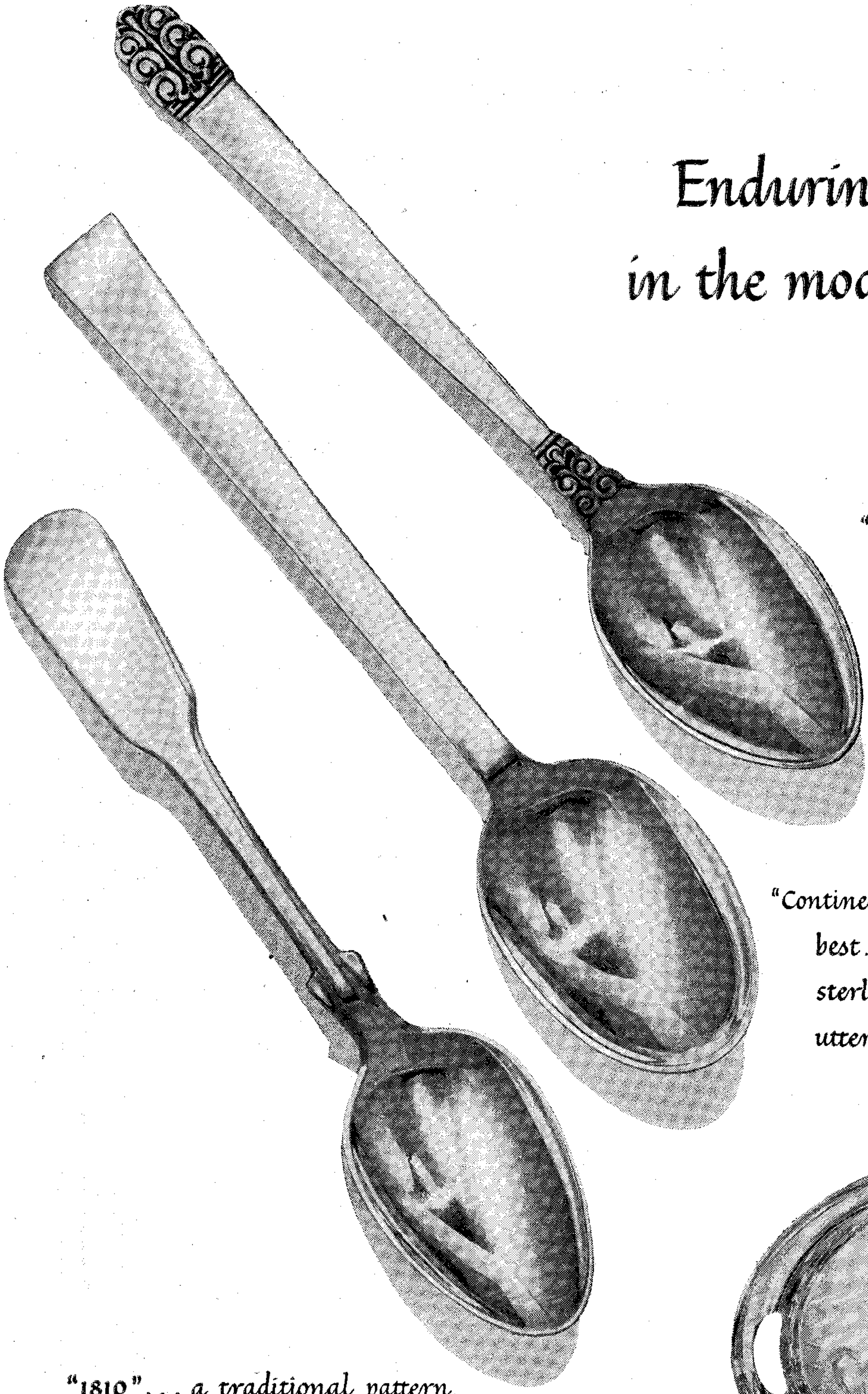

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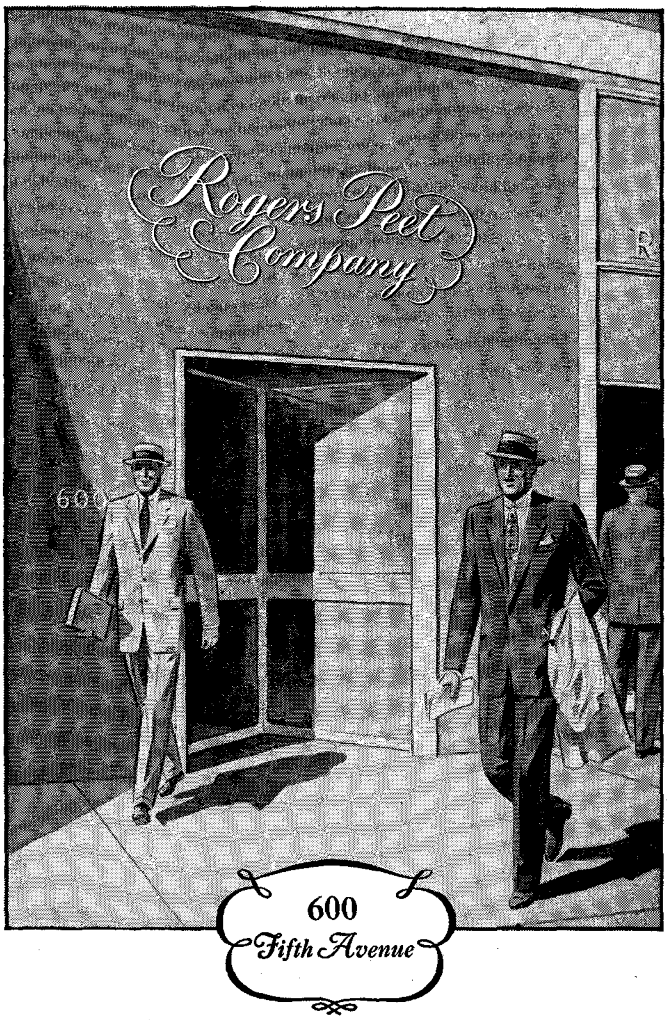

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Monday, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 1:45: A varied collection of furniture, some of it eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and American; Georgian, Sheffield plate, and other silver; porcelains, among them a Chamberlains Worcester dinner service; glass, pewter, table china; and other objects of art. The property of Clarence McK. Lewis and others. Exhibition starts Friday, June 5.

Commencement Dates—Annapolis, Friday, June 5; Vassar, Sunday, June 7; Smith and Yale, Monday, June 8; N.Y.U., Wednesday, June 10; and Harvard, Thursday, June 11.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: June 14-15, June 30, July 1, and July 5-7. . . . EBBETS FIELD: June 14, June 30, July 1-2, July 4, and July 10-12. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: June 16-21, June 23-29, July 3-4, and July 8-12.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—June 19: Paddy Young vs. Bobo Olson, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. . . . ¶ June 26: Joey Giardello vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Syracuse. June 20.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 1-4.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Father and Son Championship. (Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead. June 16.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. June 23.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. June 24-26.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. July 8-9.)

Horse Shows—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 19-21.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 26-28.)

Racing—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 16-19. . . . UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: June 18-19. . . . AQUEDUCT: June 20-July 11. . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: July 13-18.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 22-July 4.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. July 6-11.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J. July 7-12.)

Trotting—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: June 15-Aug. 29. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: July 6-10.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Annapolis race, June 20. . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week for Stars. (Noroton, Conn. June 20-24.)

Theatre—Ruth and Thomas Martin's adaptation of the Johann Strauss operetta "A Night in Venice," with Jack Russell, Thomas Hayward, and Nola Fairbanks, will be presented again this summer by Michael Todd, at the Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, starting June 25.

Music—Casals Music Festival, in Prades, France, June 14-July 7. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 19-Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 22-Aug. 1. . . . ¶ The first two in this year's series of New Haven Pops Concerts, in the Yale Bowl, June 23 and July 7. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, at Lenox, Mass., July 11-Aug. 16.

Other Dates—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 14, and Princeton, June 16. . . . ¶ Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15. . . . ¶ June Garden and Rose Show, of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 17. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Saturday.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Call Me Madam—Maybe there isn't too much liveliness in the book of this musical film, but the songs and dances are fine, and Ethel Merman is on hand to give the whole thing a glow. She gets expert assistance from Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, and Billy De Wolfe. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through June 6, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 7, tentative.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth pacing an excellent adaptation of the stage play of two years ago, which has to do with the misfortunes of a mismated suburban couple. Burt Lancaster, Richard Jaeckel, and Terry Moore give Miss Booth capable support. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 9. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 7-9. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting June 10.)

Fanfan the Tulip—The France of Louis XV explained in terms of a burlesque drama in which the hero takes a page from the book of the late Douglas Fairbanks, and love and war are wryly appraised. With Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida, Noel Roquevert, and Marcel Herrand. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Moulin Rouge—John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec, handsomely mounted and often high-spirited. José Ferrer plays the artist, and Colette Marchand is the fickle lady of his dreams. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting June 10.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—The melodramatic story of a number of young Italian girls who are plunged into tragedy when the stairway on which they have been standing while waiting to apply for a job collapses. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis, this Italian picture is made up of a series of vignettes, most of them incisive. Among the young ladies are Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 10.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 5.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; June 4.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 4.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 6.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; June 4.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; June 4.)

High Noon (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper mixing it up with malefactors. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 10.)

Marie du Port (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary, big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 10.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 5.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; June 4.)

Outcast of the Islands (1952)—A screen interpretation of Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. An English picture, with Ralph Richardson and Trevor Howard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 6.)

Quartet (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting June 10.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting June 10.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 10.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through June 6, tentative.)

Trio (1950)—More Maugham short stories. A British picture, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting June 10.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 7: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Starting June 8: "Casablanca" (1942), with Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 10 (tentative): "The President's Lady," Susan Hayward, Charlton Heston.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
From June 4, at 8:45: "Julius Caesar," Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud. (Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CO 5-5711)
June 4: "Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Showings at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only. For subsequent performances, see listing for Warner Theatre.)
From June 5: Theatre closed.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 9: "Battle Circus," Humphrey Bogart, June Allyson.
From June 10: "Never Let Me Go," Clark Gable, Gene Tierney.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Fort Ti," a three-dimensional film, with George Montgomery.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through the afternoon of June 4: "The Desert Rats," James Mason, Richard Burton.
From June 4, at 8:30: "Man on a Tightrope," Fredric March, Terry Moore. (Opening night will be a benefit for the International Rescue Committee. For information about tickets, call MU 2-4672.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Young Bess," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"South Sea Woman," Virginia Mayo, Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.

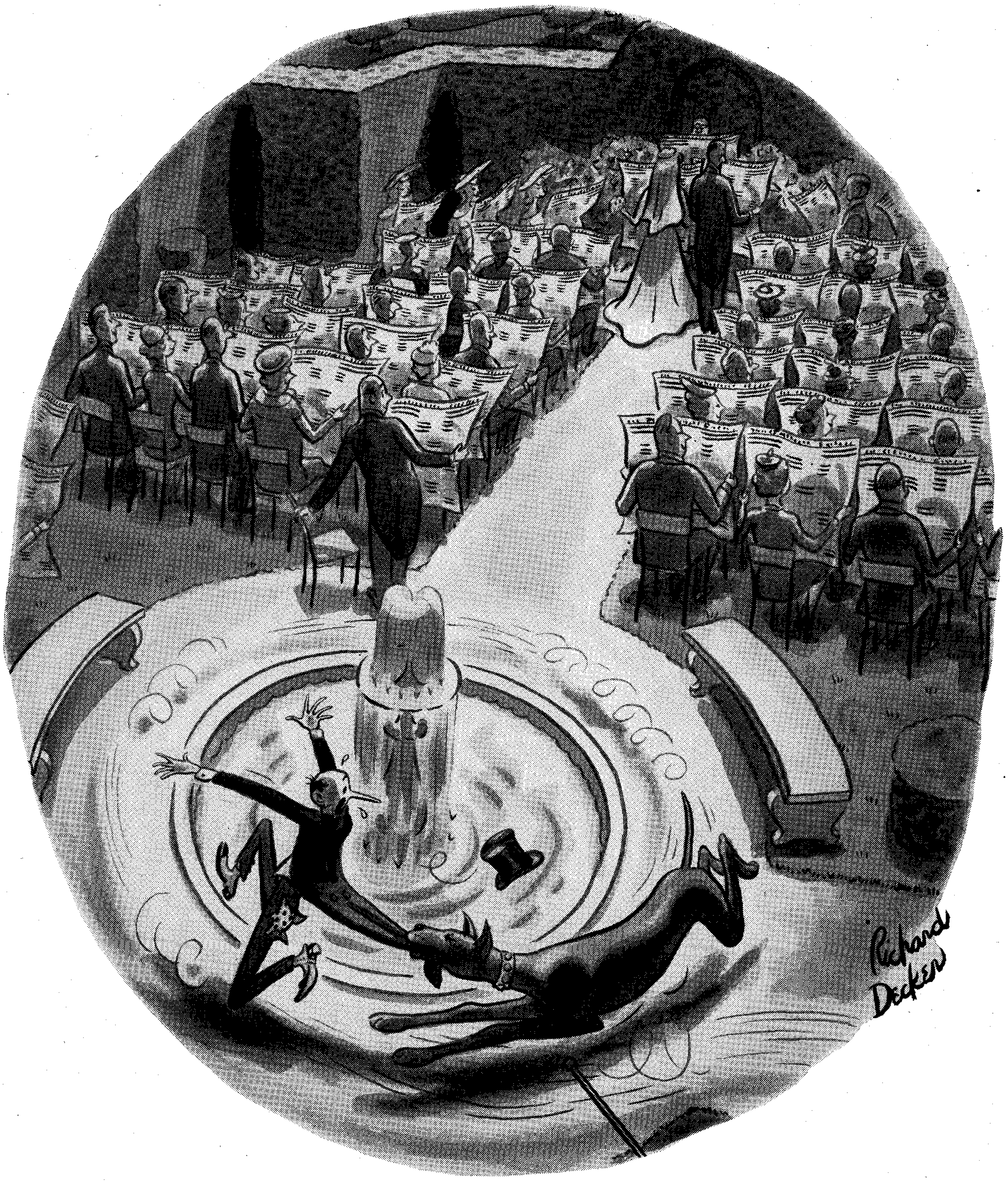
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Titanic," Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Thunder Bay," James Stewart, Joanne Dru.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Sangaree," a three-dimensional film, with Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
June 4: Theatre closed.
From June 5: "Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:15 and 10; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).



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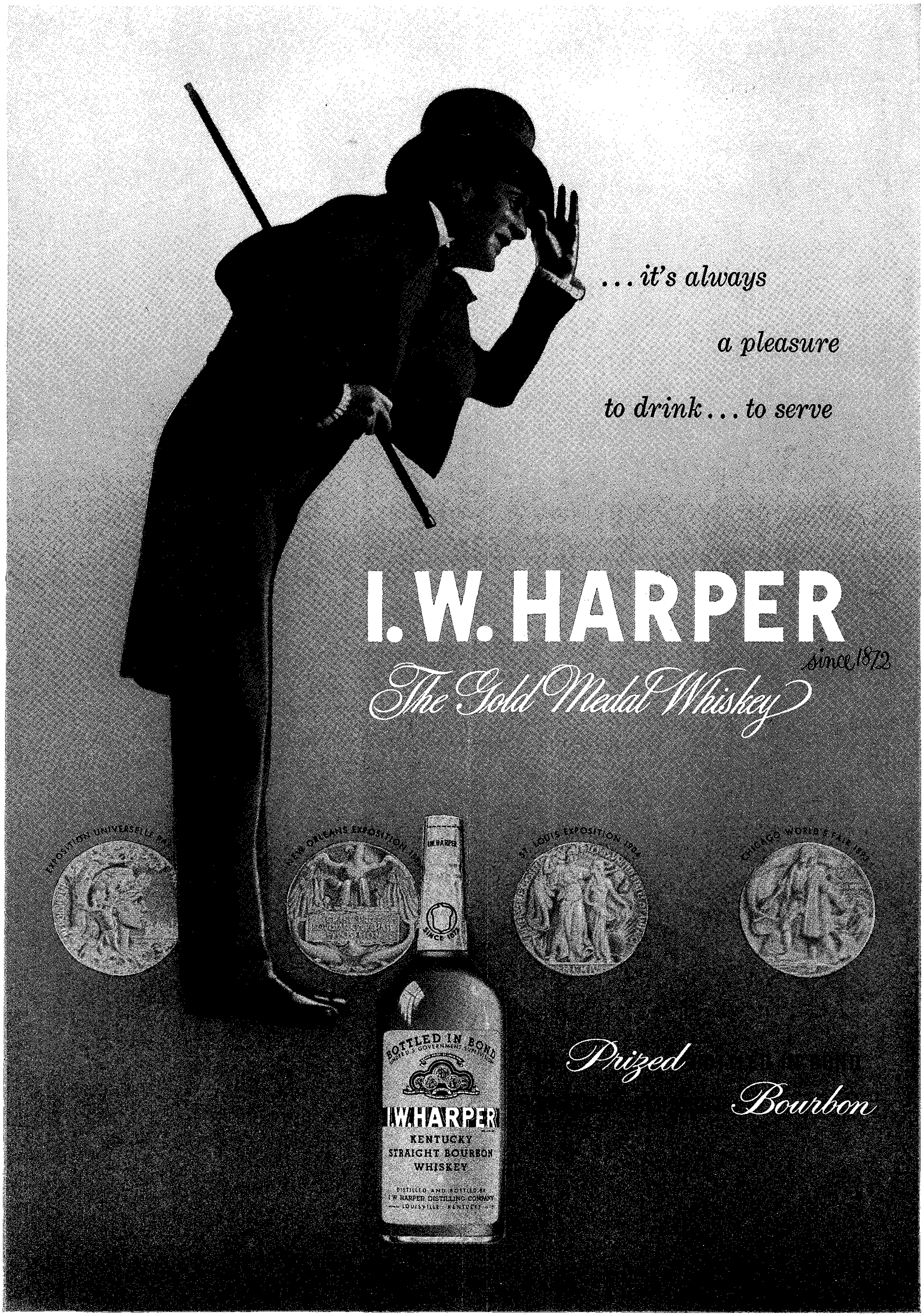

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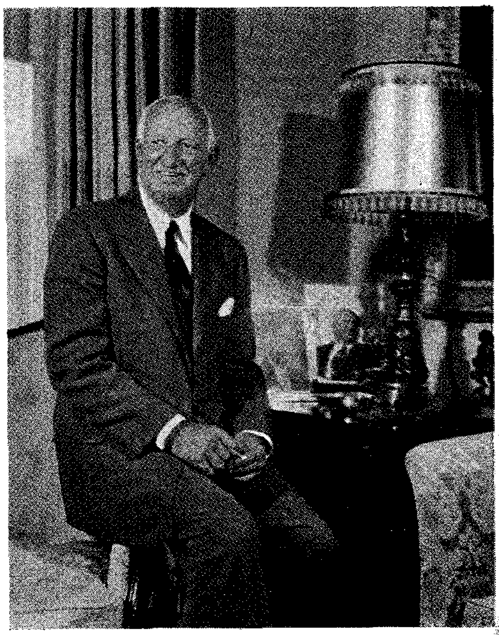

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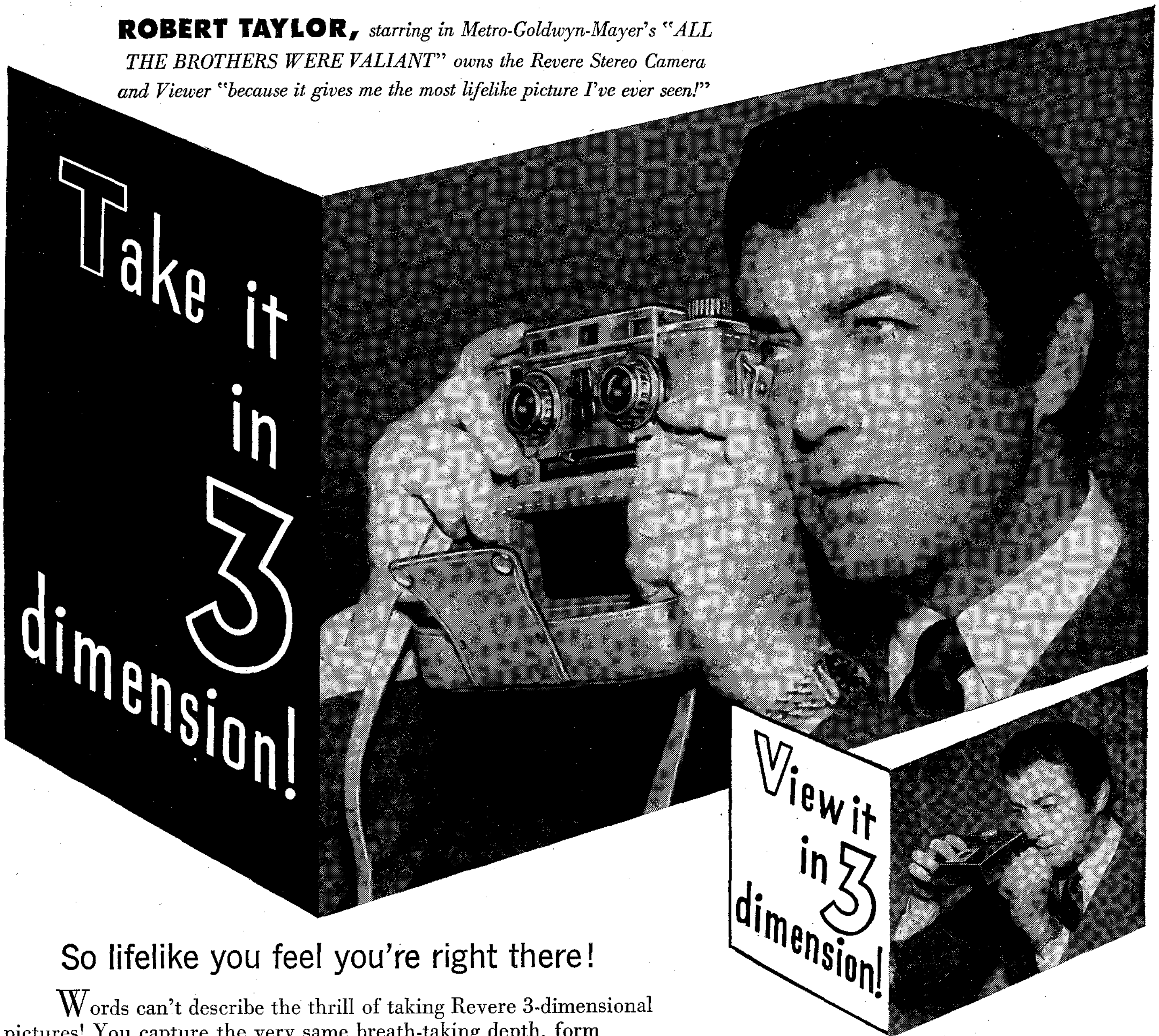
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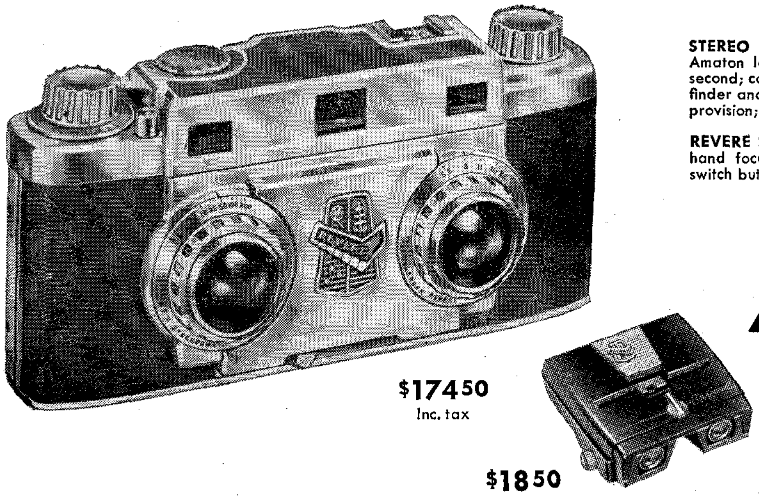

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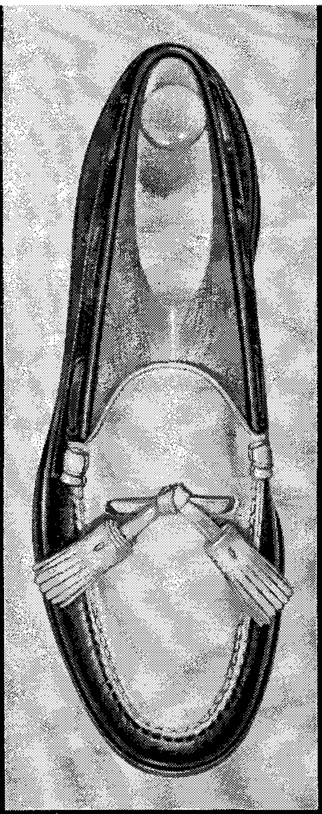

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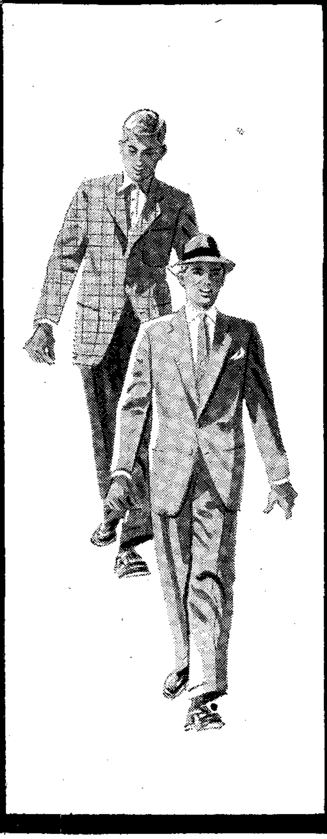

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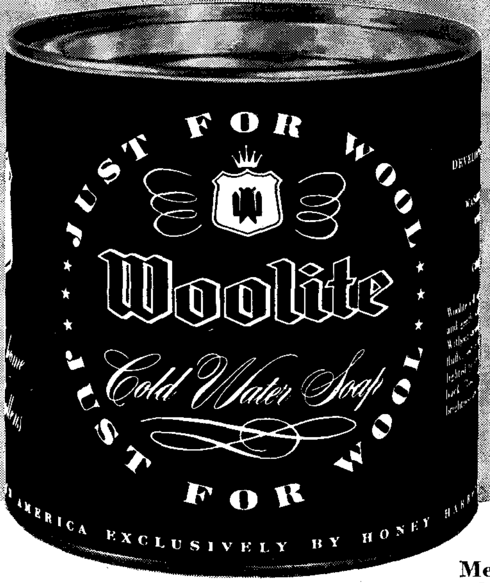

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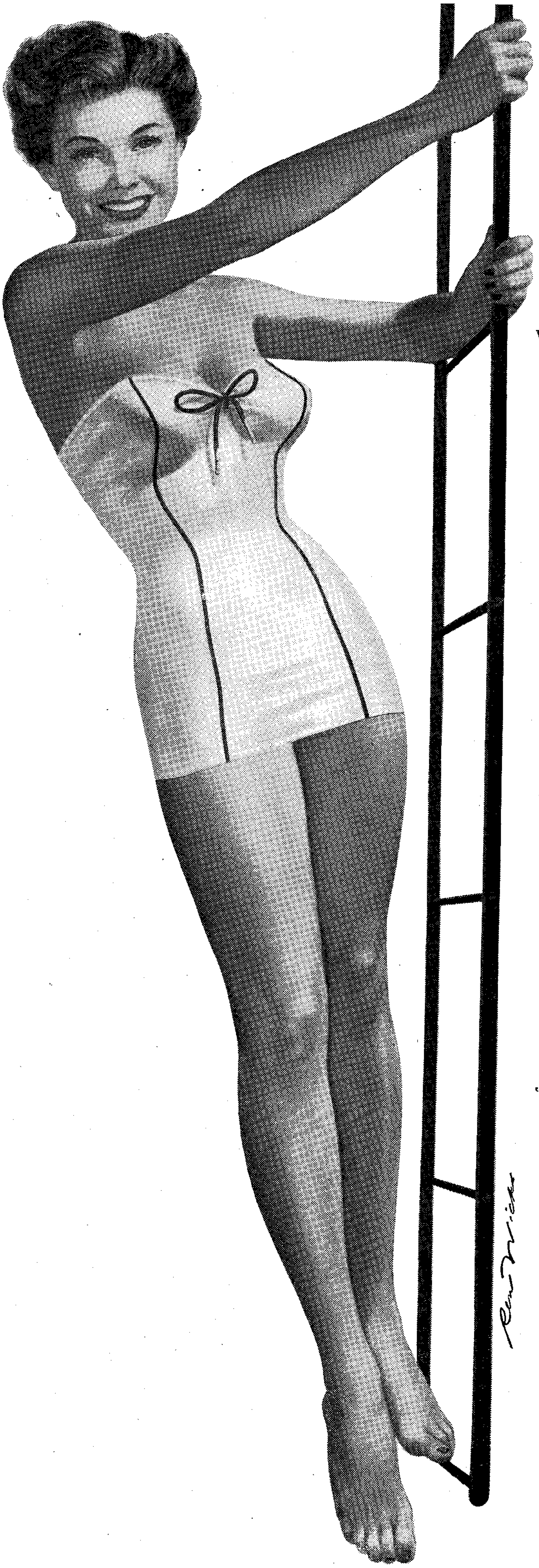

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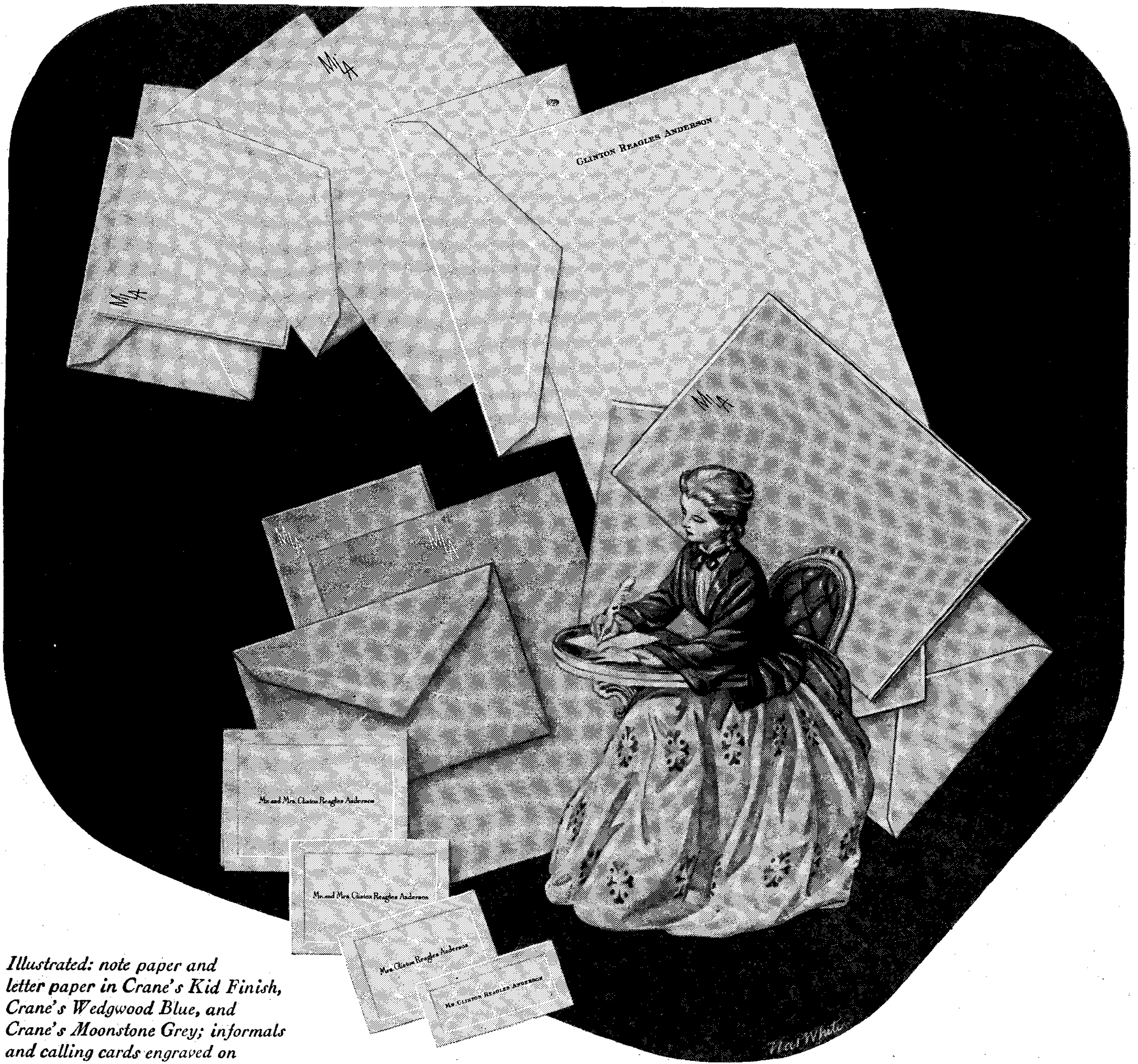
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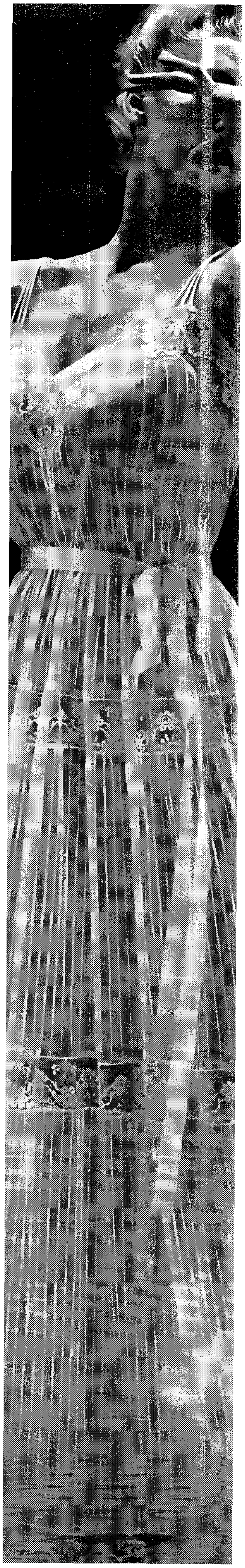

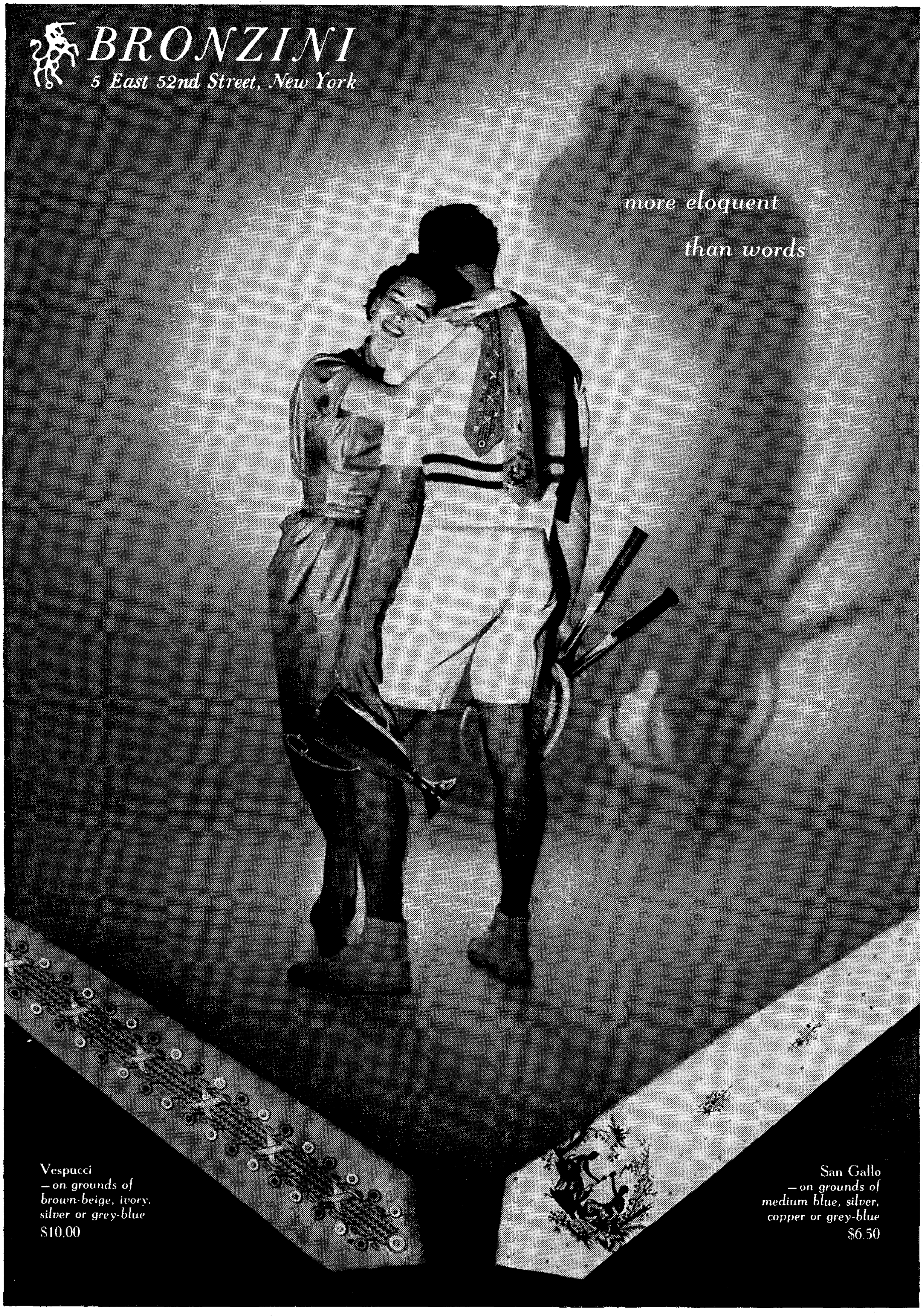
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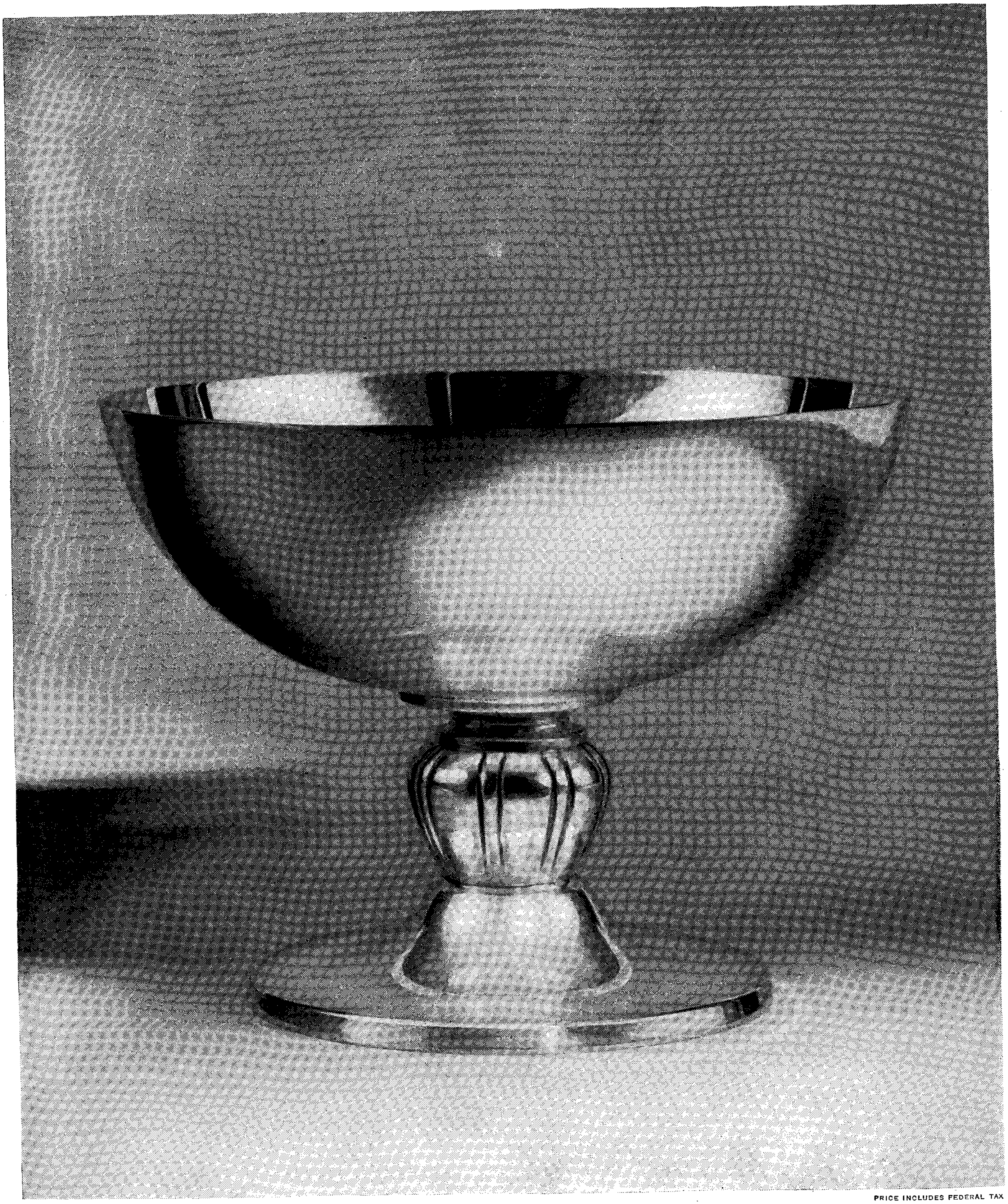
brown-beige, ivory,
silver or grey-blue
$10.00

San Gallo
— on grounds of
medium blue, silver,
copper or grey-blue
$6.50

Photograph by Alan Fontaine . . . upon request we shall be pleased to send photographs of our new designs for this month . . . gown by Ceil Chapman



PRICE INCLUDES FEDERAL TAX
"CLASSIC AMERICAN" MAYONNAISE BOWL IN STERLING, (3¾" HIGH, DIAMETER 5") $25.00

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TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Monteil's suggestions for a summer without burn

Monteil's Suntan Oil

To help you turn Gypsy bronze without burning.

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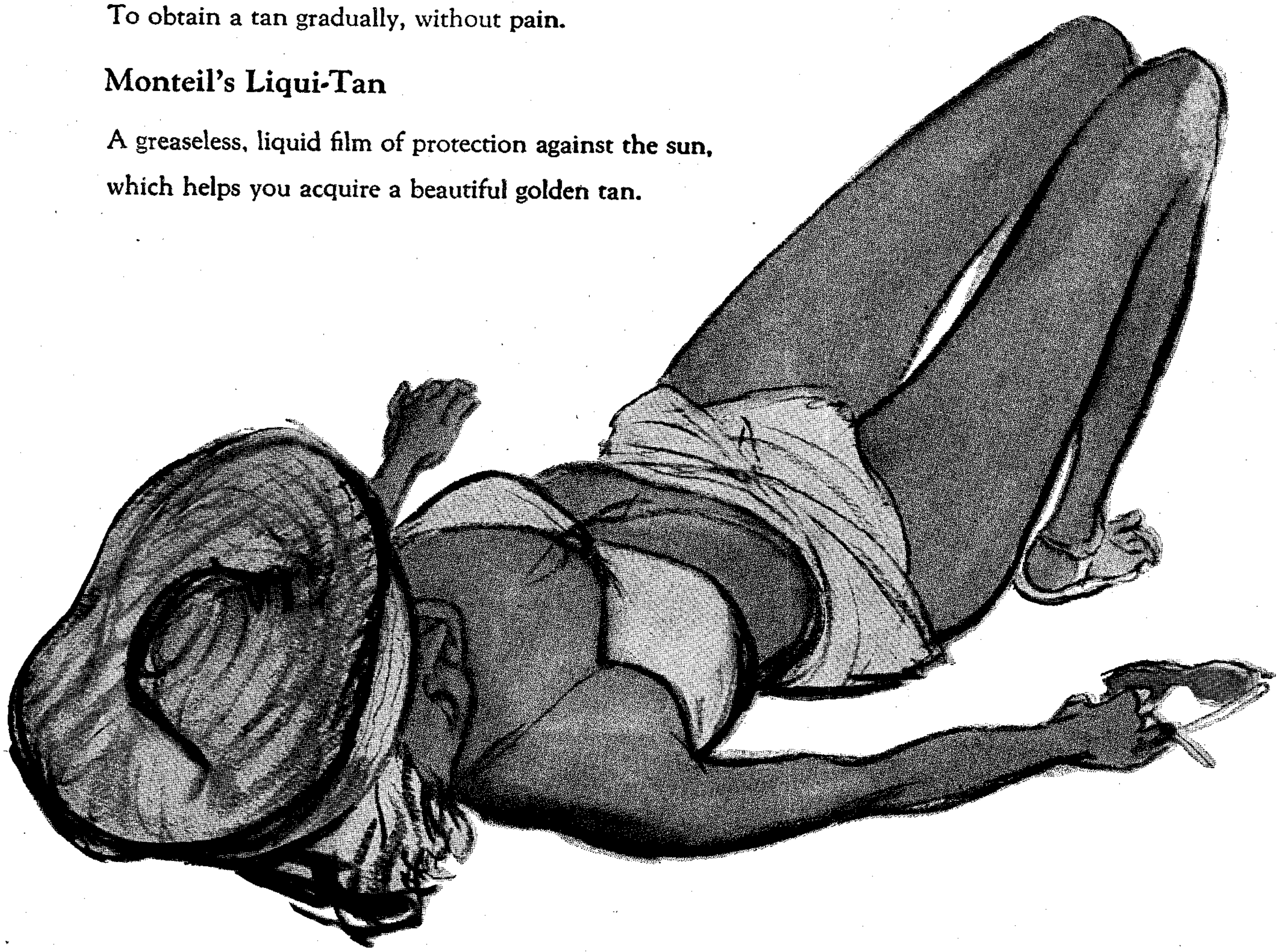
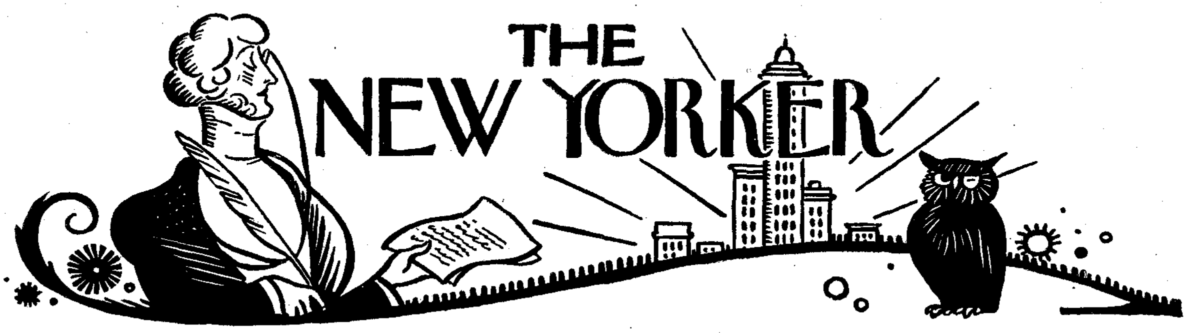
To obtain a tan gradually, without pain.

Monteil's Liqui-Tan

A greaseless, liquid film of protection against the sun, which helps you acquire a beautiful golden tan.



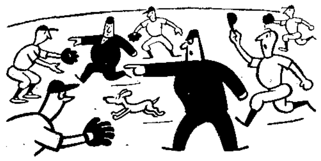
Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S a good thing the white dog that invaded Ebbets Field the other day and held up a game between the Dodgers and the Giants for ten minutes—an incident that Red Barber was moved to describe as the funniest thing he had ever seen on a baseball field—chose a night game to interrupt, rather than a daytime one. We happened to be looking at Channel 9 when this comedy occurred (considering the level of the humor that ornaments our screen, we are inclined to go even beyond Mr. Barber's estimate of the affair and to appraise it as the funniest thing we've ever seen on television), and rarely have we seen so inept a performance as that of the players, umpires, and groundkeepers who were trying to catch the stray pup and shoo him into the stands, so that the game could get on. What a break for organized baseball that most of the children who revere the sport and idolize its major-league participants were in bed, with their eyes innocently shut! How disillusioned they would have been if they had seen their heroes behaving, with little grace and less understanding of a dog's mind, in a manner no six-year-old would ever contemplate!

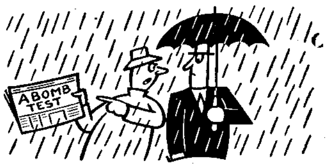


The way to catch a playful dog who wanders onto a big-league diamond, or scampers out across a meadow with a child's rubber ball in its mouth, is not to shout at it, or run after it, or generally scare the dickens out of it, but to play the game the dog's way, regardless of what the Official Baseball Guide may say about the matter. A dog in such circumstances likes to be approached gently, gradually, in a man-to-man, or dog-to-dog, fashion. Get near the dog, speak to it softly, lull it into a comfortable position, and tickle its stomach. Then the dog will do anything you like, and will probably lick your face. Once things have reached this stage, the dog can easily be picked up (unless it is a Saint Bernard, in which case the best thing to do is call the game off and schedule a doubleheader for Tuesday) and carted off the meadow, or off Ebbets Field. A six-year-old boy in our own family is confronted by this kind of situation almost daily. His dog likes nothing better than to bust up a ball game, and will leap out of an apparently sound sleep to do so. It usually takes the child closer to ten seconds than ten minutes to sidle up to it quietly and talk it into minding its own business and keeping the hell out of his. We commend his technique to the National League.

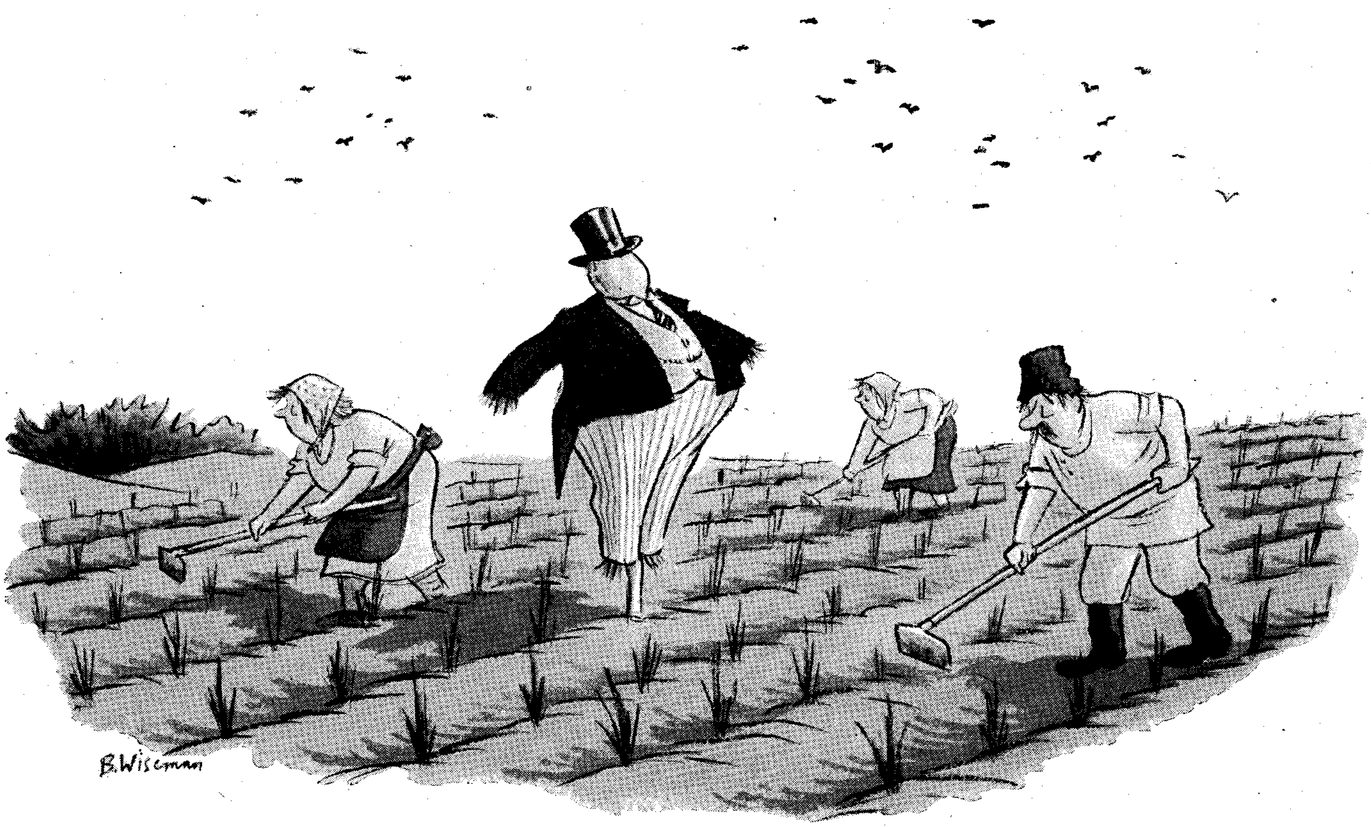
No Pattern

SO far, this has been the second-wettest year in the history of the local Weather Bureau, which started keeping records in 1871. From the first of January through May 31st, 25.62 inches of rain fell hereabouts, as compared with 27.26 inches in the same period in 1893. (Unofficial records dating back to 1826 indicate that 1859 was also wetter than this year, but let the wet past bury its wet.) The amount of rain that fell in the first five months of the years 1947-52, inclusive, ranged from fifteen to twenty inches. The general feeling is that 1953 has been nothing but rain, rain, rain, but the extraordinary thing is the volume of rain and not the number of rainy days. A normal number of rainy days would be fifty-six; we've had sixty-four. Furthermore, we've had more sunshine this year than last, and during May, which a lot of people considered unusually chilly, we had twenty-one consecutive days of temperatures above sixty. That's a new record for the course, beating by one day the record chalked up in 1942. Besides which, we may squeeze a raindrop or two of comfort from the fact that we're better off than the Northwest, where cats and dogs aren't the half of it, and the Southwest, which has suffered an appalling drought.

Some people blame the rain on the atomic-bomb tests that have been held out West, but local representatives of the Atomic Energy Commission assure us that there's no connection between the two phenomena. They point out, for example, that in the sixty-four days prior to March 17th, when the first in the current series of tests took place, New York rainfall totalled 10.84 inches, while in the subsequent sixty-four days it totalled 10.76 inches. Actually, they say, the energy released by an A-bomb is trifling compared to that commonly released by nature, for a perfectly ordinary thunderstorm equals the force of from three to five Hiroshima-type bombs. The Weather Bureau agrees with the A.E.C. on weather and atomic explosions. It doubts that the reports in April that radioactive snow had fallen upstate proved anything in particular. Storms have probably always carried radioactive materials, but until a few years ago nobody bothered to check up on them.



How has this siege of wet weather affected the community? Well, it's been hard on hay-fever sufferers, proprietors of tennis courts, garbage collectors, and, oddly, dry cleaners, whose business might have been expected to boom. "Ours is strictly a fair-weather proposition," one dry cleaner told us. "A man gets up in the morning, he



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looks out the window, it looks like rain, he puts on old pants. And his wife, she waits for a break in the weather to send her things out for spring cleaning." People allergic to tree pollen have been especially hard hit this year, because the rain retarded the normally gradual pollination of trees until, early in May, a momentary dry spell brought it on with a rush. People allergic to ragweed are advised to expect the worst. A bumper crop of ragweed is looked for this summer, and if August and September prove dry and windy, the nearest sneeze-free spot may well be northern Michigan. Mosquito breeding grounds, here and in Jersey, have benefited from the excess of rain, and unless the spring was cool enough to kill off quantities of larvae, we'll probably all soon be slapping harder and more often than we've had to in years. Most sinus specialists say that attacks of sinus are seldom related to weather, but sinus sufferers say they always are. Arthritics, on the other hand, are universally admitted to have a legitimate complaint against rainy weather, which they *do* feel in their bones.

To look on the brighter side for a moment, the chief forester of the Parks Department has told us that the greenery in the city has never before been so luxuriant; the Commissioner of Water Supply has told us that the city's reservoirs have been spilling over for an unprecedented length of time; and in the street-cleaning division of the Sanitation Department joy is unconfined. Umbrella sales at Macy's are way up, but the American Umbrella Company complains that the rain has brought only "low-end" business. "All two-ninety-eight stuff," a spokesman for the company said sourly. "Nothing like Christmas."

What next? The Weather Bureau's answer to that is that unusual trends in the weather are constantly developing but they rarely last long. We got back to normal (16.76) after rainy old 1893, and presumably we'll do so again. One season of extreme weather doesn't make a pattern, or even the beginning of a pattern, so we might just as well relax and try to forget the whole thing. Tomorrow fair and warmer, with scattered cloudbursts.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: According to its letterhead, the M. H. Kebabian Company, of New Haven, Connecticut, is, or are, "Importers of Oriental, Chinese, and Domestic Rugs."

There is a street in Vienna called Nausea Gasse.

The Watson Scientific Computing Laboratory, 612 West 116th Street, which is operated by the International Business Machines Corporation and Columbia University, contains a number of seasoned I.B.M. "THINK" signs and one reading "RÉFLÉCHISSEZ."

U.N. Soldier

AN Ethiopian Army private who was wounded fighting in Korea under the United Nations flag has been in this country lately, in order to be fitted with an artificial leg at the Kessler Institute, in West Orange, New Jersey. The soldier, whose name is Gabremicail Tumebo, could not be supplied with the necessary equipment and treatment either in Tokyo or in Ethiopia, and was brought here, at the urging of an American Army nurse who took care of him in Tokyo, by the American Veterans Committee, which announced that it was "assuming this obligation toward this one U.N. veteran to call attention to the need for providing proper care for all soldiers wounded in Korea." At the invitation of the A.V.C., we attended a reception for Private Tumebo at the Elysee Hotel on a recent Sunday afternoon, and talked with him through an interpreter whose family claims descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba: Samson Beyenne, twenty-two-year-old grandson, through the maternal line, of Emperor Haile Selassie. Beyenne has been in this country two years, is a student at the Riverdale Country School, plans to go to Columbia next year to study political science, speaks English without an accent, and is a paragon of princely manners and self-possession. Tumebo, who was standing on crutches talking, through Beyenne, to a couple of A.V.C. men when we arrived, is a tall, square-jawed young man with a ready smile and an air of ease. Curtis Campaigne, Jr., national chairman of the A.V.C., met us at the door and pointed out Tumebo and Beyenne, who were talking earnestly in their own language. "This is only the third time they've met," he said. "The first time, Tumebo wouldn't talk. Beyenne was afraid he was a shell-shock case. It turned out he was deferring to a member of the royal family. I think they've got that straightened out now, though." He added that this was the first time Tumebo had been in the city except for a swift, nocturnal trip through it on the way to New Jersey when he arrived from Addis Ababa. "I met him at the airport, and he came out to my place in Montclair for the night, before going to Kessler," Campaigne explained. "In the morning, my wife asked him in sign language how he wanted his eggs done, and he signalled he wanted 'em fried. He knows hardly any English words except 'booby trap.' Let's have a talk with the boys."

Campaigne introduced us to Beyenne and Tumebo, and the four of us sat down at a table. For some reason, a loudspeaker was blaring juke-box music; Tumebo accepted this impassively, showing neither pleasure nor annoyance. We asked Beyenne to question Tumebo about his family background. The two conferred for a while, and then Beyenne reported that Tumebo had said he came from the town of Kembata, where his father, a retired military man, was a wheat farmer. He had joined the Army to follow in his father's footsteps, and had become a member of the Imperial Bodyguard.

Campaigne ordered drinks for the table; Beyenne had a Martini and Tumebo a bottle of beer. Beyenne brought out cigarettes, offered Tumebo one, and took one himself. Tumebo deferentially lit Beyenne's, blew out the match, then remembered his own and struck another match. We asked how Tumebo had come to join the Ethiopian Korean battalion, which is composed entirely of volunteers. When the question was relayed to him, Tumebo shrugged and answered briefly. "He says to fulfill the wishes of his government," Beyenne reported. "He says freedom is what we have wanted and cherished in Ethiopia for many centuries, and he was willing to fight for it."

Tumebo also told us, through Beyenne, that while he was in Addis Ababa between his arrival from Korea and his trip here, he saw both the Emperor, who visited him at the hospital with gifts of money and food, and Brigadier General Mulugetta Bulli, commanding officer of the Imperial Bodyguard, who saw him off at the airport; that he is very much impressed by New York but not particularly surprised by it; that he is anxious to get home and hopes, if the artificial leg is a success, to remain in the Bodyguard; and that he would like to have an American overseas cap. Campaigne said he would arrange it.

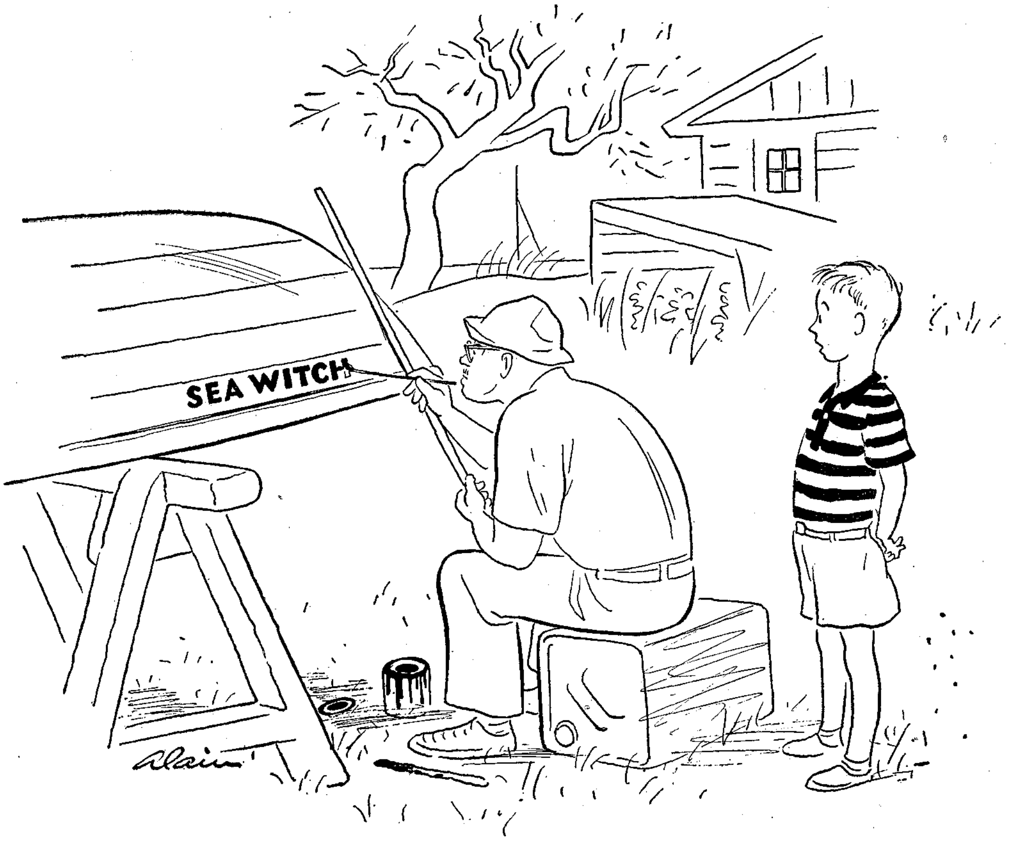
As soon as we stopped asking questions, Beyenne and Tumebo had another round of drinks and entered into a long, spirited dialogue that involved a whole gamut of gestures, tones of voice, and facial expressions. We left them that way, prince and soldier, shouting at each other in Ethiopian above the juke-box music.

Provident

A LOCAL attorney, a bachelor who lives in a hotel, inherited a lot of flat silver, along with an elaborate tea set. Wishing to keep all this against the day when a bride might find it handy, he took it to his bank and said he wanted to rent a large safe-deposit box. Told that such a receptacle would cost sixty bucks a year, he resourcefully trundled his inheritance to the nearest office of the Provident Loan Society of New York, borrowed a hundred dollars on it, and now pays twelve dollars a year interest, while the Provident Loan insures and protects the silver. He has invested the hundred dollars in one share of American Metal preferred, which pays four dollars and a half, and figures that, without taking income-tax deductions and the like into consideration, he is saving fifty-two-fifty a year on storage.

Nine-Spined Sticklebacks

THIS spring term, N.Y.U.'s Division of General Education has been offering for the first time an extension course entitled "Tropical Fish As a Hobby," one of the features of which is a field trip to Long Island to collect specimens. We not only went along on the field trip but had the good luck to be witness to the entrapment of a species that may not have been seen in these parts for some years. Before proceeding, let's get one thing straight. Query: Do



"Want to know something, Dad?"

tropical fish live on Long Island, or off it? Answer: No, naturally they don't, but the word "tropical" when applied to aquarium fish is a loose one; a more correct ichthyological term is "exotic." N.Y.U. uses "tropical" in its course title as a concession to the uninformed public. All right. By appointment, we made contact with Herbert R. Axelrod, editor of the magazine *Tropical Fish Hobbyist*, onetime exotic-fish importer and conductor of the course, at ten o'clock of a drizzly Sunday morning on the sidewalk in front of the Freeport railroad station. We easily spotted Mr. Axelrod; he was surrounded by a group, dressed for foul weather, to which he was giving instructions, as follows: "Go east on Sunrise Highway, then south on Wantagh State Parkway to the second bridge, just before the Jones Beach toll station. I happen to know that East Bay right there is full of baby flounders and cyprinodonts."

The members of the group, who were nine in number, ranging in age from about twenty-one to fifty and including one girl, fanned out to their respective cars and headed for the fish-hunting site. We followed in ours. "Poor turnout today, I'm afraid," Axelrod remarked, after we had arrived. "The class has thirty-two in it altogether. Twenty-five are professional fish dealers, and the rest are hobbyists, except for a couple who want to *become* hobbyists." We said that, considering the weather, the turnout seemed scarcely less than spectacular, and Mr. Axelrod went on to say that the popularity of fish courses is spreading. "N.Y.U. is making this course a semi-annual event, and San Jose State College, in California, has announced its intention of introducing one next year," he said. He then led the class down to the beach beside the bridge, donned rubber boots, and, assisted by a student, began dragging a net through the shallow water. "This is called a common-sense seine," he commented as he sloshed ashore. "It's got weights on one side, floats on the other—that's why." The class clustered around to inspect the haul. The net was reasonably full of small, wriggling fish, which Axelrod identified as *Fundulus heteroclitus*, or common killies; cyprinodonts, or blue killies; baby flounders; and one glass eel, a two-inch animal that is not only exotic but practically invisible, being transparent. "Too bad, no sea horses yet," Axelrod commented. "They'll turn up here later—not in great numbers, though, like *Hippocampus hudsonius*. That's the Hudson River sea horse. The local waters teem with them every summer. In the spring, sea horses sulk."

"An angelfish of mine has been sulking six months," a student remarked.

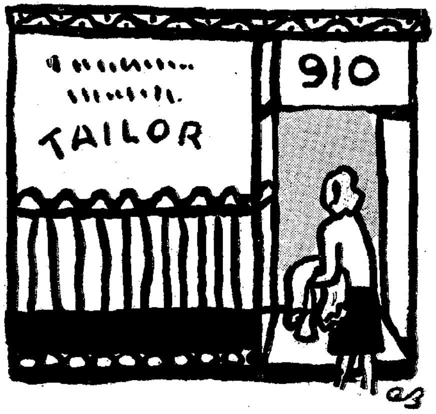
Axelrod said that that might be due to improper feeding or wrong water temperature.

After a few more hauls, a selection of the catch was put into a tank for safekeeping. The class then moved in echelon to a site a few miles west of Babylon, where a fresh pond flows into a salt inlet, forming brackish water. "Perfect for sticklebacks," Axelrod said as he plunged the net in. This time it came out fairly bulging with inchlings. Most of them proved to be elvers, or young eels, and the familiar minnows called silversides, but among them were a few tiny fish, unimpressive except for a series of spines sticking up in front of the dorsal fin. "Nine-spined sticklebacks!" Axelrod shouted in triumph. "First ones seen on Long Island, as far as I know, in five or six years!" He and the class began separating the sticklebacks from the other fish and depositing them in the tank. "We'll catch four for each student, then quit," Axelrod said. "We don't want to pull down the fish population around here too much, or mosquito larvae would flourish."

As the fish were being divided into jars, a man asked how much nine-spined sticklebacks are worth, and Axelrod, after calculating a moment, said between five dollars and seven-fifty a pair at retail. "But you don't want to sell your stickles," he advised. "In a month, the male turns a brilliant red, and later he builds a nest like a bird's. Want to miss that?"

Eat and Run

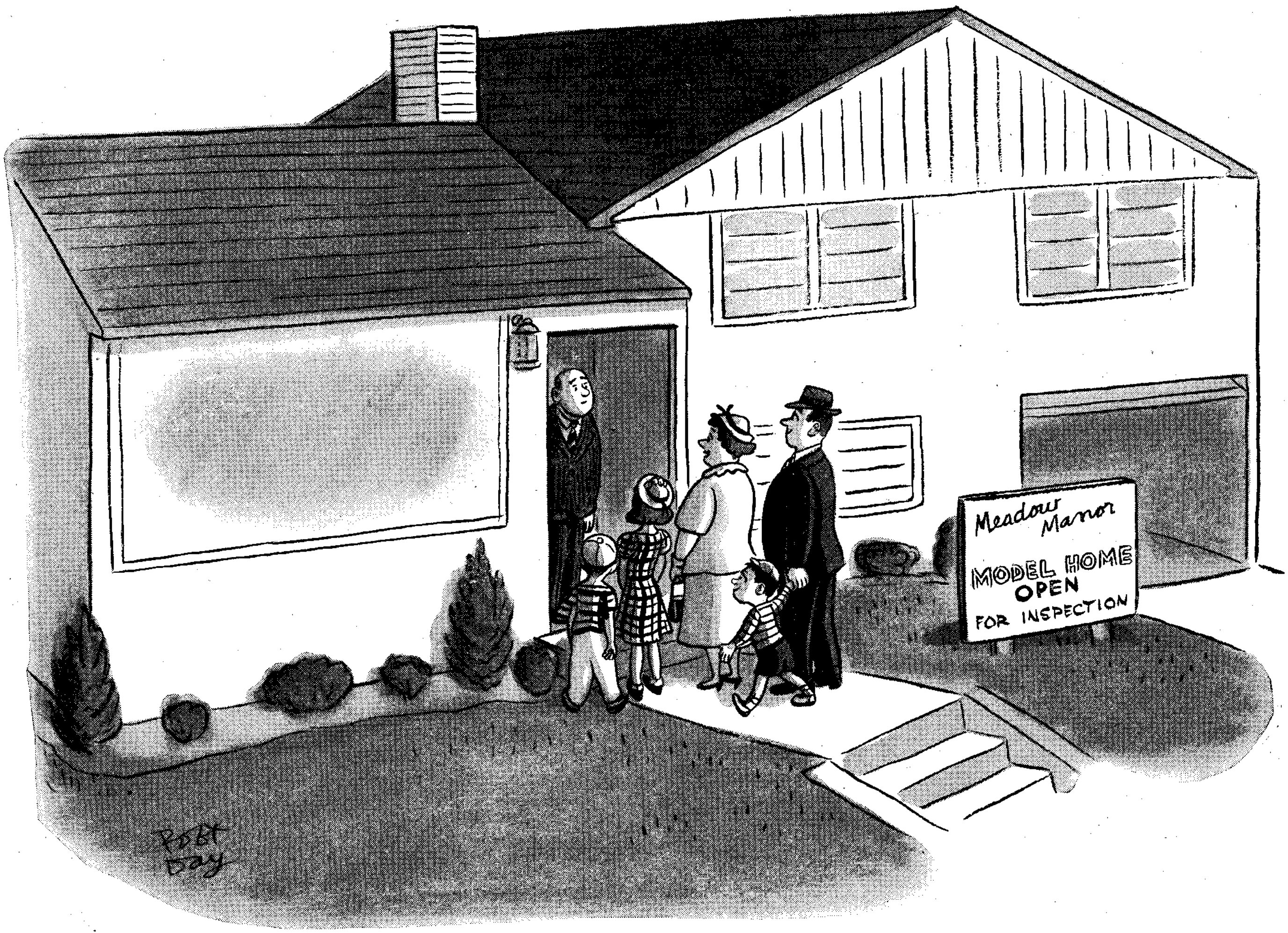
A LADY who eats in the Cortile Restaurant fairly regularly has got to know one of the waitresses quite well and has learned she likes to bet on the horses. It was, therefore, with no enormous astonishment that, seated at her usual table last week, menu in hand, she heard the waitress say, in answer to her "I think I'd like Number Three today," "What race?"



Anybody's Boy

NOT *another* terrific historical scoop! Yes, and this one concerns C. D. Jackson, former publisher of *Fortune*, who is currently President Eisenhower's top adviser on psychological warfare and other delicate matters. Jackson manages to keep pretty well out of sight down there in the White House, but if you want to see what he looked like at the age of six, go straight to the fourth-floor foyer of the Paramount Theatre. Acting on an anonymous tip, that is precisely what we did. On getting out of the elevator, we found ourself before a large painting in what it would be kind to call the Gainsborough tradition, slightly infused with mud. The subject of the painting, which is dated 1908, is a little boy in a sailor suit, with plump cheeks, a cherubic mouth, and hair neatly brushed over his forehead. As we stared at it, we were joined by a young man and girl on their way into the movie. "Gee, he's kind of a doll," said the girl. "Kind of a creep, you mean," said her companion. "Something about that kid's puss, I want to whop it one." We proceeded to the office of the executive manager of the Paramount, Mr. Robert Shapiro, and asked him what he knew about the painting. Shapiro, who appeared familiar with every last one of the hundred-odd paintings that decorate the Paramount's walls, informed us that it was the work of an artist named Maurice Fromkes, born 1872, died 1931, that it was entitled "Anybody's Boy," and that Alan Jackson, local story editor for Paramount Pictures, had once inquired about the possibility of buying it.

We quickly got in touch with Alan Jackson, who identified himself as C. D.'s younger brother, and a round, unvarnished tale delivered. "Eight or nine years ago," he said, "a friend of the family called me in great excitement. He'd been to the Paramount and had seen what he thought must be a painting of my brother there. The moment he mentioned it, I remembered that when C. D. was six he posed for a portrait by a fashionable artist of the



"May we try the dinette for size?"

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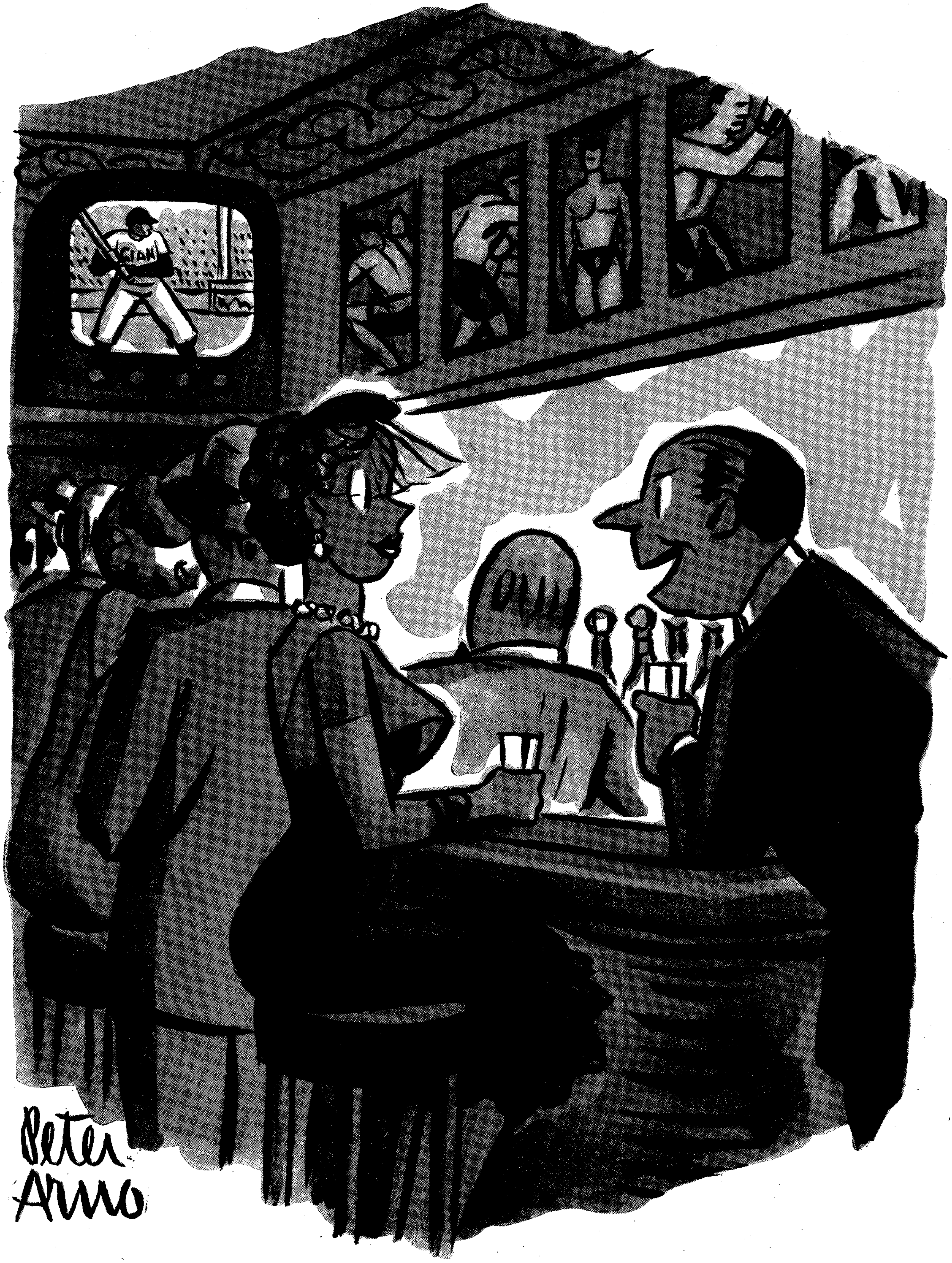
day. I also remembered that Mother, who'd commissioned and paid for the painting, hadn't liked it a bit. Later, when we were moving from our house on Sixty-ninth Street to an apartment on Park Avenue, we auctioned off some of our furnishings and put some in storage. One way or another, the painting got mixed in with the things we auctioned. Not long afterward, the artist happened to see it in the window of a second-hand store and came storming to us about it. His feelings were badly hurt and we had a hard time soothing them. We didn't buy the painting back, though. The fact is we hadn't missed it."

The next day, Alan Jackson went over to the Paramount, and, sure enough, there was little C. D. Jackson. He learned that when the Paramount was built, in 1926, the decorator had stepped out for a moment and bought a job lot of several thousand square feet of canvases—Dutch landscapes, Algerian street scenes, portraits, and so on—to hang in the theatre. Stirred by nostalgia, amusement, and family honor, Alan Jackson asked the Paramount people how much they wanted for the painting, and they said the price would be three or four hundred dollars. "That was too much to pay for a gag, with or without family honor," Alan Jackson told us, and recommended that for further enlightenment we call the subject himself. We did so, and in a matter of minutes had the White House and then C. D. on the wire. He said he had a fairly clear memory of sitting for the portrait but he couldn't for the life of him remember what Fromkes looked like. "I recall that there were about ten sittings and that I spent a good part of the time craning my neck to see what he was making of me," Jackson said. "I forgot all about the painting until Alan told me where I was hanging. One day I went in to look at the damn thing, and I must say it made me feel rather sad. There I was in the Paramount, and I'd never even been liked at home. Mother had just hidden me away and then sold me, though she says now, of course, that she never intended to go *that* far. What's the silly title they've pinned on me?" We said that the painting was called "Anybody's Boy," and from the White House came a soft groan.

Unpredictable

THE wife of an irascible, early-to-bed husband got back to her house late one night after a meeting and found she'd forgotten her key. In fear and trembling, she pounded on the door until, after ten or fifteen minutes, it was opened by her spouse, barefoot and in pajamas. She explained her oversight apologetically and waited for the storm to break. Nary a cloud. Her husband stared at her expressionlessly out of sleep-heavy eyes and padded off to bed without a word. Next morning, at breakfast, she complimented him on his gallant forbearance. "Gallant, hell!" he said. "I didn't want to get any wider awake."


GIAN
Peter Arno

"It's certainly refreshing to find someone who's interested in something besides sports."

COME ON IN, THE LIABILITY'S FINE

THE sunlight was so benign one recent forenoon in the country, and the air laden with such promise of spring, that, on the verge of entering my web to spin a few merchandisable threads, I decided to take a turn about the place and see what catastrophes I could unearth to impair my efficiency. It looked quite unpromising for a while; none of the barn doors had blown off during the night, the ruts in the lane—thitherto as deep as the Union trenches before Vicksburg—had mysteriously filled up by themselves, and the cistern containing our auxiliary supply of rain water had stopped rotting and exuded a fresh, invigorating tang of resin. I was forlornly kicking a terrace wall, in the hope of loosening the stones and embroiling myself in a long, exasperating hassle with masons, when an azure-blue sedan rolled up, backed swiftly around, and splintered the lower branches of a magnolia just coming into flower. A thickset, forceful man of the type who models Shurons in opticians' windows jumped out and cursorily examined the damage. Then, whisking a briefcase from the trunk, he strode toward me with hand extended.

"Howdy," he said, all wind and geniality, like a barber's cat. "Chicanery's my name—Walt Chicanery. I'm with the Hindsight Insurance Company, over in Doylestown. Is the owner here?" I explained that though my clothes belied it, I held the fief, and he chuckled tolerantly to assuage my embarrassment. "You sure fooled me," he said. "I thought you were the handyman."

"I am," I replied evenly. "I do all the odd jobs, like pruning these trees after people drive over them."

"That's where you're missing a bet, neighbor," he said, stabbing me in the breastbone with his forefinger. "Don't prune 'em—replace 'em. I've got a policy whereby you're fully protected against loss to shrubs, hedges, sedges, vines, pines, creepers, rushes, and ramblers."

"So have I," I disclosed. "I've got any kind of insurance you can name—hailstorm, shipwreck, volcano, libel, frostbite, all of them. I'm even insured against meteors or a rain of red frogs. And now, if you'll excuse me—"

"One moment there," he said patronizingly. "You're pretty cocky, aren't you? Think every possible contingency's provided for, eh? Well, think again. What happens if your bowling ball slips and you break the bones in your companion's foot?"

I knew I should have whistled up my syce and had the fellow beaten off the place with lathees, but the sun felt so good on my back that I let myself be drawn. "The only kind I've ever dropped was a matzo ball," I said, "and I doubt whether it affected Jed Harris's gait. No, sir," I went on, "I don't get involved in those trick mishaps. I'm probably less accident-prone than any man alive. I just sit indoors and do my work, and that's where I'm going now." Entering the outbuilding where I worry, I immersed myself in a sheaf of papers. Simultaneously, Chicanery's hand slid into my field of vision, holding a printed page.

"You owe this to your family, friend," his voice purred into my shoulder. "Just look it over before you send me away."

"What is it?" I asked peevishly.

"A list of typical accidents covered by our new Allstate Comprehensive Personal Liability policy," he said, buttering each word like Svengali. "Go ahead, read it. Go ahead, I dare you." Robbed of my will, I read.

The list was formidable, an encyclopedia of disaster. "A passerby breaks arm in fall on your icy walk," it intoned. "Your dog bites the deliveryman. Your wife injures a passerby with her umbrella. Mailman slips on your front step—suffers a concussion. Your child knocks down an elderly person with his sled. Handyman tumbles from your stepladder. Friend suffers a crippling fall on your freshly waxed floor. While hunting, you accidentally shoot another hunter. Your baby-sitter breaks ankle tripping over baby's toy. Neighbor's child falls into trash fire. Your child accidentally hits playmate in eye with ball. Your child runs into bystander with bicycle. You accidentally burn stranger with cigarette. A guest trips over your rug. Your child accidentally sails toy airplane into playmate's face. Your golf drive injures another player. Your back-yard swing breaks, injuring a neighbor's child. A fellow bus passenger trips over your suitcase or package. Baseball bat slips from your son's hands—hurtles into spectator's face. Your trash fire spreads to a neighbor's home. Your child accidentally breaks plate-glass window. Your cat claws visitor's expensive fur coat."

I LOOKED up at Chicanery, who, while I was absorbed, had flipped open my checkbook and was examining the balance with amused contempt, and handed back the prospectus. "Listen, this is all very well for schlemiels," I said, "but I repeat—none of that stuff happens to yours truly. I've crisscrossed the ruddy globe, waded knee-deep in malarial swamps, slept cheek by jowl with hamadryads, shared my last catty of rice with head-hunters, and never even had a nosebleed. You're barking up the wrong tree, Tuan. Good day."

"Ta-ta," he said, without tensing a muscle. "Say, what's that whistling I hear down on your porch? A bird?" I admitted that I own a rather gifted myna acquired in Thailand, who speaks idiomatic Siamese, Chinese, and English, and who allows nobody but me to gentle him. "You don't say," he marvelled. "What's he do when your guests reach into his cage?"

"Who—Tong Cha?" I asked carelessly. "Oh, he generally goes for their eyes. He thinks they're grapes."

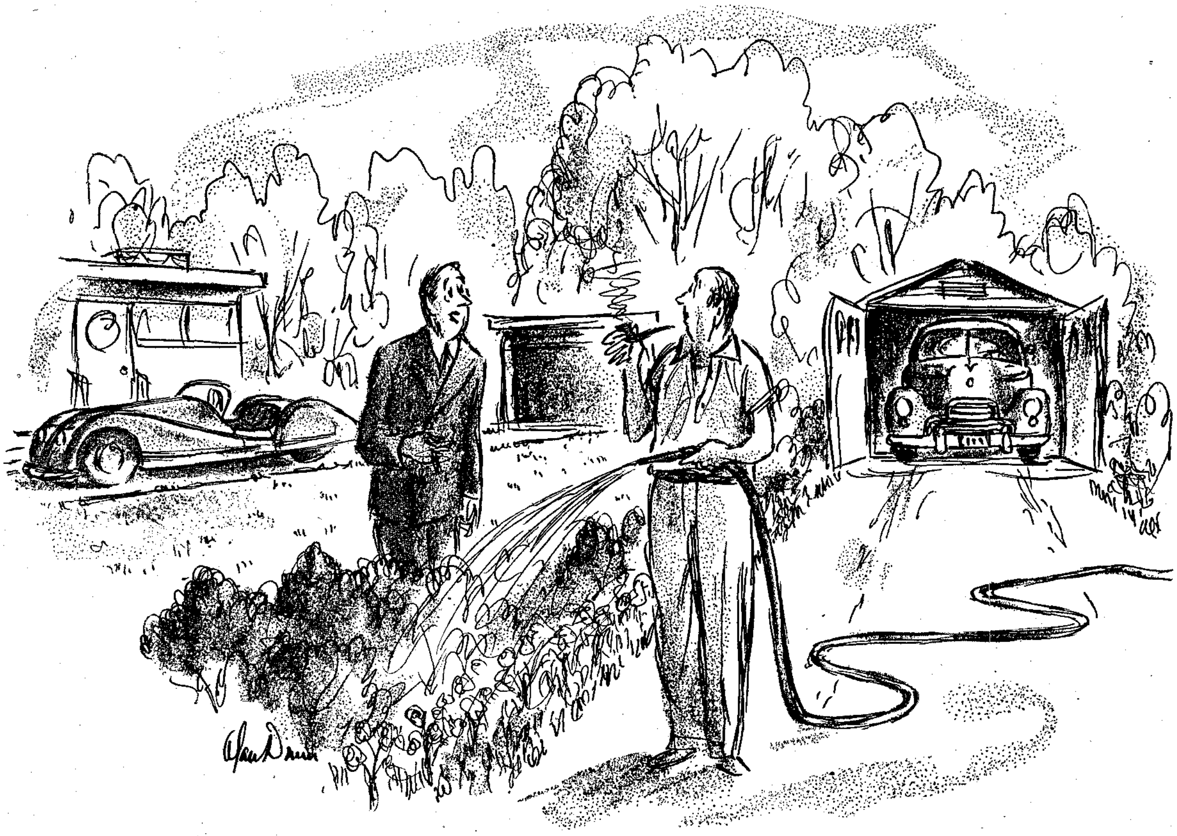
"Be a shame to shell out fifty thousand damages for a grape," observed Chicanery with a yawn. "A party over here in Chalfont got hooked that way. His rooster bit off a little boy's nose. Time the courts finished with him, the poor devil was on relief."

"B-but Tong Cha wouldn't hurt anyone intentionally," I said, suddenly agitated. "I mean, basically he's sweet—he's just playful, full of beans—"

"Well, maybe he can explain that to the jury," said Chicanery. "Or maybe you'll be lucky enough to get a Siamese judge. Otherwise, you're going upstate with an iron ball soldered to your leg, as sure as you're born."

"Er—how much did you say that policy was?" I inquired, moistening my lips. "I might be able to swing it after all. I don't really need a bridge on these molars; I can chew on the other side."

"Sure you can," the agent agreed sympathetically. "Your cheeks are bound to cave in sooner or later, no matter what you do. Now, here's the deal." Within twenty minutes, and to the accompaniment of a spate of actuarial jargon I only half understood, I was formally indemnified against a host of actionable casualties that might befall



"Say, George, can I borrow your car? Have to pick up Grandmother at the station."

me or my dependents, whether human or members of the brute creation.

As Chicanery finished ticking off the complex provisions, he caught himself abruptly. "Danged if I haven't forgot the drowning clause," he exclaimed. "That's what comes of somebody jabbering in your ear."

"There's no water on this place," I objected. "Just the little creek you drove through in the lane. You couldn't drown a chipmunk in that."

"Hunh, that's what Dr. Bundy over at Keller's Church thought," rejoined Chicanery. "His wife's brother came home one night drunk as a boiled owl, fell in the brook, and goodbye Charlie. Widow collected seventy-four grand and poor Bundy blew his brains out. I don't want you coming around with a beef if it happens to you."

"O.K., O.K.," I said impatiently. "Is the policy in effect from now on?"

"Yup, soon as your check clears," he said. "Personally, I always recommend paying cash so you get immediate protection." I at once yielded up what currency I had in my clothes, then repaired to the house and levied on the kitchen funds, and finally amassed the premium, a good share of it in pennies. Chicanery stowed it away in his poke and, teetering back in my mid-Victorian swivel chair, beamed paternally at me.

"Someday you'll bless me for this," he declared. "A stitch in time—" There was a fearful crack of wood and metal, the chair crumbled into matchwood, and Chicanery catapulted backward, describing the figure known among movie stunt men as the Hundred and Eight. In landing, he unfortunately dislodged a pile of atlases and gazetteers, which rained down on him like building blocks and almost hid him from view. I sprang up and flung aside the sailing directions for Macassar Strait and the copy of "Menaboni's Birds" resting on his head. His face had gone the color of an old Irish towel and he was breathing heavily through his mouth.

"Are you all right?" I demanded, seizing his shoulders and shaking him vigorously. Two years as a biology major, plus wide reading of illustrated hygiene magazines along Sixth Avenue, have taught me that in possible concussions the patient should be stimulated to keep the circulation brisk.

Chicanery opened his eyes and goggled about stupidly. "Where am I?" he murmured.

"Right here in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, about nine miles from Riegelsville," I assured him, endeavoring to keep my voice buoyant. "Is anything hurting you? Can you twist your neck?" With a grunt, he shook me off and clambered to his feet. A normal healthy flush was momentarily replacing his pallor. He looked fit as a fighting cock, and I said so.

"Leave that up to my doctor," he snapped, compressing his lips. "It could be internal injuries, like as not. Whatever it is, we can settle it between us. You won't have to go to court."

I had some difficulty in enunciating clearly, but I made my point at last. "You just sold me a policy that covered this type of accident!" I bellowed. "I thought you were sincere! *I* was sincere! Now you tell me—"

"Look, Mister," said Chicanery, his eyeballs shrinking to two bits of flint. "No use trying to bluster your way out of it. If you wanted protection against falls sustained from furniture, you should have specified. That chair is a death-trap, and you could be jailed for using it. You'll hear from my lawyer." He sailed out, slamming the door with such force that a loose slate pitched off the roof and struck him between the shoulder blades. Through the window, I saw him sink to his knees in a position of deep meditation, like a Buddhist monk. Then he arose heavily and, making a notation on a pad, tottered to his car. Five seconds later, it disappeared over the brow of the hill, trailing a flowering magnolia from its bumper. I haven't heard a rumble out of him since, but one of these days my heirs and assigns will undoubtedly receive a bulky envelope with a Doylestown postmark. I must leave word behind to forward it on to Singapore.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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WISH I'D SAID THAT: "The thinnest letter is 'I'—but most people keep eating till it turns into a fat 'Double You.'"
—D. GREENBERGER, THE BRONX.
—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*

Wish *no* one had said it.

THE FARANGI—III

HALF A MILLION UNITS

THE year before last, my husband, Mohamed, who is a Persian, decided that the time had come for him to take me home to visit his family. I am an American, and we were then living in Great Neck. In the six years we had been married, I had, naturally, learned something about my in-laws. I knew that Mohamed's two brothers were in the diplomatic service, one in Bombay and the other in Cairo; that he had four married sisters, all living with their families in his mother's house in Teheran; that his mother was a warmhearted woman of considerable nobility of character, and rather old-fashioned, in that she tried to run her house in complete accordance with the teachings of the Koran. But it was Mohamed's father, generally called Hajji Malek, who captured my imagination. The stories I had heard about him were full of contradictions. He was a well-to-do landowner who never had any money. He had helped to introduce modern methods of farming into Iran after the First World War, yet the parts of two tractors and a combine, rusty with disuse, were lying all over the floor of his barn at Sherif-abad, one of his estates in northeastern Iran. He was a despotic father, yet his children all liked and respected him and tried to please him. He was niggardly, yet he had sent his sons to Europe to be educated and had built a school for the children of his peasants. He was as strong as an ox and as great a hypochondriac as his hero, Dr. Mossadegh.

After I had met my father-in-law, I decided that the tales I had heard about him hadn't really done him justice. I found that he was a man of extraordinary vitality—and irascible, sly, and sometimes clownish, but never boring. He was a passionate talker, and he had opinions about everything. In conversation, as I soon learned, it was his habit to dramatize the dullest comment—about the weather, about a visit to the doctor, or his digestive ups and downs. He would quote sonorously from the "Shah-nama," by the Persian epic poet Firdousi, by way of embroidering a discussion of the breeding of sheep or a bus ride across town. His likes and dislikes were intense, and if politeness prevented him from expressing them in words, they were conveyed in other ways. It was quite usual in my mother-in-law's house for callers to start coming before breakfast, and the last ones usually left at midnight. I was never long in doubt as to what Hajji Malek's feelings were about any particular caller. If he kept silent, it meant that he disliked the newcomer. If the dislike was strong, Hajji Malek left the room. If, on the other hand, he drew the newcomer into conversation or asked him to play a game of *belote*, it was an indication of approval. He showed his favor in a dozen ways: offering cognac, attempting to give up his seat of honor at dinner in deference to the visitor (the offer was always refused), telling stories in which he himself was the dupe.

Like the rest of the household, I was caught up in the excitement of his unpredictable personality and carried along by it. I found myself hurrying downstairs every morning to see what he was up to *now*. And then one day I woke up to a peculiar stillness. The whole house was deathly silent.

The reason for this hush was clear to me the moment I entered the dining room. Hajji Malek was indisposed and he was taking his illness seriously. He was slumped in his chair at the head of the table.

I slipped into my seat next to Mohamed and said, "*Salaam*." Hajji Malek grunted in response, half rising. Then he settled back in his chair and sat there gloomily, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The three women who had chosen this morning to call limited their remarks to occasional whispers, and were obviously anxious to take their leave as soon as good manners would permit.

The sick tyrant had on a camel's-hair bathrobe and a khaki-colored stocking cap. His unshaved face was grim, and he was in a bad temper. Nothing pleased him. Mohamed whispered to me that the family doctor, summoned during the night, had examined Hajji Malek and announced that there wasn't anything much the matter with him; he was merely paying the penalty for overindulgence in cognac and caviar, of which he was inordinately fond. In the early hours of the morning, Hajji Malek's rest had been broken by the braying of a donkey belonging to some bricklayers

CLOSEOUT SALE
ENTERING NEW PERIOD
EVERYTHING MUST GO!
alain

who were building a house next door. He had begun the day by shouting maledictions out of his window at the workmen, who had not been cowed by them. Then the children had disturbed him. Some had been packed off to school much earlier than usual, and others had been told to play in the basement, out of reach of Hajji Malek's temper. The servants had been ordered to take their noisier household tasks into the garden, and the deliverymen cautioned to walk on tiptoe. On this of all mornings, the goat's butter had a hair in it.

The radio, which could usually be heard through the open door of the salon, had not been turned on. The sessions of Majlis, the Iranian Chamber of Deputies, were broadcast from the floor of the Chamber, and the dry voice of Prime Minister Mossadegh (which made me think of Uncle Don reading the comics on Sunday morning) was heard almost daily throughout the house. When Dr. Mossadegh was speaking, my father-in-law sat as close to the radio as he could get, listening intently and slapping his knee whenever the Prime Minister made a telling point.

Someone remarked that Majlis was meeting. Hajji Malek stirred slightly, then clucked refusal with his tongue, sank deeper into his chair, and called for his medicine. I saw that both the dining-room window sills were crowded with pillboxes and medicine bottles. Some of the labels looked familiar, and I recognized with a homesick start the stickers of our own pharmacy in Great Neck. More than a year before, my father-in-law had asked us to send him a collection of medicine. We had done so, and here was the residue.

My husband's eldest sister placed several pillboxes and a tall bottle of red liquid beside Hajji Malek, and he swallowed six tablets of assorted colors and a tablespoonful of the liquid. Then he locked his hands over his belly, leaned back, and closed his eyes.

As I was beginning to feel that time had been suspended and we would sit there forever, the doorbell rang. It was a second doctor, a man who had not treated Hajji Malek before.

In the past few weeks, I had become accustomed to the Persian stature—the average city dweller is about five feet five; the nomads and mountain people are only slightly taller—and the young man who now entered the dining room looked like a giant to me. His sparse, untidy blond hair brushed the door lintel. He was probably not more than thirty-five, and very thin. His clothes hung loosely on his huge frame. I caught the word "*Alemani*" from the conversation of my sisters-in-law, who bustled around, welcoming the new doctor and settling him in a soft chair next to the patient. Hajji Malek was still leaning back with his eyes closed.

In Iran, Germans enjoyed the reputation of being more competent, honest, and hard-working than other *farangis,* or foreigners, and therefore were usually given a friendlier reception. Even so, I wondered why this German doctor had chosen to practice in Iran. He looked like a man embittered, perhaps by the war, or possibly he had a personal tragedy to bury.

Effat, one of the maidservants, brought him a glass of tea. He opened his scuffed bag and fished inside for instruments. Then, looking around the room, he asked "*Spricht man Deutsch*?"—apparently without much hope. Mohamed nodded, and the doctor's eyes lit up. "Where did you learn it?" he asked, continuing in German. Mohamed explained that he had studied in Vienna. "Is it possible!" the doctor exclaimed. "When were you in Vienna? Where did you study?" When Mohamed started to answer, the doctor interrupted him. "*Wieder Wienerisch zu hören!* You hear German here, but mostly Prussian. You cannot imagine what it means to me. I am myself a Viennese. I am all alone in this godforsaken land. Did you go to the University?"

"Yes."

"When? When?"

"In '36 and '37."

"God knows how many times we passed each other."

Hajji Malek opened his eyes and shot a sour look at the doctor, who, though he still appeared occupied with his own thoughts, pulled out a stethoscope and began his examination. With Mohamed as interpreter, he asked several questions, and then he took Hajji Malek's temperature.

"How high?" asked the old man.

"One hundred."

"Son of a burned father!" Hajji Malek said in a sulky undertone to Mohamed. "It's not possible. I'm on fire."

The doctor began to write a prescription, and the patient studied him through nearly closed eyelids. The old man couldn't contain his irritation. He began to shift around in his chair.

"A worm is wriggling somewhere," Mohamed said to me, paraphrasing a Persian adage.

Hajji Malek suddenly burst out angrily in Farsee, and this time Mohamed did not translate. He told me afterward that his father had said, "Tell him he's a quack!" Hajji Malek had expected a lot more prodding and probing, it seemed, and he did not believe that a first-class physician could diagnose his illness so quickly. Also, he wanted some penicillin, which, along with the other wonder drugs, had lately become a fad in Iran. Mohamed did translate this request.

"They all want it," the doctor said. "Peasants who can't read or write come to me and demand penicillin and streptomycin." In a more conciliatory

COMMENCEMENT

The seniors in their drab robes, with their troubled
Destinies in their smiles, in a thousand chapels
Now manfully march from childhood into banks,
Shops, and offices, with their ranks
Unbroken still, and their eyes front still,
As if in all their classrooms they had learned
Only the virtue of marching, the vice of standing still.

Or so it seems—or so it seems to those
Who watch them with the knowledge of many such marches
And see in them only the mass, forgetting their own
Halting separateness years ago,
When they found themselves, in those robes, suddenly grown,
And suddenly, flanked by classmates, marching alone.

—Reed Whittemore

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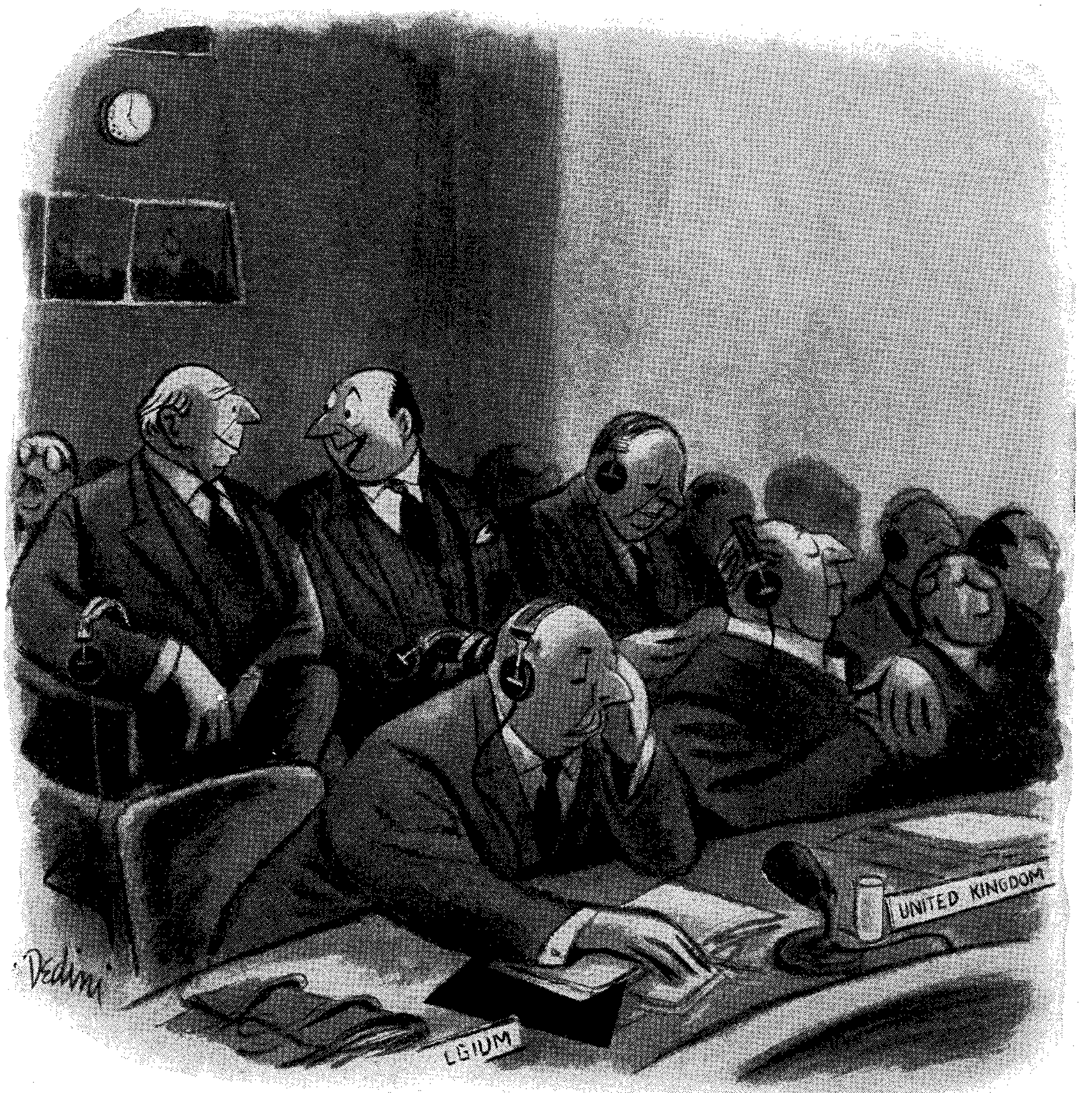


"It was at Potsdam, I think, or maybe it was Yalta—one of the most wonderful soufflés I ever tasted."

• •

tone, he added, "If you have a primus stove here, I can give your father some Vitamin C. You can tell him it's penicillin. *Wer glaubt ist selig.*"

The servants brought in a small stove and the doctor began to sterilize a hypodermic syringe in a little, narrow tin box, which he had partly filled with water. It was some time before the water boiled, and, with Mohamed's help, Hajji Malek took advantage of the wait to give the doctor a detailed history of his aches and pains.

This harrowing tale of constant brushes with death revived the old man. Even without Mohamed's translation, it was easy to understand most of it. He poked and prodded himself to indicate the anatomical areas under discussion. He rolled his eyes back into his head and fanned himself—he was obviously telling about a bad case of something, which had nearly done him in. Then he imitated injections in his arms—in both arms, dozens of injections (holding up his fingers)—and, finally, with an airy wave of his hand, he showed how the illness had fled.

The doctor listened to the story as if he had heard it all before and expected to hear it again. "The most prevalent disease in this crazy land is hypochondria," he said, shaking his head and addressing no one in particular. The water in the tin box began to simmer. Hajji Malek bent over it expectantly, and smiled for the first time that morning.

When the doctor had looked around the dining room in search of someone who understood German, his glance had swept over me, returned for a second, and again passed on. He had looked at me several times afterward, as if something in my appearance jarred with his general impression of the character of the household. Now, holding the syringe in his hand, he looked directly at me and said, "You also understand German, *nicht?*"

"A little. I'm American."

"My wife," said Mohamed.

"Oh," the doctor said, nodding, and turned to his patient. After he had given the old man his injection and put away the instruments, he handed the prescription to Mohamed and said, "He has malaria, I think. If you can persuade him, he should take this quinine."

Mohamed laughed. "You understand him well."

"They're all alike, these rich Persians. It's not possible to treat them. They never follow advice. They consult three or four doctors on the sly and eat all the pills anybody will prescribe for them. Who knows how many injections he's already had today? Confess—I'm not the first doctor that's been here this morning."

Mohamed laughed again.

"Allah knows everything," the doctor said with a shrug. "But the Persians know it even better." He turned to me. "Don't you find it so? Confusion is a permanent state here. A Persian gets uneasy when things are simple."

As if to corroborate this statement, Hajji Malek looked at the brief prescription with an air of suspicion. He had caught the word "quinine" and clamored to know more. When Mohamed told him that the prescription was indeed for quinine, Hajji Malek tossed the piece of paper into the midst of the breakfast dishes and began to grumble.

"He says he's never had malaria," said Mohamed.

"Everyone in Iran has had it once," the doctor said. "I don't know why they like to deny that there's any malaria here."

Again Hajji Malek broke in.

"He wants to know how many units of penicillin you gave him," Mohamed said.

"Tell him half a million."

Mohamed translated this, and Hajji

Malek opened his eyes wide. Then he began talking excitedly.

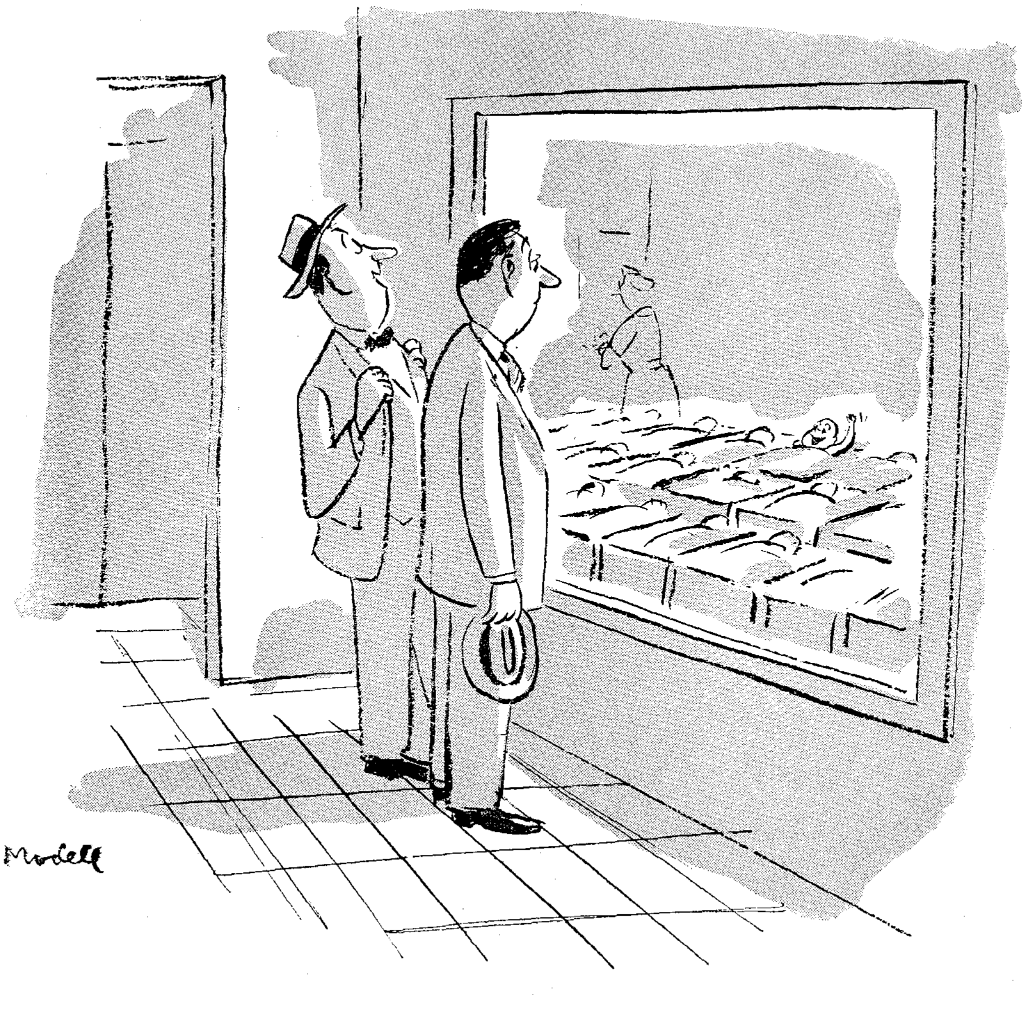
"He couldn't be more pleased if they were dollars," Mohamed said. "Now he wants to know when you're coming back to give him another shot."

"I'll drop by day after tomorrow," the doctor said. "I can't be sure it's malaria until I check once more."

"I don't need quinine," Hajji Malek was saying. "Even the Germans turn out to be quacks. Tell him! Tell him I said so!"

As soon as the doctor had gone, Hajji Malek retrieved the prescription and shouted for his chauffeur, who took it away and in a short time returned with the quinine tablets. Then, with a good many resounding curses on the doctor and his ancestry, Hajji Malek took twice the prescribed dose of quinine, finished it off with various pills from the assortment on the window sills, and asked who would care to lose some money at cards.

This was the cue. The crisis was over. We hurried into the salon, and soon the cards were being dealt for *belote*. Hajji Malek and Mohamed were partners against two of Mohamed's sisters. First Hajji Malek haggled over the amount of the bet, squeezing it down and down. He finally consented to risk twenty cents a game. Even then, he tried to get out of paying when he lost. He was never still. He dropped cards on the floor. He peeked at the bottom of the deck. He spewed out the husks of watermelon seeds. Every time a hand was dealt him, he looked his cards over with malignant glee, implying that he held a shocker. He discarded his hand in a huff if he lost the bid, and slapped the table when he took a trick. Sometimes he pretended to be woolgathering. He solicited advice from his partner. He repeatedly asked, "What is *atout* [trump]?," even when his own bid had carried. He trumped when he could have followed suit. In one irregular way or another, he usually managed to add ten or twelve points to his score, and if he was caught red-handed, he pretended to be outraged at the suggestion that he was capable of cheating, or took refuge in the role of buffoon, or pretended he simply hadn't noticed what he was doing.



"Yes, sir! That boy and I are going to be great pals."

Everyone enjoyed the game. The cards were laid down with regret when lunch was announced. "What are we having today?" Hajji Malek asked.

"Chilo-kebab," my mother-in-law said.

The chilo-kebab reminded Hajji Malek of a story, which he told at lunch, in Farsee, and which Mohamed translated for me. It was one of those stories that recur in the folklore of just about every country, but this version concerned a kebab vender. I had seen these venders on the streets of Teheran, turning their meat on spits over a small charcoal fire. "There was a time and there wasn't a time," Hajji Malek began, "when a poor man with a piece of bread in his hand passed by a kebab vender. He stopped and held the bread above the roasting meat, to soak in some of the meat flavor, and then, without saying a word, walked on. The next day, the same thing happened. And the next day, and the day after that, until finally a whole year had passed. Then the indignant kebab vender dragged the poor man into court. 'This man,' he told the judge, 'has been passing my stand for a year, soaking his bread in my kebab flavors, and he should pay me for it.' The judge asked, 'How much do you think he owes you?' 'One rial a day,' the vender said. 'That makes three hundred and sixty-five rials.' The poor man shrugged. He had no money. So the judge said to the kebab vender, 'Very well. I'll pay you what's due you.' He took three hundred and sixty-five rials from his pocket and held them out. But just as the kebab vender was reaching to take the three hundred and sixty-five rials, the judge said, 'This man didn't take any of your meat. He took the flavor. You must be paid in kind. Here—smell the money.' "

Hajji Malek roared as he brought out the punch line of his story, and we all looked at each other, our eyes shining. The patient was himself again, and the day had regained its gusto.

—Anne Sinclair Mehdevi

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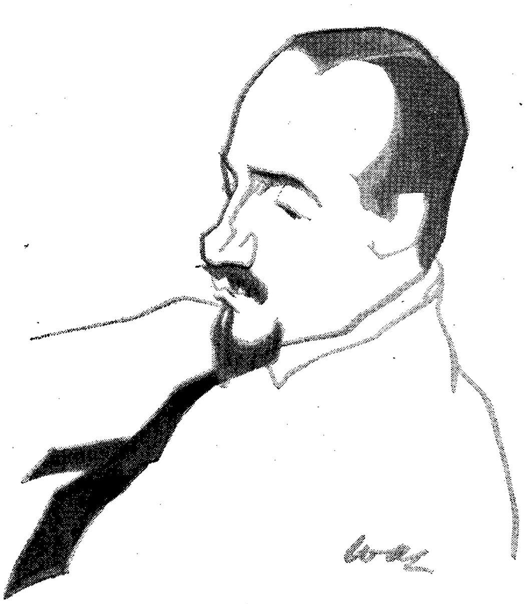
ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "Modern Business English," by A. C. Babenroth*]

But what, exactly, is this thing called imagination, which is so important a part of a businessman's equipment? In its simplest manifestation it reproduces images formerly acquired by the mind and stored in it. Imagination, by promoting the process of association, aids memory. A person endowed with this quality can, for example, recall fully and vividly the incidents of last year's stockholders' meeting or of the company's annual outing.

PROFILES

THE FRACTURED OBOIST

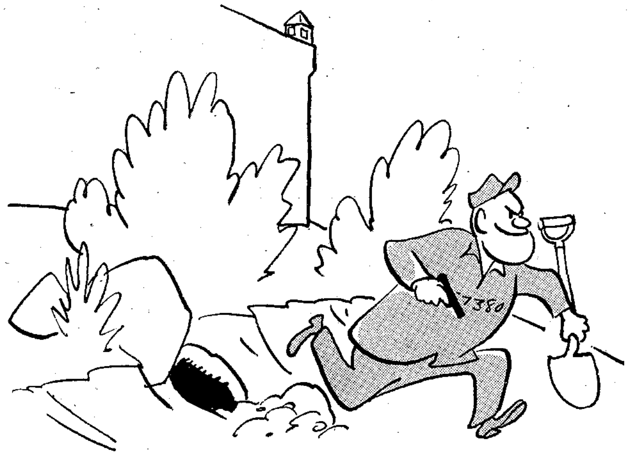


Mitchell William Miller

AMONG the contemporary musicians who can justifiably be called virtuosos is a forty-one-year-old, two-hundred-and-three-pound native of Rochester, New York, named Mitchell William Miller. His instruments are the oboe and the English horn, a pair of treacherous woodwinds that between the lips of an ordinary practitioner are more than likely to wail and quaver with watery, Near Eastern shrillness. When Miller operates on them, though, he almost invariably draws forth a vibrant critical obbligato in which such words as "rich," "creamy," "lush," "voluptuous," and "rotund" can be heard. After one Miller concert, Virgil Thomson wrote that his tone was not only "round without being greasy" but "warm and laughing and sensuous, faun-like and wholly without acidity." Miller has spent twenty-five years tooting professionally. As a side man, he has gratified conductors from Beecham to Stokowski by his renditions of crucial passages in such diverse compositions as the First and Second "Brandenburg" Concertos, Beethoven's Third Symphony, "Parsifal," Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela," and Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms;" as a recitalist, he can count on enthusiastic capacity audiences at Town Hall and the Ninety-second Street Young Men's Hebrew Association, two of the chief metropolitan rendezvous of deep-dyed aficionados of music. Town Hall and the Y.M.H.A. together seat only twenty-three hundred people, however, so an oboist, no matter how creamy his tone, is apt to be a pretty dim figure to most of his compatriots. Miller, who has a beard that would have been envied by a Dumas musketeer, a reverberating laugh, an elephantine memory for ribald anecdotes, and a voracious appetite for cream cheese, pickled herring, grapes, lobster Fra Diavolo, and pale-dry ginger ale, cannot flourish in dimness. Six years ago, he abandoned the oboe and English horn as a full-time career and erupted into the far more conspicuous business of making popular phonograph records. At present, he is triumphantly holding down two showy jobs in his new profession—a part-time one as a musical director of Little Golden Records (an adjunct of Simon & Schuster) and a full-time one as director of popular recordings for Columbia Records. In his part-time job, he is artistic czar of the most prosperous of the myriad outfits that peddle recorded amusement to kiddies at a quarter a shot. In his full-time job, he has been the principal entrepreneur of such fast-selling musical bric-a-brac as the jazz harpsichord, "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus," and Johnnie Ray.

The creation of popular records is not a field of endeavor in which one would expect an oboe virtuoso to be the reigning genius. One of the odd things about Miller is that he doesn't look especially odd in the role. True, he has no taste for blue suède shoes or suit jackets that reach to the knees, but he smokes cigars assiduously; he is able, when asked how he is feeling, to reply "Crazy, man!" with as much sincerity as anyone in the fraternity; and in his three years at Columbia, he has achieved commercial prodigies. Production costs of popular records vary, of course, but a sales figure of sixty thousand copies is the average record's break-even point, and a figure of two hundred thousand copies is the arbitrary but generally accepted criterion for a hit. Fifty-one of the Columbia records Miller has stage-managed have been hits, which is probably more than double the number that any competing company has turned out in that time. In a listing of 1952's thirty most profitable records compiled by the *Billboard*, a publication with almost scriptural stature in the music business, eleven were issued by Columbia, while the company's arch rival, R.C.A.-Victor, had five. In the last year and a half, the only two records that sold two million copies were Miller records. One was Johnnie Ray's lacerating performance of "Cry," and the other was "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus," delivered by Jimmy Boyd, a twelve-year-old soprano with freckles.

In the patois of his adopted trade, Miller is the "pop a.-and-r. man" at Columbia. The initials stand for "artists" and "repertoire," and the job gives him the entire responsibility for his company's ouput of single popular records—as distinct from popular albums—up to the time that the factory starts pressing them. He chooses the songs that will be recorded; he decides what musical treatment will be most appropriate for each one and what singers and instrumentalists will render it; and, most important of all, he supervises, much like a theatrical director, the actual recording sessions. Physically, a pop single is either a ten-inch disc that plays at seventy-eight revolutions per minute or a seven-inch disc that plays at forty-five; either way, its retail price is eighty-nine cents and it contains on each of its sides a complete piece of music, either vocal or instrumental, that takes three minutes or less to perform. Aesthetically, a pop single is any record that is made on the assumption it has enough appeal to sell several hundred thousand copies fast. (A pop record is usually extinct within six months of its release.) This opens the door to almost all types of rhythmic noise—new songs, old songs, show songs, drinking songs, plantation songs, Hawaiian songs, cowboy songs, Venezuelan songs, operetta songs, Elizabethan songs, college songs, Yiddish songs, Stephen Foster songs, holy songs, cradle songs, songs of the South African veldt, and even songs by William Saroyan. Pop singles are a record company's principal source of big, quick profits, if all goes well, but they are only one of the six kinds of records a major company like Columbia makes. The others are long-playing classical and semiclassical records, which are the company's economic backbone, because they sell with untheatrical steadiness year after year; long-playing popular records or popular albums; children's records; country and Western (hillbilly) records; and rhythm and blues records, which are designed largely for Negroes and are therefore usually called, with an elegance characteristic of Tin Pan Alley, "race" records. As in any arbitrary classification, of course, ①



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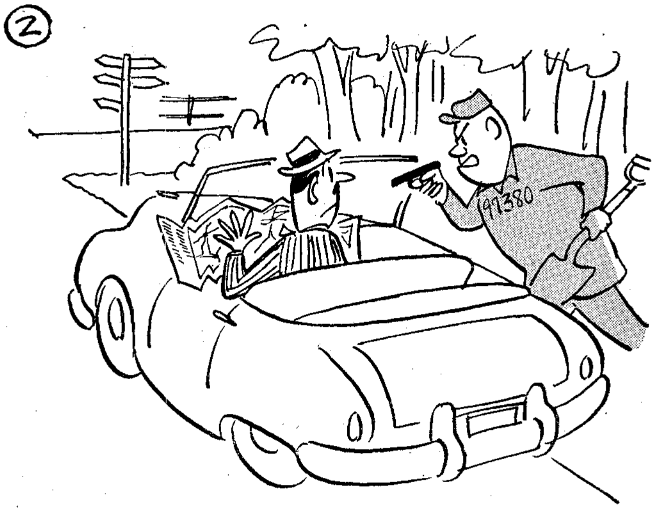


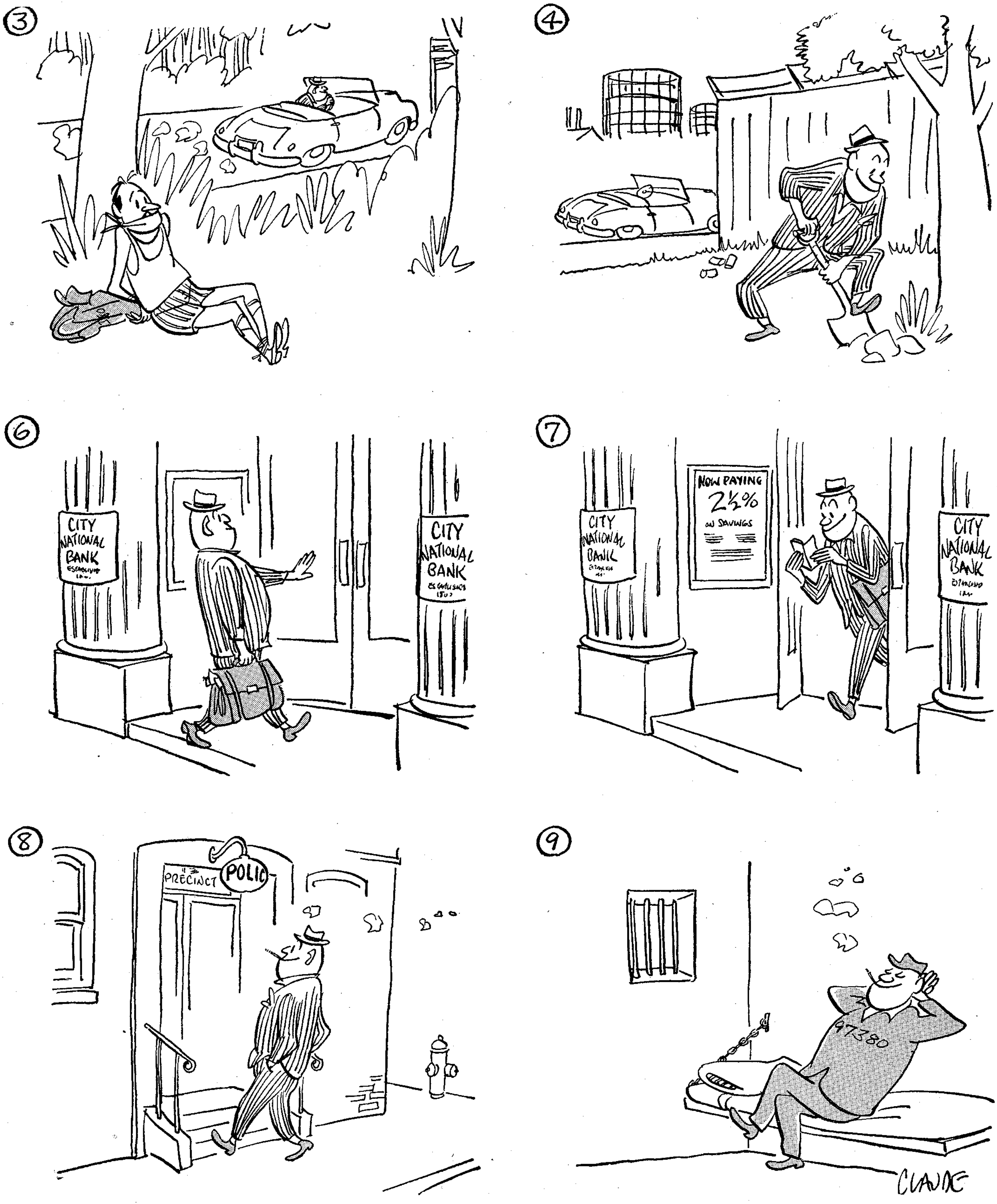
the lines between the categories frequently break down, but for administrative purposes each category has its own a.-and-r. man.

On the organizational diagram of Columbia Records, all six a.-and-r. men have equal rank in the hierarchy. None of them is an officer or a director of the corporation; each of them lives halfway down the chart in a small oblong box that is a dependency of a larger box, much higher on the chart, inhabited by the company's executive vice-president, Goddard Lieberson, who was a classmate of Miller's at the Eastman School of Music twenty-three years ago. Miller's obscurity at Columbia, however, is confined to the chart. He has almost all the other perquisites of power, including a new five-year contract that pays him a basic salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, along with substantial bonuses; a corner office; and two secretaries behind a railing to guard his office door. (The other a.-and-r. men have offices opening on corridors, and their secretaries, one apiece, sit in a sort of pen some distance from their doors.) Despite his powerful position and imposing appearance—he is a portly, bull-necked man who, in full tooting costume of white tie and tails, might be taken for a Balkan chargé d'affaires—Miller's customary office behavior is, to say the least, informal. He rifles his secretaries' desks of matches and chocolate bars, jogs around the corridors at an India-rubber trot, roaring with laughter, and never bothers to close his door when he wants to play a noisy record or confide a lurid joke to a friend. No one ever calls him anything but "Mitch," including his two secretaries, his three children, the garage attendant who parks his car, and the music publishers who wait on him slavishly. (Music publishers frequently call him "Mitch" three or four times in one sentence, as in "O.K., Mitch, you're the doctor, but, Mitch, let me personally assure you that this song fractures Martin Block, Mitch.") Miller goes to Hollywood every month or so to make records with the performers Columbia has under contract out there. When he is away, the atmosphere in the New York office appears to be strangely dispirited. Actually, it's just quiet for a change.

⑤

To the arcane job of making salable pop singles Miller has brought most of the mental and physical qualities that are considered standard in the successful American executive. He has a practically disease-proof constitution, tremendous energy, and little need for prolonged sleep. He inspires many of the people who work for him with helpless loyalty and a bland indifference to overtime. He is the master of the technical intricacies of his business. He enjoys responsibility. He is savagely competitive. But perhaps the quality that counts for more than any of these is a deep lack of interest in—in fact, almost a contempt for—popular music. Miller is by training and conviction what is known in some circles as a "longhair," and popular songs and singers are only more or less marketable commodities to him. His appraisal of them is quite unaffected by prejudice or emotion, since he regards them all as negligible from an artistic point of view. Popular records furnish him both with an income beyond an oboe player's most romantic visions and with the enormously entertaining opportunity to prestidigitate before a pleased and astonished public; if the need for musical fulfillment overpowers him in the office, as it sometimes does, he breaks out his oboe and whips through a couple of tricky Bach or Mozart passages, to the awe of the music publishers straining at the railing outside in the hope of seeing him.

There are almost always music publishers within earshot of Miller. Columbia Records has under contract more than thirty popular "artists." (An "artist" can be a singer, a piano player, an instrumental trio, a twenty-four-voice chorus, or even a full-size band.) To appease this ravenous crew, Miller has to provide about four hundred songs a year. The top of his desk, consequently, is generally elbow-deep in sheet music and demonstration records; his telephone is generally clamorous with song publishers uttering their shrill, beseeching native cries; and Columbia's reception room is generally clogged with incorrigibly sanguine characters nursing soiled manila envelopes. (The soiled manila envelope is as much a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CLAUDE

part of the music business as the gabardine shirt and the belief that the verb "to fracture" describes an agreeable experience.) Miller manages to examine forty or fifty songs a day—turning down thirty-nine or forty-nine of them—partly because he doesn't hesitate to make up his mind and partly because he is probably the only pop a.-and-r. man in the business who ever got a B-plus in solfeggio at the Eastman School. He can tell how a song sounds by reading the sheet music, an elementary skill that saves him a good deal of time and fills the Tin Pan Alley mob with wholesome incredulity.

However time-consuming it may be, the task of choosing the songs he will record is the least challenging part of Miller's duties. Most songs are clearly bad enough for even a non-Eastman man to reject, a few are clearly good enough for even a non-Eastman man to accept, and even an Eastman man has to record a lot of pretty bad ones to bring the total up to four hundred a year. Miller's unique contribution to the trade is his ability to make pretty bad songs sound pretty good, by means of musical-*cum*-electronic hocus-pocus. As a veteran performer himself, he is acutely conscious of the value of performance, and highly skilled at making it conceal the deficiencies of the material. In his first job in the popular-music business, as a.-and-r. man for Mercury Records, his major coup was to assign an inoffensive quasi-cowboy number called "Mule Train" to a convulsive jazz shouter named Frankie Laine. He brought off this unlikely parlay by dreaming up a musical background of three guitars, to furnish inarticulate grunts and snarls, and two wood blocks, to furnish whip cracks, and by lavish use of an echo chamber. As a result, Laine sounded as if he were leading a cavalry charge down an Arizona gulch. The record sold more than a million copies, made Mercury a force in the business, and entrenched Laine in the hearts of his countrymen. Miller now has Laine at Columbia, and has kept him fracturing the public with a series of improbable songs; one of the latest, now the country's No. 6 best-seller, is a pious number called "I Believe."

Not long after Miller assumed office at Columbia, he signed up an obscure baritone named Al Cernick, changed his name to Guy Mitchell, and set him to singing songs with a faint flavor of Elizabethan England or of Nashville, Tennessee, generally to the accompaniment of a choir of French horns, instruments whose existence up to then had been unsuspected in the pop-record business. The outcome of this inspired mixture was a record called "My Heart Cries for You," which sold more than a million and made Mitchell a star. A sweet-voiced Kentucky girl named Rosemary Clooney was under contract to Columbia to make four sides a year, at fifty dollars a side, when Miller moved in. Miller made her name celebrated among the juke-box set by dredging up "Come On-a My House," a Dadaesque chant written in part by William Saroyan; instructing her to sing it with an Armenian accent; and backing her up with a man playing barrelhouse on the harpsichord. That record sold more than a million, too. Other singers who have prospered amazingly under Miller are Doris Day, Tony Bennett, and Jo Stafford. When Miss Stafford moved to Columbia, shortly after Miller did, she was highly thought of in the trade as an artist but regarded as commercially "cold;" in the second half of 1952, she was the hottest thing around, with three big hits in a row. His latest potential star is a California contralto named Felicia Sanders, whom he discovered last fall. Percy Faith's recording of "Song from 'Moulin Rouge,'" in which she was the vocalist, is now the country's best-selling record, and Miller hopes this will make it possible for her to strike out successfully on her own. Naturally, there are some singers even Miller has been unable to make a hit with (Frank Sinatra, who recently left Columbia, is one), and there are also some instruments he hasn't yet managed to use—the contra bassoon, the cembalo, and the New Orleans-style lute, for instance, and, except when he plays them himself, the oboe and the English horn. It is likely that Miller will continue to be the only oboe player he hires.

THE INVITATION SAYS FROM FIVE TO SEVEN

There's nothing like an endless party,
A collection of clammy little groups,
Where a couple of the guests are arty
And the rest of the guests are goops.
There's the confidential girlish chatter—
It soothes you like a drug—
And the gentle pitter-patter
As the anchovies hit the rug.
There's the drip, drip, drip of the mayonnaise
As the customers' lips slip on the canapés,
There are feuds that are born,
There are friendships that pine away,
And the big cigar that smolders on the Steinaway.
The major trouble with a party
Is you need a guest to give it for,
And the best part of any guest
Is the last part out the door.

There's nothing like an endless party,
And there hasn't been since ancient Rome.
Here's Silenus making passes at Astarte
While Mrs. Silenus begs him to go home.
There is bigamy about the boudoirs,
There is bundling at the bar,
And the sideboard where the food was
Has the aspect of an abattoir.
You wonder why they pursue each other's wives,
Who by now resemble the cream cheese and the chives.
There's a corpse on the floor
From New Rochelle or Scarborough,
And its mate is swinging from the candelabara.
The best location for a party
Is in a room without a floor,
And the best way to give a party
Is leave town the night before.

—Ogden Nash

• •

IT is an article of faith among musicians that all oboe players are mad. There is no single clear doctrine behind this belief. One theory is that the sounds made by an oboe are intrinsically maddening. Another is that blowing an oboe is such hard work that it disarranges the molecules of the brain. A third is that the oboist's customary position in an orchestra, with the brasses blasting him from astern, the cellos vibrating him from in front, and the flutes squeaking on his starboard beam, is extraordinarily exasperating. By far the most common explanation, though, is that no one but a madman would take up the oboe in the first place. It is, in truth, a peculiarly difficult instrument. Unlike a clarinet, which is cylindrical,

"Why, Captain Morley, you decided not to go down with the ship after all!"

• •

an oboe is a gently tapering cone, a little more than two feet long, and preferably made of granadilla or rosewood. Its range is one tone less than three octaves, starting at B-flat below middle C. (An English horn is simply a larger, lower-pitched oboe.) Its keys are arranged in a manner quite similar to those of a clarinet or a flute and present no great problem to the performer. What makes an oboe such a nuisance, and helps give it its incomparable tone, is its double reed. Inserted into the top end of the wooden cone is a short, conical brass tube, sometimes called a post, and tied around the post with silk thread are two curved reeds. Each of them is a fraction (one-third or one-quarter) of the circumference of a circle, and when in place they form a flat oval with only a minute opening between them. The aperture is so small that to sustain a note an oboist must be able to keep up a tremendous pressure of air and hold it for a long time; for that reason, he eyes an oncoming break in the score as an opportunity to exhale rather than to replenish his supply of working capital. Miller describes the technique by saying, "It's all from the gut, like swimming under water." He often follows this edifying remark with an offer to let his interlocutor feel his extensive diaphragm while he blows into his oboe. Miller's diaphragm feels granitic.

Since the reeds are the secret of an oboe's tone, every first-class oboist makes his own, tailoring them to his temperament, his physique, and the eccentricities of his instrument. Because they are highly perishable, he does a lot of tailoring. Oboists regard such data as the thickness of their reeds, measured in millimetres, as the most highly classified kind of information, and some of them won't even let their paying pupils in on their reed-making rituals. (As a matter of fact, oboe players are inclined toward ritualism in all matters pertaining to their art; it is dogma among them, for example, that the only possible implement for swabbing saliva out of an oboe is a large turkey feather.) A day's practice for an oboist consists of a couple of hours of blowing and three or four of reed making, and the condition of his reeds is always preying on his mind in off hours. A local orchestra conductor still remembers with emotion a concert he gave some years ago with Miller in the first oboist's chair. The program included a composition containing a taxing oboe cadenza, and shortly before the cadenza was to begin, the conductor looked at Miller to make sure he was ready. He was appalled to see him with his oboe in three pieces on his lap, his turkey feather behind his ear, whittling away at a reed with a knife. Miller, of course, got reassembled in time, but it was a close call.

Miller's own reed manufactory, although it has been idle for a couple of years, is still impressive. It is situated in a small study in the hundred-and-fifty-year-old house in Stony Point, on the west side of the Hudson, thirty-odd miles above the George Washington Bridge, that the Millers have lived in since 1941. The study's principal furniture, aside from a gaudy cage inhabited by a large green parrot named Lorenzo, which shrieks in ecstasy when it hears the oboe, is a worktable that has a fluorescent light and a powerful magnifying lens attached to it. At the back of the table is a metal cabinet containing a number of small drawers filled with raw tubular cane in bundles, as it comes from France (the best reeds are made from a bamboo-like cane that is grown exclusively in the marshes of the Department of the Var); cane split in three; split cane cut to length; split-and-cut cane shaved thin, ready for the finishing touches; posts by the dozen; silk thread for tying reeds to posts; fishskin for wrapping around the tied end of a reed to make it leak-proof; a made-to-order micrometer for gauging the diameter of cane; a made-to-order gouging machine for shaving cane; two made-to-order three-bladed knives, one for splitting cane and the other for tapering the ends of reeds; a tool-and-die maker's caliper, for measuring the thickness of reeds; and a quantity of very fine emery paper. In addition, Miller keeps stowed away in the cellar two abstruse machines that his father, a wrought-iron worker, now retired, who came to Rochester from Russia in 1901, made for him to his specifications. They are used for cutting and planing, and for shaping cane.

Although Miller almost never practices the oboe any more, hasn't made a new reed in at least two years, smokes six or eight cigars a day, and seldom gets to bed before three or four in the morning, his mastery of his art has shown remarkably little decline. He made his most recent concert appearance with the Saidenberg Little Symphony at the Y.M.H.A. in November. His audience, except for a thin sprinkling of freshly pomaded, tense-looking song publishers on overtime duty, was an earnest and canny one. The principal piece he played was a Bach double concerto for oboe and violin, an intricately phrased and exacting composition, twenty minutes long, that calls for nimble fingers, a durable diaphragm, and extreme concentration. In the days when Miller was a full-time oboist, his interpretation of the concerto was one of the cornerstones of his reputation as a soloist, but in the opinion of his audience at the Y.M.H.A., as well as in his own, he never played it more effectively than he did that night. "I'm a money player" is the way he explained this feat.

MILLER came upon the oboe by accident when he was eleven; he applied so late for membership in his junior-high-school orchestra that the instrument was the only one left. At fourteen, he began taking oboe lessons at the Eastman School, and at fifteen, he got a job with the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra—the first oboist had killed himself, the second had been promoted, and Miller filled the vacancy at the bottom. In 1929, when he was eighteen, he went to the Eastman School on a full-time scholarship. He was one of the prize students there, which was probably the only reason he wasn't tossed out, for he clearly earned an F-minus in deportment: He drove a Model T for a year without a license; he was arrested in a raid on a crap game and, when asked by the police to identify himself, gave the name of one of his professors; he disapproved intensely and audibly of the political and artistic ideology of the school administration; and he systematically cut classes. All this picturesque activity didn't prevent him, of course, from tooting relentlessly, and he also found time to cultivate the acquaintance of a girl piano student—Frances Alexander, from Quincy, Illinois—two classes behind him. She is now Mrs. Miller.

After the school authorities sulkily awarded Miller a *cum-laude* degree, he came to New York, where, even in the difficult days of 1933 and 1934, his abilities were sufficiently spectacular to keep him in work. Meanwhile, his wife recalls, he was laying air-mail-special-delivery siege to her in Quincy; he considered any other form of communication too slow, even though his letters were mainly about reeds. He also made an occasional sortie to Quincy in the Essex Terraplane he had got in a trade for his Model T. "New York to Quincy is more than a thousand miles," Mrs. Miller said recently. "Mitch

"I'm afraid we're stymied. He absolutely refuses to accept custody."

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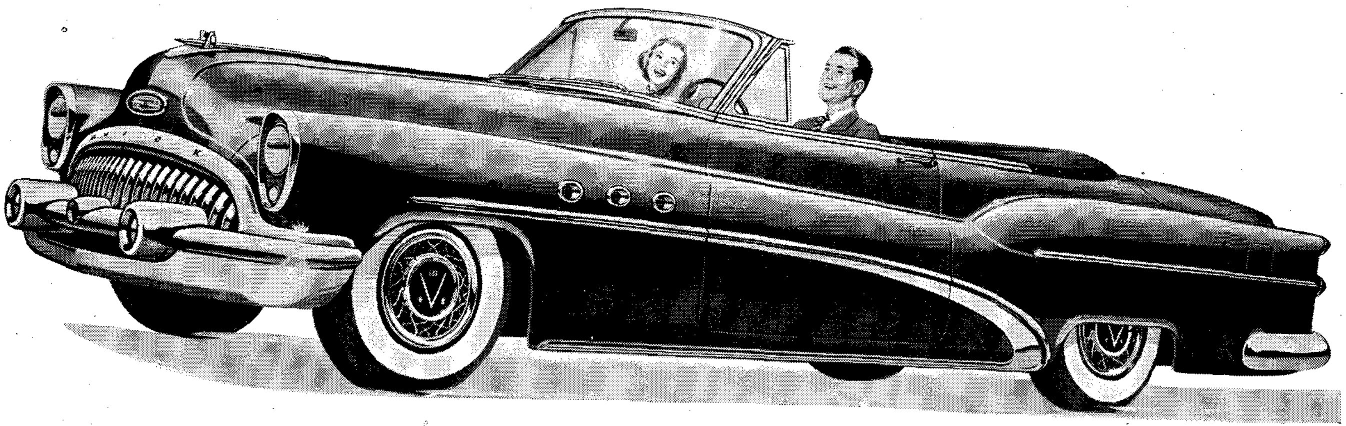

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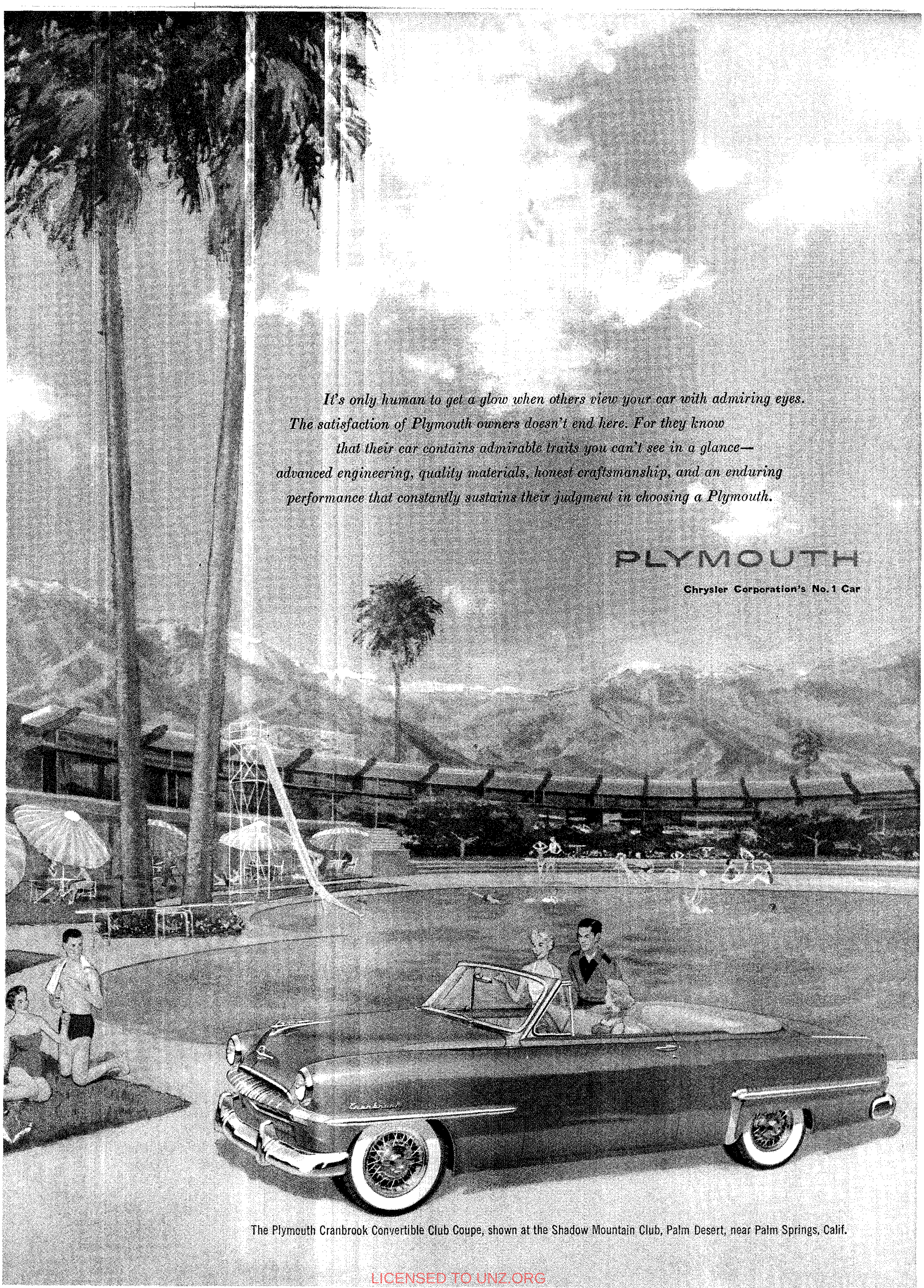
always drove it non-stop, with three or four pounds of grapes on the seat next to him, so he wouldn't have to take time out for eating. He made a point of paring a half hour from his previous record each time he came out. He'd stay for a day or so, then drive back the same way. We were married at my family's house in 1935, and on that trip Mitch came by way of Rochester, so he could pick up his parents. They were pretty shaky when they got out of the car. We did take three days going back to New York, though. After all, that was our honeymoon."

In 1936, Miller got a steady job with the Columbia Broadcasting System orchestra, which he kept for eleven years. During that period, his fame as an oboist increased progressively. He had several offers to play with more celebrated symphony orchestras, but he turned them all down because he couldn't afford them; between the C.B.S. orchestra, solo work, and regular spots with such recording and broadcasting outfits as André Kostelanetz's and Percy Faith's orchestras, he was earning between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars a year. This sum probably established a record for oboe earnings, but he achieved it only by spending twelve hours a day cantering between engagements all over midtown—and, of course, by playing a lot of music the purists of his profession disdained. It was not uncommon in those days to see Miller, wearing a green corduroy jacket, black evening trousers, and brown loafers, and with his oboe case in one hand and a half-eaten frankfurter in the other, hurrying across Forty-second Street toward the Weehawken ferry late at night, his beard streaming in the breeze, as he made a desperate effort to catch the boat that would get him on the last West Shore train for Stony Point. (Except for his working clothes, a tuxedo, he never owned a complete suit until he got the job at Columbia Records; Mrs. Miller then browbeat him into buying four in Quincy.) He would be wearing the dress trousers because it was too much trouble changing pants in New York; his evening jacket, shirt, and shoes were in a closet at C.B.S. and his black tie and evening socks were in the oboe case.

In spite of all this kinetic activity, Miller felt that his life was becoming humdrum. He had already played just about everything there was to play on the oboe, and he was sure he could never top seventeen thousand a year by mere tooting. So, in 1947, when he got the chance to supervise some recordings for Mercury Records, a small company that had just been reorganized, he was delighted. He presently became the a.-and-r. man there, and at the same time took on the job of musical director for Little Golden Records, which was then just starting operations. Largely through his efforts, Mercury was transformed from an insignificant outfit into an important one, and Little Golden Records caught on, too, chiefly, he believes, because he was allowed to put into practice his theory that only wind and percussion instruments—no strings—should be used on children's records, and that the rhythm should be relentless. He was hired by Columbia early in 1950, after a shakeup in the management of that company moved his classmate, Lieberson, into the position of executive vice-president. Columbia's pop department had been in a condition of lassitude for several years, and Lieberson, seeking to give it a shot in the arm, scanned Mercury's sales figures and was refreshed in his recollection of Miller as one of the most hypodermic personalities he had ever known.

ONE Monday morning a while back, Miller left Stony Point at around eight-thirty in the baby-blue Chrysler coupé he now commutes in (he quit the West Shore Railroad when he became prosperous enough to own two cars), and an hour later was in his office in the Columbia Records building, at 799 Seventh Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. The office is a good-size, rectangular room, furnished at one end with a large, eternally cluttered desk, a turntable that can play records of any size or speed, some wall cabinets, a photomontage of various members of the Miller family, an appreciative plaque from the Columbia sales department, and a couple of straight office chairs. At the other end is a big sofa, a coffee table, three Picasso lithographs, seven Toulouse-Lautrec posters, and a couple of deep armchairs. The heavy curtains are always closed tight to deaden street noises and frustrate the inquisitive or pleading glances of music publishers in offices across Seventh Avenue. On the desk is a bronze desk set (the gift of a publisher). On the window ledge, just above a little refrigerator (the gift of a publisher), is a Lucite stand (the gift of a publisher) containing the flags of all the members of the United Nations. On the coffee table is a gold-metal water carafe (the gift of a publisher), and three mustache cups (the gifts of three publishers). On ar-



*It's only human to get a glow when others view your car with admiring eyes.
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riving at his office, Miller lit a cigar (the gift of a publisher) with a gold desk lighter (the gift of a publisher), mopped his forehead with an Irish linen handkerchief (the gift of a publisher), loosened his Italian silk tie (the gift of a publisher), and applied himself to his mail. The first thing he did was dig the *Wall Street Journal* out of the pile; his father-in-law, who is president of the Electric Wheel Company, in Quincy, has the paper sent to him, as a present from one magnate to another, and Miller is pleased at the compliment. He glanced at the headlines, threw it in the wastebasket, and began to open his other mail.

Every Monday, starting at noon, Miller holds open house for any song publisher with material to show him. That Monday, Frankie Laine was coming in before the publishers' invasion to inspect a pair of songs he was to record the next day. Miller occupied the time before Laine's arrival rejecting mailed-in songs and talking over the telephone with a Boston disc jockey who had just discovered a sensational eight-year-old torch singer, with a Rumanian immigrant who was slowly making a marble coffee table for Mrs. Miller, with the husband of a minor chanteuse who had failed to appear at a banquet of juke-box operators the night before, with several importunate publishers, and with the manager of the Columbia factory, in Bridgeport. Presently, the office door flew open and a burly man burst in, spread his arms wide, and bellowed, "Poppa!" Miller bounded from his chair, spread his arms wide, and bellowed, "Frankie!" They hugged each other, thumped each other's backs, and roared at each other. While this profuse expenditure of emotion was going on, Laine's accompanist and inseparable companion, a slim, composed Cherokee with the unlikely name of Carl Fischer, came in, and the party adjourned to a neighboring audition room that had a piano in it.

One of the numbers Laine was to record was a highly charged piece named "Swan Song," which he had discovered himself several months before. Miller explained the sort of arrangement he had ordered, and worked out one or two minor changes with Fischer. The other song Laine had never seen, a Whiffenpoof-type drinking song in waltz time called "I'm Just a Poor Bachelor." Laine squinted cautiously at the sheet music of this one, listened as Fischer ran through it a couple of times on the piano, hummed it doubtfully to himself, and looked ques-

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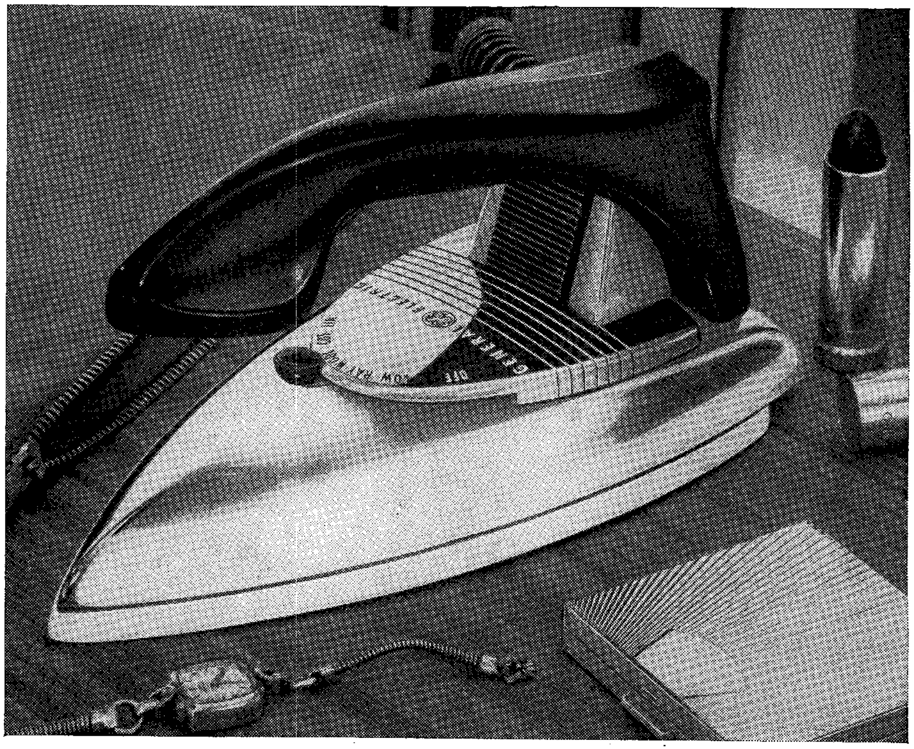

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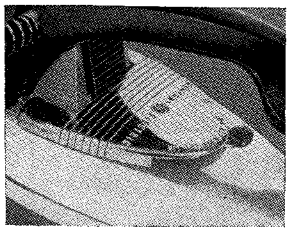

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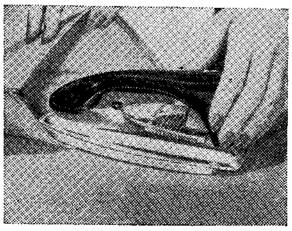

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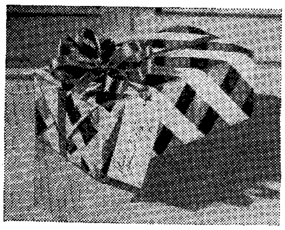

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tioningly at Miller. "A waltz, Mitch?" he said. "For me?"

"Of course, man," Miller said. "This is the perfect time of year for waltzes. Half the country's on self-pity this time of year. It must be the weather. Remember 'My Heart Cries for You'? Same time of year. We'll put this one out fast, and it'll be big."

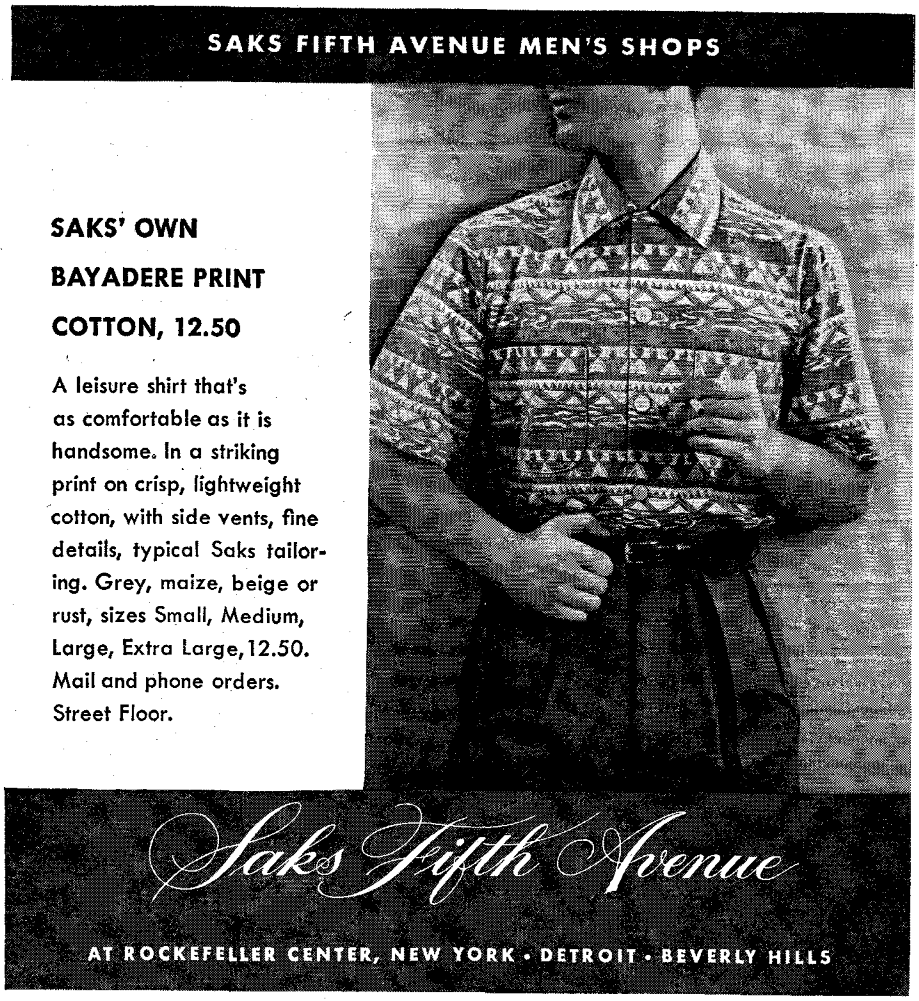
Laine slapped Miller on the back. "It'll be real big," he said, and sang it through with conviction.

"Remember," Miller said. "On beat. No back phrasing."

"I'll work on it tonight," Laine said. He left, humming the waltz, and Fischer trailed after him.

It was time for the publishers to arrive. Miller picked up the audition-room telephone and called a delicatessen to order some lunch. He was watching his weight that week, so he asked for only one cream-cheese sandwich—a Miller cream-cheese sandwich consists of a whole cream cheese squashed flat between two pieces of bread—and for a quart of milk instead of the ginger ale he consumes in Gargantuan quantities when he isn't watching his weight. (A man who was with Miller at an all-night recording session a few years ago saw him drink six quarts of the stuff.) When he had communicated his will to the delicatessen, Miller switched on to his secretary's phone and said, "Any publishers out there yet? O.K., let 'em rip."

And rip they did, in an uninterrupted stream, for five and a half hours, while Miller ate his sandwich, drank his milk, smoked five cigars with the help of seven borrowed books of matches, and pulled violently and endlessly at his beard. There were publishers of almost every possible age, size, shape, and costume, most of them carrying demonstration records but some with piano or guitar players in tow. There was a tall young crew-cut publisher in a regimental tie who crooned; a short, fat, middle-aged publisher in orange slacks and a hound's-tooth sports jacket who bounced; and a tieless, cauliflower-eared, mash-nosed, ex-prizefighter of a publisher who bellowed. There was a businesslike publisher who said, "Mitch, I have two things here, one extremely important;" a highbrow publisher who said, "Mitch,



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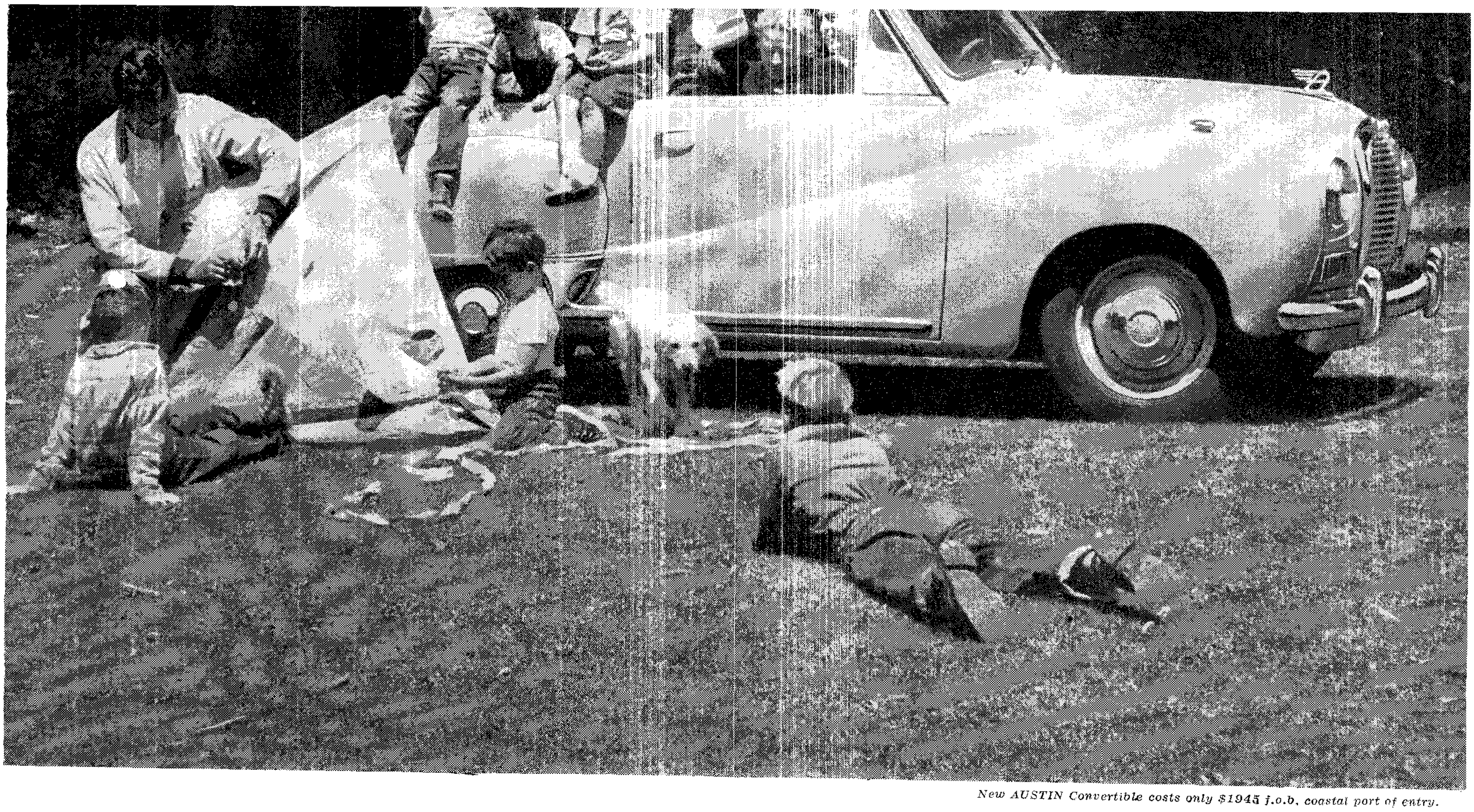

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I saw a recent AUSTIN advertisement the day after I had sent an $80 check to my friendly gasoline dealer. That covered two months of driving my former big car. And every word of the ad hit home hard. Of course the AUSTIN had to live up to your claims with a couple of thorough demonstrations. And I had to be sure my six-foot-four frame and size fifteen shoes could be accommodated.

We are very pleased with the AUSTIN, and enjoy driving it no end. Stopped all the traffic on El Camino Real with good-natured smiles the day we went kite-flying—three adults in the front seat, eight kids and a dog in the back, and a six-foot fluorescent kite sticking out of the trunk!

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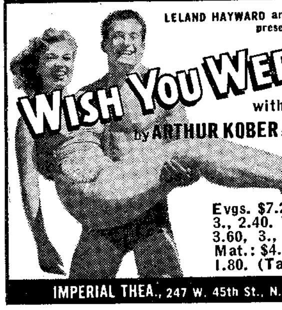

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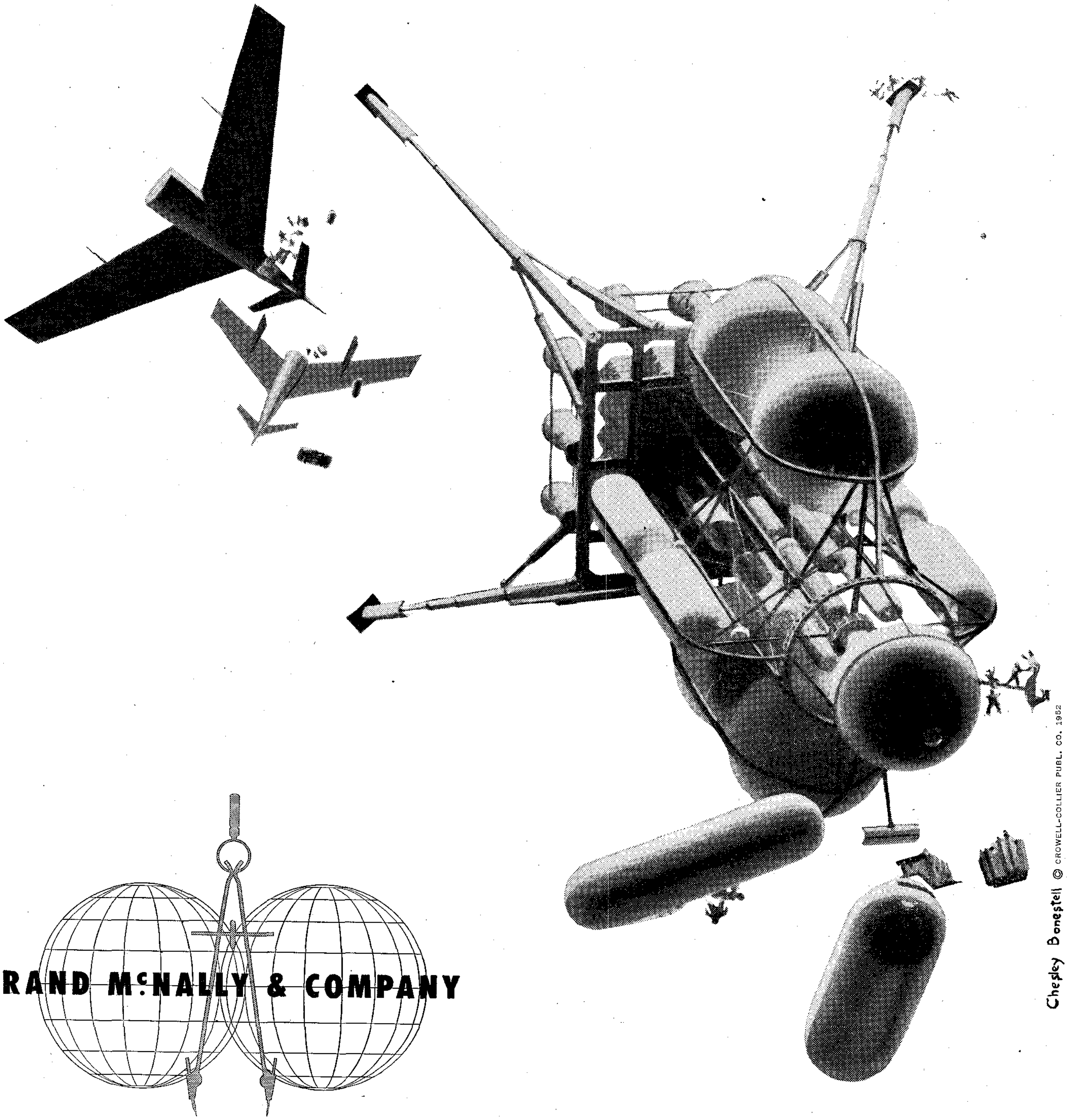
this thing is melodically unoriginal but lyrically powerful;" a timorous publisher who said, "I've got a beautiful little thing here, Mitch, that you're going to turn down;" an aggressive publisher who said, "Let's get lucky together, Mitch;" and an inarticulate publisher who said, "They all flip for this thing, Mitch." There was a publisher with a number called "Korean Love Song;" when Miller said that it was difficult to associate Korea with love these days, the publisher asked why. There was a publisher with a song called "Off the Coast of Capri on the Way to Sorrento;" when Miller said to him, "Capri yet! Why not Brighton Beach? Why does it all the time have to be so arty?," he replied, "Why, Mitch, nobody's ever used Sorrento before." There was a publisher with a song called "Cigarette, Cigarette," which was about a wild gypsy girl and whose tune was a theme from Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G-Minor; when Miller said, "Mozart's ode to nicotine, eh?," the publisher answered, "Why not? I made money with Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff." There was a publisher with a song called "Till I Waltz Again with You," written in fox-trot time; when Miller protested against this anomaly, he said, "But, Mitch, that's the whole kick." (It turned out that it *was* the whole kick, too. The song, recorded by Teresa Brewer for Coral Records, became the country's best-seller for five weeks, a fact that gravelled Miller, as any evidence of his occasional fallibility does.) There was a young and excited publisher who sprinted in waving a record of a song called "Heartbroken Me and Brokenhearted You." "Mitch," he said breathlessly, "I got a sensational switch on heartbreaks." From this welter, which he bore with astonishing meekness, Miller extracted just two faintly possible songs. When the last publisher had said, "Well, O.K., Mitch, no hard feelings," Miller went back to his office and spent some time working out arrangements for three songs and planning the following week's releases. He presently went out to dinner with the manager of one of his recording artists, and then took a nap in the hotel suite he keeps in New York against the nights he can't get to Stony Point. At eleven, he was up again and heading for a testimonial broadcast in honor of Duke Ellington. He capped his day by appearing, from 1 to 1:30 A.M., on the Milkman's Matinee, an all-night disc-jockey show, where he discussed the works of Picasso for the edification of the long-haul teamsters, short-order cooks, and insomniacs who are the show's steady patrons.

At his office early the next day, Miller called in Paul Wexler, Columbia's vice-president in charge of sales, a tall, muscular, swarthy young man who sells records as spectacularly as Miller makes them, and played him the latest Columbia pop single, a sort of caramel lament by a fellow who wanted to recapture the rapture of a dream in the garden of love. The two men stood together next to the record-player, Wexler with his head bowed in contemplation and Miller with his eyebrows raised, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, and his gaze on Wexler's musing face. Finally, Wexler lifted his head. "It'll be all right, Mitch," he said gravely. Miller slapped him on the back, laughed, said, "And how!," and galloped out of the office. Wexler paused in his more sedate progress toward the door. "I'm surprised Mitch asked me in," he said to a friend of Miller's who was present. "What he usually does when he wants me to hear something is wait until I come into my office, open his office door, turn the volume on his machine all the way up, and let it blast. If he's on the Coast, he plays me the record over the phone. That's a big thing in this business, playing records over the phone. Between the static on the wire and the fellow saying, 'Isn't it sensational? Doesn't it fracture you?' you can't hear the record a damn bit. But you get carried away by the thought of that long-distance toll and by how excited the other guy is, and before you know it you're fractured for a fact. Mitch is enthusiastic about everything, and that's fine for business. On the other hand, somebody around here has to be calm." He walked out calmly.

Miller came back in, pulled his oboe case out of a cabinet, and started assembling the instrument. "I just settled with Dave Oppenheim [Columbia's classical a.-and-r. man] what I'm going to put on the other side of the Mozart concerto I recorded last spring," he told his friend. "Three slow movements, because I want people to hear my cantilena—the Bach Arioso, the slow movement from the Bach double concerto, and the Johann Christian Bach Andante for Oboe and Strings. I'll be making them in a couple of weeks." He had no sooner started blowing than a publisher, who was calling by appointment, walked in. Miller put the oboe away again. The publisher, a man of sufficient standing to be able to bypass Monday's open house, told Miller a joke,

Touchdown on the moon

When the first space ship touches down on the moon, who will be its passengers? Not the grownups of today, but our grandchildren or great-grandchildren. In their imaginations may lie the final answer to man's dream of conquering outer space. Books for the young that stimulate the imagination are a specialty of Rand McNally . . . textbooks and books of nature, science and adventure. Who knows but that some youngster may find in a Rand McNally book the inspiration that will lead another step closer to travel in space? And perhaps when that first space ship touches down on the moon, the pilot will check his bearings by Rand McNally maps.



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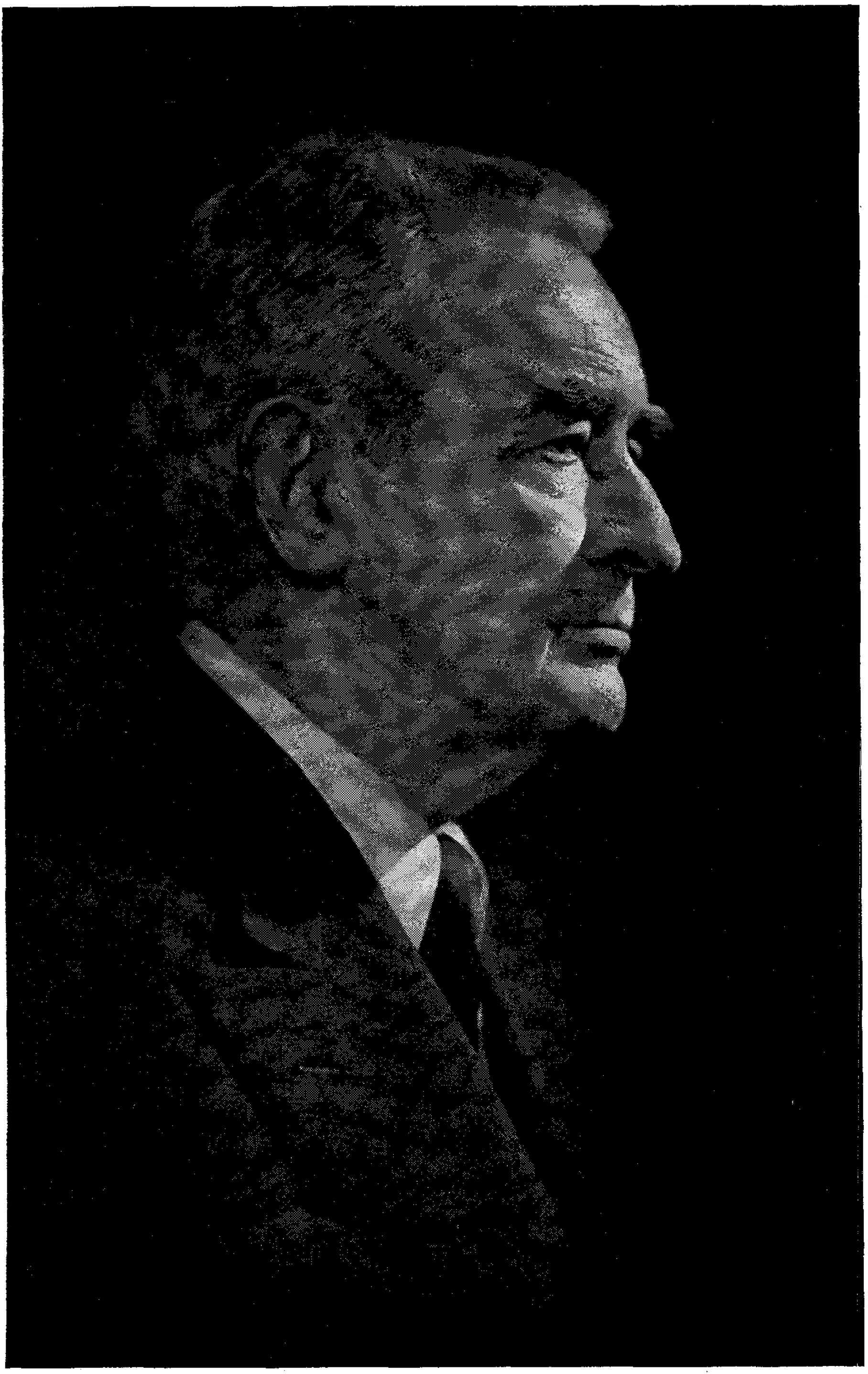

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Bachrach

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showed him a good song, showed him two bad songs, discussed lyric changes in another song, asked him for his beef-Stroganoff recipe, and finally brought up the matter of another song he owned, "Tonight You Belong to Me," an old "standard" with Billy Rose lyrics, from which he hoped to pump some additional royalties.

Miller's face became expressionless. "I'm going to make it," he said.

"When?" said the publisher.

"When I can," said Miller.

"It better be soon," said the publisher.

"Why?" asked Miller.

"Capitol's already made it with Kay Starr," said the publisher, selling hard. "Mercury's made it with Vic Damone. They'll be out soon."

"How soon?" asked Miller.

"Couple of months," said the publisher.

"No kidding?" said Miller.

"No kidding," said the publisher.

"I want to make it if I can get the right artist," Miller said.

"Who've you got in mind?" asked the publisher.

"I can't tell you that," said Miller.

"I understand," said the publisher, and left.

As the door closed, Miller put his finger to his lips. He sat still for a couple of minutes, stifling unfathomable hilarity. Then he got up and peeked out the door. "He's gone," he said. He took a record out of a cabinet and put it on the machine. It was Frankie Laine singing "Tonight You Belong to Me." "I made it six months ago," Miller said. "And now you know what I'll do? I'll put it on the other side of 'Bachelor' and release it right away. That'll ruin everybody's schedule." He all but did a jig in front of the record-player.

A few minutes later, Laine arrived to pick up Miller for the afternoon's recording session, and he and Miller went out to lunch at an Italian grocery store, where, despite his alleged diet, Miller ate a veal-and-peppers sandwich, an Italian-sausage sandwich, a meat-ball sandwich, and a piece of *provolone*, and drank two cups of coffee and two bottles of 7-Up. Then they proceeded to the recording studio, which is just east of Third Avenue on Thirtieth Street, on the ground floor of a building otherwise occupied by Station WLIB. Like all such studios, it is an immense, cheerless room, furnished chiefly with movable screens and platforms of various sizes, scores of microphones and folding chairs, and incomprehensible swirls of heavy cable. Halfway up the west wall is an engineer's booth with large soundproof windows that overlook the studio. In addition to musicians, Miller had ordered a twelve-voice male chorus for the two records. The men were there when he and Laine arrived, and he exchanged boisterous greetings with them. Then, noticing that one of the bassos was wearing a beard, he stopped for a closer look. "I'm going into the road company of 'Paint Your Wagon,' " the basso said apologetically. Miller inspected the beard from various angles. "A barber's been messing with it," he cried, and spent several minutes dressing down the unfortunate basso for not attending to his beard himself. A thin man in steel-rimmed spectacles had been trying to attract Miller's attention through all this, and finally he did. "What about mikes?" he asked. "Well, Tony," Miller said, "we'll give the chorus a Telefunken, the rhythm an Altec, and Frank the Forty-four." Tony went off to fulfill these orders, and Miller began a discussion of the music with a squat, bald man, named Jimmy Carroll but called Jiggs, who was the arranger and orchestra leader for the day's two songs. It was quite a heated conference, and at one point Miller shouted, "I know it's my idea, but I don't like it!" After all artistic differences had been settled, Miller put the male choir through each song a few times. In "Bachelor," they were to sing the choruses alone and hum the verses behind Laine; in "Swan Song," they were merely supposed to sing "Ree, ree, ree" behind Laine through most of the record. ‘Swan Song" was meant to be a swamp-type nocturne, based on a theme or two from "Pagliacci," and the chorus represented tree toads. As soon as Miller had convinced the second tenors that tree toads say "Ree, ree, ree" and not "Ray, ray, ray," he was ready to start work on the first recording.

The orchestra for "Bachelor," the first song to be made, was simply for rhythm. It consisted of a piano (played by Fischer), two guitars, a bass, an electric organ, and drums—a typical Miller combination. Miller mounted to the booth, where Tony and another sound engineer were already installed, and gave the signal to start. This was the first time, of course, that Laine, the chorus, and the orchestra had ever done the song together, and it sounded that way. In the end, though, "Bachelor" turned out to be a fairly simple song to record. It took only three or four practice run-throughs and four record-

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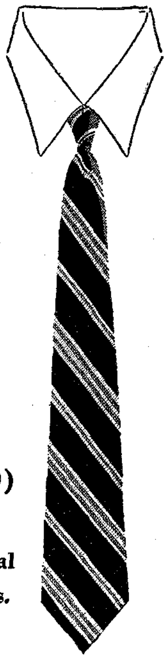

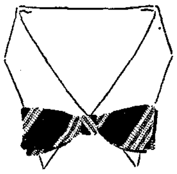

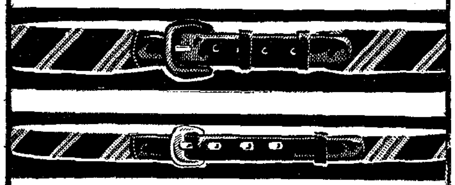

P.S. We've a "gift-plus" of special Father's Day paper and ribbon to set off his tie-belt set!

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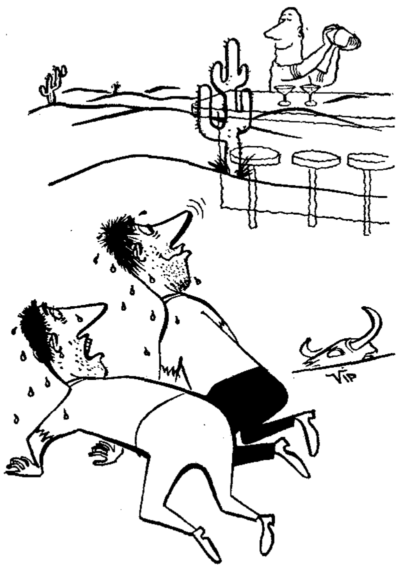
ing "takes" to get it right. "Swan Song" presented a much more difficult problem. The orchestra Miller had ordered for it consisted of the piano, the bass, and the organ, plus a steel guitar and an electric guitar, a celesta, a vibraphone, a harp, and a saxophone. This outfit probably made the fullest assortment of plunks, tinkles, and gurgles ever assembled in one studio at one time. The harp was presumably meant to sound like a rippling stream, and the saxophone was certainly supposed to be the voice of a swan; what the other instruments represented was obscure to everyone but Miller, who kept the secret to himself. Laine, the chorus, and the plunkers and tinklers went through two dry runs, to Miller's dissatisfaction. "Take the reverb off the rhythm and give it to the sax," Miller told Tony. Then he said, "Frank, you're sounding great, but there's no bend on the word 'I' and watch the 't' in 'mate.' Remember the diminuendo on the second bar, Jiggs, and a little more expression on the second and fourth beats will help us with the pulse, too. Very little on the organ. Artie, take longer to get across the guitar strings; I don't want 'brm, brm,' I want 'broooom, broooom.' Chorus, you're lousy. Raise the mike for them, Jiggs. There are too many music stands in here, for Pete's sake! Get closer to the mike, baritones, and don't anticipate, for the love of Mike. And on those sustained notes, nothing—just the sheerest carpet—then real strong on the modulation." These were apparently the proper words to say to everyone, because on the next attempt the song sounded quite good, and Miller decided to try to record it.

As soon as Miller had given the sign for the official take, he concentrated his attention on Tony. In the booth there is a separate table for the director, to keep him out of the engineer's way, but Miller had been steadily edging over toward Tony's switchboard, and his fingers kept making involuntary snatches in the direction of the dials. (Dire trouble awaits the nonunion man who lays a finger on a sound engineer's dials.) Miller's frustration was not surprising. In making records, the operation on which everything depends is "mixing" the sounds from the various microphones in the correct proportion. Good mixing can do wonders for a poor performance, and bad mixing can ruin a good one. All through the recording, Miller kept a stream of advice, criticism, encouragement, pleas, and abuse playing over Tony's hunched and quivering shoulders. ("Where's the organ? That's



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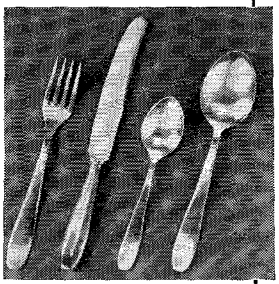

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too much. A little less echo. Now the chorus comes up. Now Frank. Help him out on those low notes, for God's sake. More guitar. More guitar. Damn it, I said more guitar.") The first take was a failure, because Laine got the melody wrong. On the second and third, Tony was at fault. The electric guitar went sour on the fourth. The chorus messed up the fifth. On the sixth and seventh, Tony was amiss again. "Jeez," he said fretfully, "you got to remember a lot of things." Miller snorted. By that time, the perspiration had seeped through Laine's shirt, Tony was haggard, Jiggs was breathing hard, and Miller had drunk a quart of ginger ale, talked himself hoarse, and appropriated all the second engineer's matches. It wasn't until the twelfth take that Miller finally shouted, "Money!" and invited Laine into the booth to hear the playback. Laine listened with an expression in which joy and fatigue were about equal. Miller was still full of bounce. "It's got muscle, man!" he said. He left the studio with his arm around Laine's sagging shoulders, telling him a fairly blue anecdote. Tony turned to his assistant and said wearily, "It's hard to believe that not too long ago Mitch was just another great musician." —ROBERT RICE

•

The appeal bore results. Mr. Weinkrantz immediately got in touch with Mr. W. W. Dyckman, Engineer of Maintenance for the City of New York, and he in turn contacted the owners of the offending manhole covers: the Consolidated Telegraph and Electric Subway Company, the New York Steam Company, and the Department of Water Supply, Gas & Electricity.

The C. T. & S., the S. G. & E., and the D. W. S. & E. tightened the covers. Now all is serene along E. 20th Street and the voice of the turtle can once more be heard o'er Peter Cooper Village and Stuyvesant Town.

rshMd...-rametexg fMaElec-h—*Town & Village.*

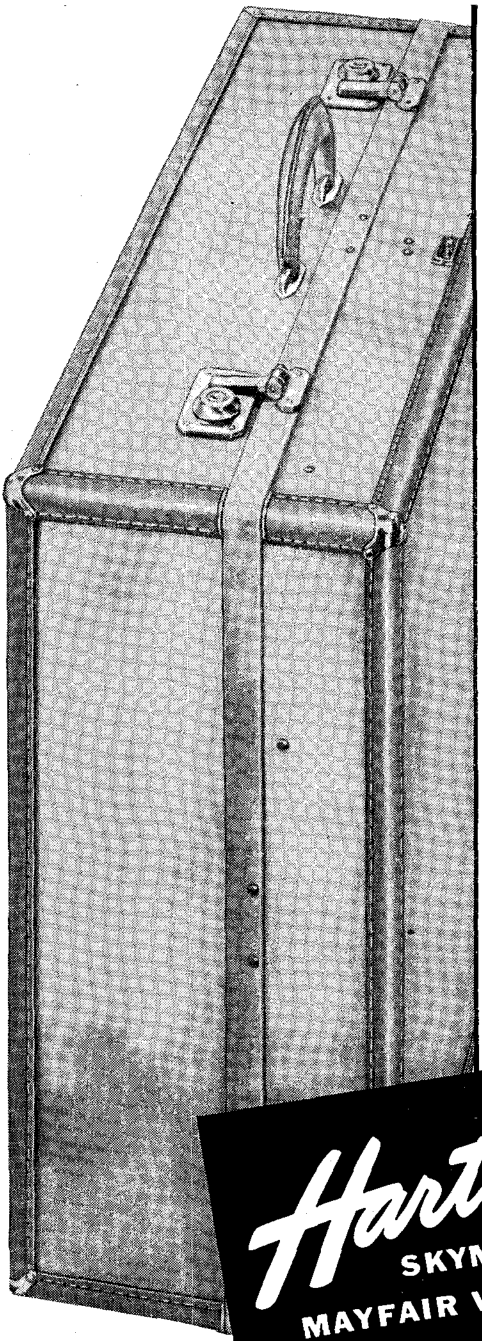
That's no turtle; that's another one of those covers.

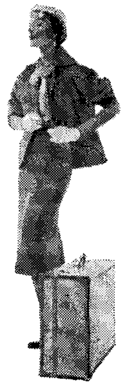
•

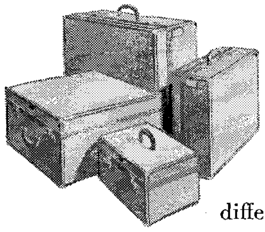
WHAT CHILD EXPERT IN THE CHICAGO "DAILY NEWS" D'YA READ?

Real kindness is firmness to do what is right by a child. We say, "Yes," whenever we can, but when it is for the child's good, we say, "No," and stick to it. But we never, never beat the child.—*Angelo Patri, April 8th.*

Tactful words are good, but a hairbrush or hickory switch is often more influential in dislodging a youngster from the dangerous highway that leads straight from the high chair to the electric chair.—*Dr. George W. Crane, same day.*







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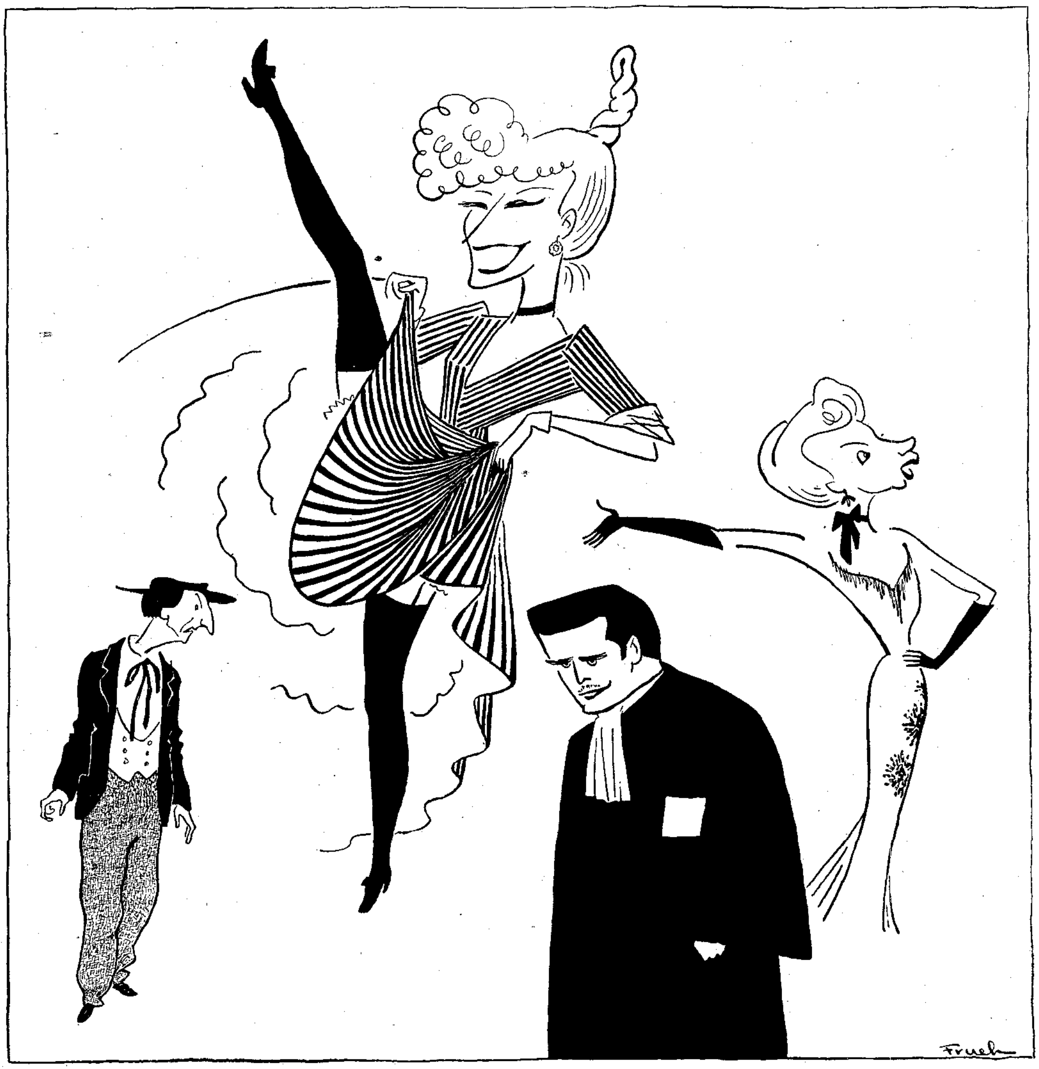
THE THEATRE

THERE'S ALWAYS RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN

WITH the exception of a piece called "Allegro," which, you may remember, had something to do with the superiority of the old-fashioned general medical practitioner over the Park Avenue specialist, "Me and Juliet," currently visible at the Majestic, is the first play by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II that has not been adapted from a work by somebody else. The lesson here, I guess, is that these two great men, while practically incomparable when it comes to adjusting material from one medium to another, are somehow lacking in invention of their own. This offering of theirs benefits enormously from Jo Mielziner's very fine settings; from the work of Irene Sharaff, who has designed costumes that fall into a mood I frequently found remarkably attractive; from Robert Alton's dances, which, as usual, are ingenious and completely in key with what the authors are trying to get at; and from the cast, which, on the whole, shows a gaiety and humor that often make listless or perfunctory scenes seem a good deal more entertaining than they actually are.

The chief fault undoubtedly lies with Mr. Hammerstein, who has written a book in praise of the romance and eternal durability of the stage, and furnished lyrics to somewhat the same effect, but part of the blame must be attributed to Mr. Rodgers, whose tunes certainly lack his customary verve. These include specimens called "A Very Special Day," "Marriage Type Love," "It Feels Good," "No Other Love," "Keep It Gay," "I'm Your Girl," "We Deserve Each Other," and "The Big, Black Giant," the last of which, a sort of indignant tribute to the power of audiences to make or break shows, may easily be one of the most painfully self-conscious contributions to popular music. Some of these are, of course, effective, but the general level is apt to be a little dismaying to admirers of "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific."

The story deals with a play within a play, a theme that has entranced quite a few dramatists in our time. A producer called Mr. Harrison, who is audible but never seen, has, it appears, put on a spectacle with the same name as the piece at the Majestic, and the action oscillates between what the audience sees of this production and what goes on backstage during run-throughs. This involves a triangular love affair in which a young chorus girl, a drunken electrician, and an assistant stage manager are mixed up; another romance, having to do with the principal dancer and another executive in the company; and an orchestra leader who is perpetually frustrated in his efforts to find a beautiful woman who has been writing him love letters. There is some comic business attending all this—a lobby scene in which the authors express their real opinion of audiences, a sequence when the girls and boys change from their costumes to their rehearsal clothes almost in



"CAN-CAN"

The lady doing a high kick in a manner popular in Montmartre in the nineties is Gwen Verdon. The other, and more restrained, girl is Lilo, an interesting importation from France. Their admirers are, respectively, Hans Conried and Peter Cookson. The show, mainly the work of Cole Porter, is at the Shubert.

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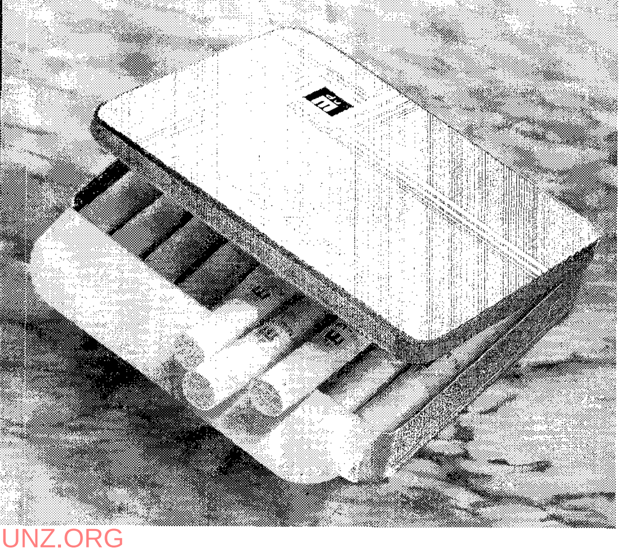

Fashion Plate

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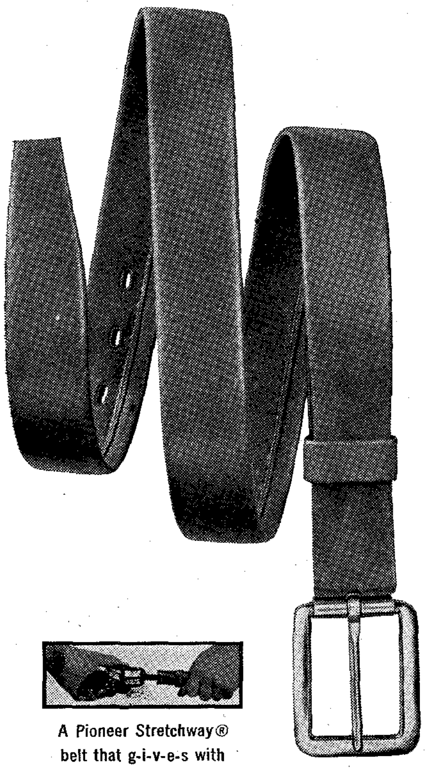

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the twinkling of an eye, and a dance that astonished even me—but it is hard to believe that there is enough to entertain the public forever, which is the established tradition of this firm.

The star of "Me and Juliet" is, I suppose, Isabel Bigley, lately of "Guys and Dolls," who is in charge of a large part of the sex and appears to be most highly regarded by the management, but my own favorite is Joan McCracken, whose behavior, especially in the dance referred to above, would surely intimidate all proper Bostonians, not to mention the inhabitants of the great Middle West. Among the other featured players are Bill Hayes, Mark Dawson, and Jackie Kelk. George Abbott is the director, and the chances are he got as much fun as possible out of an unpromising script. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK AND PLAY

[*From the Los Angeles Journal*]

Offices of Attorney Gladys Towles Root were moved today to the Law Building at 139 N. Broadway, suite 1200. The new telephone number will be MIchigan 9557. Associated with her are Herbert Grossman and Joseph M. Rosen.

Decoration of the office will be especially noteworthy, it was indicated as plans were announced.

The reception room will have two satin-covered walls, one in midnight blue satin with a night scene of the civic center painted on it. The painting will also be sequined. The other wall will be pale blue satin with a day scene of the civic center painted upon it.

All of the offices will be decorated in different colors with matching venetian blinds. Their color schemes will be purple, pink and grey for Mrs. Root's office and the other offices will be in different shades of green.

The office will be equipped with a kitchen and a maid who is said to bake "wonderful pies."

The paintings are by Valerie Fekete, graduate of Beaux Arts of Paris, France.

•

To the gentleman who understands and appreciates the value of a masterpiece, whether it be in motor cars, art or even men's dress, this rare and exceptional offering of Monteoristi Panamas will merit his interest.

Cavanagh has been fortunate in obtaining just 15 of these superior hat bodies, each one a collector's item. Handwoven by world-famous skilled weavers in the province of Monta in Ecuador, the torquilla fibre employed in their weaving is so fine that it can only be manipulated in the dew of the early morning.—*Letter from Cavanagh Hats.*

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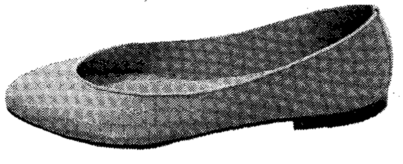

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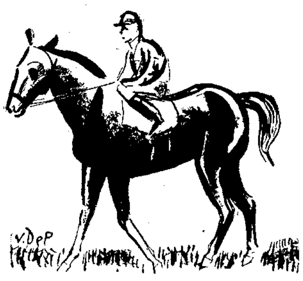
THE RACE TRACK

Idiot's Delight



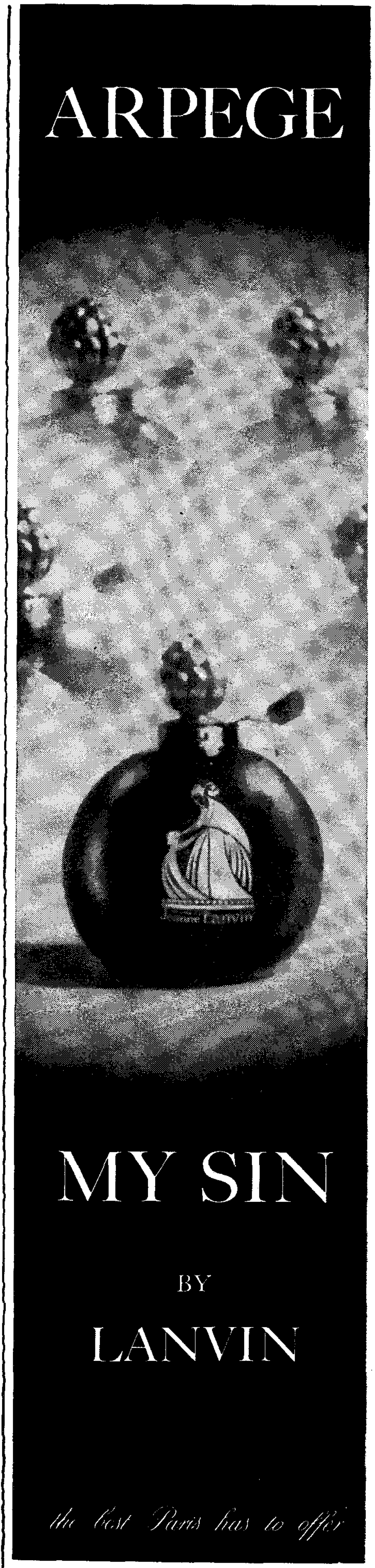
EVERY now and then—but not so often as I'd like—a horse who seems to fill all the strict conditions of high quality comes galloping along. Such a one is the Greentree Stable's Tom Fool, who won the Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park last weekend. Carrying a hundred and twenty-eight pounds, giving weight to the half dozen other starters, and running over a track that I'm sure was not exactly to his liking, he led from practically the beginning to the end of the mile and a quarter, covering the distance in the fastest time the course has seen in at least forty years, and beating Royal Vale, the up-and-comingest member of the handicap division, by inches. That's nice going, even for Tom Fool. Since I am a sentimentalist, and have a weakness for this four-year-old bay colt by Menow out of Gaga, I find special pleasure in submitting an unreservedly enthusiastic report. If I live to be eighty, I don't expect to see a better race than the sixty-seventh running of the Suburban. There'll be some races just as good, I fancy, but none better. This one had pace, excitement—everything that makes a good show.

Actually, it was a two-horse affair, for right from the start Royal Vale was closest to Tom Fool, and the rest were trying hard to keep up. As usual, Tom Fool was beautifully turned out. And he was cleverly handled by Atkinson; indeed, I thought Atkinson won the race about five furlongs from home, when, catching his opposition unawares, he sent Tom Fool along very fast for perhaps a dozen strides and increased his lead by several lengths. Westrope, on Royal Vale, immediately went to the whip to regain the lost ground, and from there on to the winning post Royal Vale was under a hard drive. So was Tom Fool in the stretch, for that matter. He stood it gallantly, for after running the mile in 1:35⅗, a fifth of a second faster than his time in the Metropolitan Handicap the previous Saturday, he finished out the mile and a quarter in 2:00⅗, over a course that looked a little soggy. The track was listed as fast, but light rain fell most of the afternoon, and the times in the other races were anything but startling As you're probably tired of hearing, the track record for a mile and a quarter at Belmont is two minutes flat, set forty years ago by Whisk Broom II. However, nobody takes that record seriously. It seems that the timer snapped his watch too soon, or something.

Altogether, the Suburban was an achievement for one of this department's favorite horses. I'd like to give full marks to Royal Vale, too. He looked almost as good as Tom Fool, which is no faint praise, and he ran almost as well. Cold Command, who was third, seems fated to finish behind Royal Vale; he's done it now four times in a row. One Count ran just about as I had thought he would. He finished fifth.

THERE was interesting racing all over the place last weekend. The biggest surprise was the fadeout of Calumet Farm's three-year-old filly Bubbley in the Delaware Oaks, at Delaware Park. This has brought up some lively speculation as to whether she's going to run in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont this weekend. Cerise Reine, who was beaten so easily by Bubbley in the Kentucky Oaks last month, won the Delaware Oaks by a dozen lengths from Script, and Grecian Queen was third. Three-year-old fillies also were out at Pimlico, where Spinning Top brought off a 7–1 chance in the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes, in which Milspal was second and Wings o' Morn third. For long-priced winners, however, I give you Versify, who beat Atalanta in the Colonial Handicap, the get-away-day number at Garden State Park, and paid $46.80, and Andre, who won the Tomasello Memorial Handicap at Suffolk Downs, and paid $83.20. Farther afield, Royal Bay Gem won the Peabody Memorial Handicap at Hawthorne, in Chicago. He'll be back here for the Belmont Stakes a week from Saturday.

ABOUT a year ago, one of this department's outside men reported that Eddie Arcaro had so much time on his hands after riding winners in the afternoon that, along with a friend, Dan Allison, he'd gone into the business of making riding kit for jockeys, and stable equipment, and had opened a store on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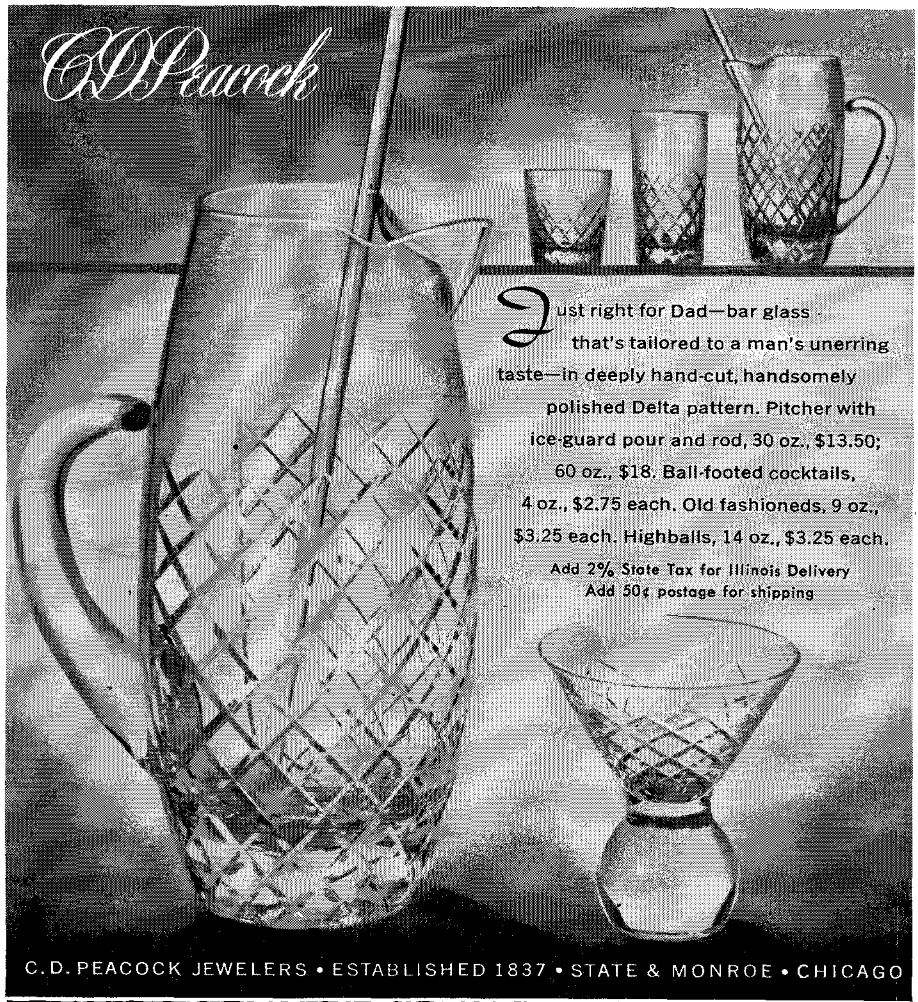

Just right for Dad—bar glass that's tailored to a man's unerring taste—in deeply hand-cut, handsomely polished Delta pattern. Pitcher with ice-guard pour and rod, 30 oz., $13.50; 60 oz., $18. Ball-footed cocktails, 4 oz., $2.75 each. Old fashioneds, 9 oz., $3.25 each. Highballs, 14 oz., $3.25 each.

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Hempstead Turnpike near Belmont Park. The other morning, I dropped in at Arcaro & Dan's Saddlery, Inc., as they call it, to see how the venture was getting on. Well, business is booming. In fact, the floor space of the workroom has been doubled and a new showroom opened. The item in greatest demand right now—there's a long waiting list—is a plastic racing saddle, or, rather, a saddle whose conventional wooden tree is covered with Vinylite plastic sheeting instead of leather. Allison told me that Vinylite wears better than leather and is water-resistant, which should be just the thing for the weather we've been having. It looks as slippery as glass, but you stick to it when you're riding, I understand. (Colonel Martingale thinks Vinylite saddles should be a must for boys riding 3–5 shots in jumping races.) The saddles come in three weights—one pound, two and a half pounds, and three and a half pounds. Also popular are riding whips with Fiberglas cores. They're guaranteed against breaking. The Fiberglas is covered with a rubber sleeve, which, in turn, is covered with woven linen. These whips are for jockeys. If you ride in the park, you can get a Fiberglas whip covered with leather, and it's a beauty; the leather work is done in England. The shop also carries rubber covers for stirrup irons (a great comfort in wet weather); special rubber bits for two-year-olds (they are made in England, too); bandages of all sorts; and even those caps and pointed-toe shoes that the younger jockeys affect.

If you're collecting names, Colonel Martingale respectfully reports that the Arizona State Racing Commission recently restored to good standing an owner-trainer who had been mixed up with the merry business of running ringers out there, back in 1948. His name is Ersel Ericous Mothershed.

—Audax Minor

•

Current holder of the record for the longest period of safe driving performed entirely in the service of the Memphis Street Railway Co. is Joseph A. Smith, 883 East McLemore. At the quarterly meeting three months ago he was awarded a pint for 12 consecutive years.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Too little and too late.

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FAME IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*Louella Parsons in the Hot Springs (Ark.) Sentinel-Record*]

JOSE FERRER TO PLAY LEAD IN FAMOUS HEMINGWAY NOVEL 'THE CAINE MUTINY'

THE CURRENT CINEMA

CQD

AT 2:20 A.M. on April 15, 1912, the largest ship in the world, the Titanic, while on its maiden voyage from Southampton to New York, struck an iceberg and sank. Of the twenty-two hundred and seven people aboard, six hundred and ninety survived. When the disaster occurred, the vessel was doing better than twenty-one knots, in clear weather and through a flat sea, and she was sliced open with surgical precision. Before she went down, another ship, which could have steamed to her rescue, passed by in ignorance of her plight because the sole Marconi man on board had shut down his plant and gone to bed. (The distress signal was later picked up by David Sarnoff, who was then a telegrapher in the Wanamaker department-store radio station, on Eighth Street. Sarnoff passed on the news, but there wasn't much anybody could do at that distance from the scene.) It had been the hope of the White Star Line, which owned the Titanic, to win the Atlantic blue ribbon for speed, and to that end, elementary safety precautions were neglected and warnings that the ship was travelling in the neighborhood of icebergs were ignored. Presently, when it became obvious that the crippled liner would have to be abandoned, it developed that the lifeboats would not begin to accommodate all the passengers and crew. (As a consequence of this, steamship owners later were compelled to drastically alter their rather cavalier notions about lifesaving equipment and its use.)

The above is a very bleak synopsis of the story of the Titanic. Her tragedy was indubitably one of the most fascinating and terrifying in maritime history, and it would seem almost impossible to so distort the facts of the matter that catastrophe is reduced to the dimensions of a comic strip. But in Hollywood nothing is impossible, as you will discover if you look in on the picture called "Titanic." Written by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen, and directed by Jean Negulesco, it is a bilious combination of brummagem melodrama and synthetic seascapes. Although there were twenty-two hundred and seven characters available for scrutiny, the script writers elected to tell their story of the Titanic by describing the emotional ups and downs of an unbelievable American fop (Clifton Webb), his estranged wife (Barbara Stanwyck), whom he is trying to win back, and their dreary progeny (Audrey Dalton and Harper Carter). While the Titanic goes racing along, Mr. Webb and his wife argue the respective merits of the Continent and the Middle West as a place to bring up children, until Miss Stanwyck gets so heated about the advantages of the prairie that she swears she will expose Mr. Webb as a cuckold if he attempts to shape her son in his own international image. Their boy, she points out, came into being after a young man had spoken kindly to her at a summer resort; Mr. Webb had been so nasty that the youth's gentle tone made her forget her morals. Unstrung by this information, Mr. Webb dashes to the ship's bar and plays bridge furiously for many hours. In fact, he's still shuffling away when the iceberg cuts into the Titanic. Thereupon he shows that he's really a red-blooded American underneath his suave exterior.

To spell these principals—all of whom, incidentally, are quite inept—a number of subsidiary characters are introduced, such as an unfrocked priest (Richard Basehart), an obtrusive bore (Allyn Joslyn), a rich and salty Western lady (Thelma Ritter), and the doomed master of the ship (Brian Aherne). Under Mr. Negulesco's direction, they perform competently in standard "Grand Hotel" style, but they never succeed in lifting the business above the mediocre. As for Mr. Negulesco's conception of the sinking, I guess it would be giving him a break to compare it to one of those small nautical tragedies that occur so often among the yachts on the pond in Central Park. Maybe I'm being a bit stringent about "Titanic" because the theme appeals to me so mightily. However that may be, the picture is egregious, any way you look at it. —JOHN McCARTEN

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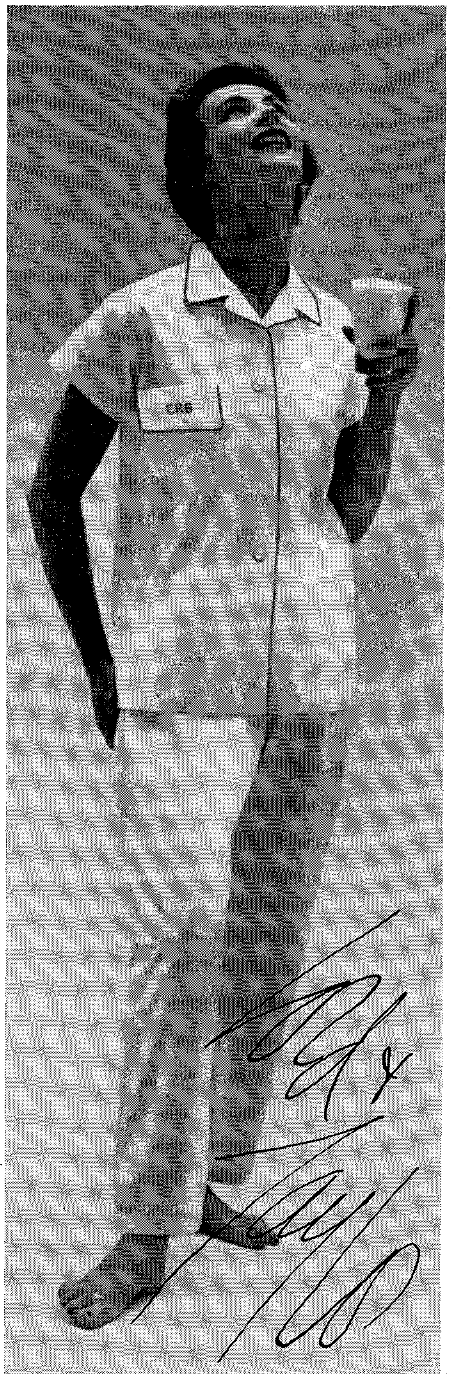
HARVARD CLUB OF DELAWARE

The annual dinner meeting will be held Monday, May 11, in the du Barry Room, Hotel duPont, beginning with a cocktail hour at 6 o'clock.

We are fortunate to have as our speaker Dr. Donald H. Menzel, professor of Astrophysics at Harvard, who will discuss his new book "Flying Saucers." Prof. Menzel served as chairman of the Wave propagation committee of the Joint Chiefs of Staff during World War II.—*Announcement received by a Harvard man.*

Must have figured on a long war.



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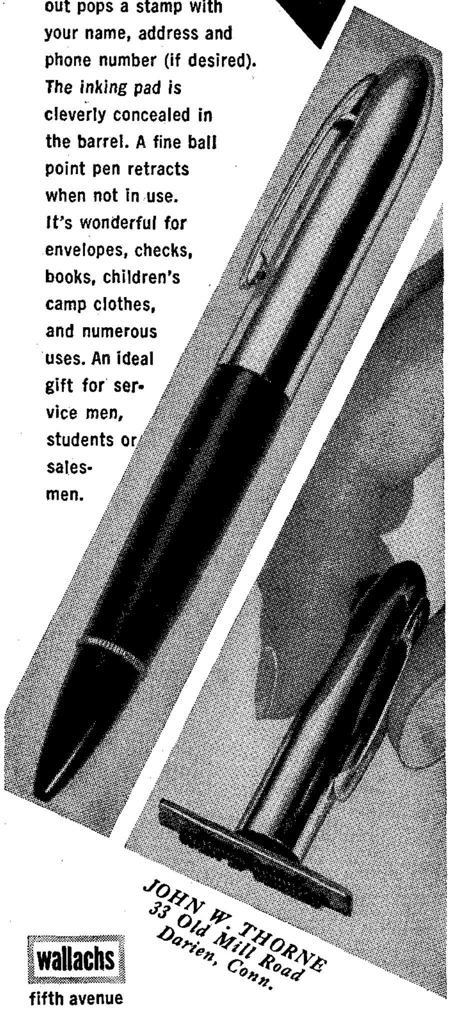

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THE BITER BIT

I STILL remember the strong elation I felt when I first met Mr. Maltby. I had gone to his law office on William Street in answer to a *Times* advertisement for a farmhand—a job for which I was eminently unqualified by age or experience, but which at that moment in my teens appealed to me romantically. All the way from 102nd Street, where my family lived, down to William Street, I had feared the searching agricultural questions Mr. Maltby might ask me, for my only working reference was from a New York hatter for whom I had delivered hundreds of ladies' hats. But Mr. Maltby, a large, vibrant man, dispelled all my doubts. After looking me over and feeling my biceps, he remarked that I had "muscle, intelligence, and spirit," and said he was certain I would do. His farm, he told me, was in Middlesex County, Connecticut. His wife and young son lived there all the time; he himself spent three or four days of every week in the city, and farmed for two days. He was also, he added, a clergyman, and on most Sundays he appeared at one country church or another, substituting for the regular preacher. He congratulated me on my ambition not to be, as he put it, a lily-fingered city parasite. "God meant young men to have calluses on their palms," he said. "I will make a splendid farmer of you."

I was drawn to Mr. Maltby from the moment I looked at him. Living, as I did, with three doting women (my mother and sisters—my father had died in my childhood and my brother, Herman, had been married for a long time), I yearned for familial association with a man, and Mr. Maltby seemed to me a miraculous combination of many things I admired. In my family's past there had been scholars—men of law and men of God—and in my own life I had worshipped athletes of many varieties. Mr. Maltby, a heavyweight farmer-preacher-lawyer with fearless blue eyes, a strong baritone voice, and what was probably the most vigorous mustache of the late Taft era, was thus a kind of all-round champion to me. I not only saw myself laboring mightily in his fields but also studying the law and divinity under his benign guidance. The prospect of living in the same house with him was inspiring, and I felt that I would be, in a way, his son.

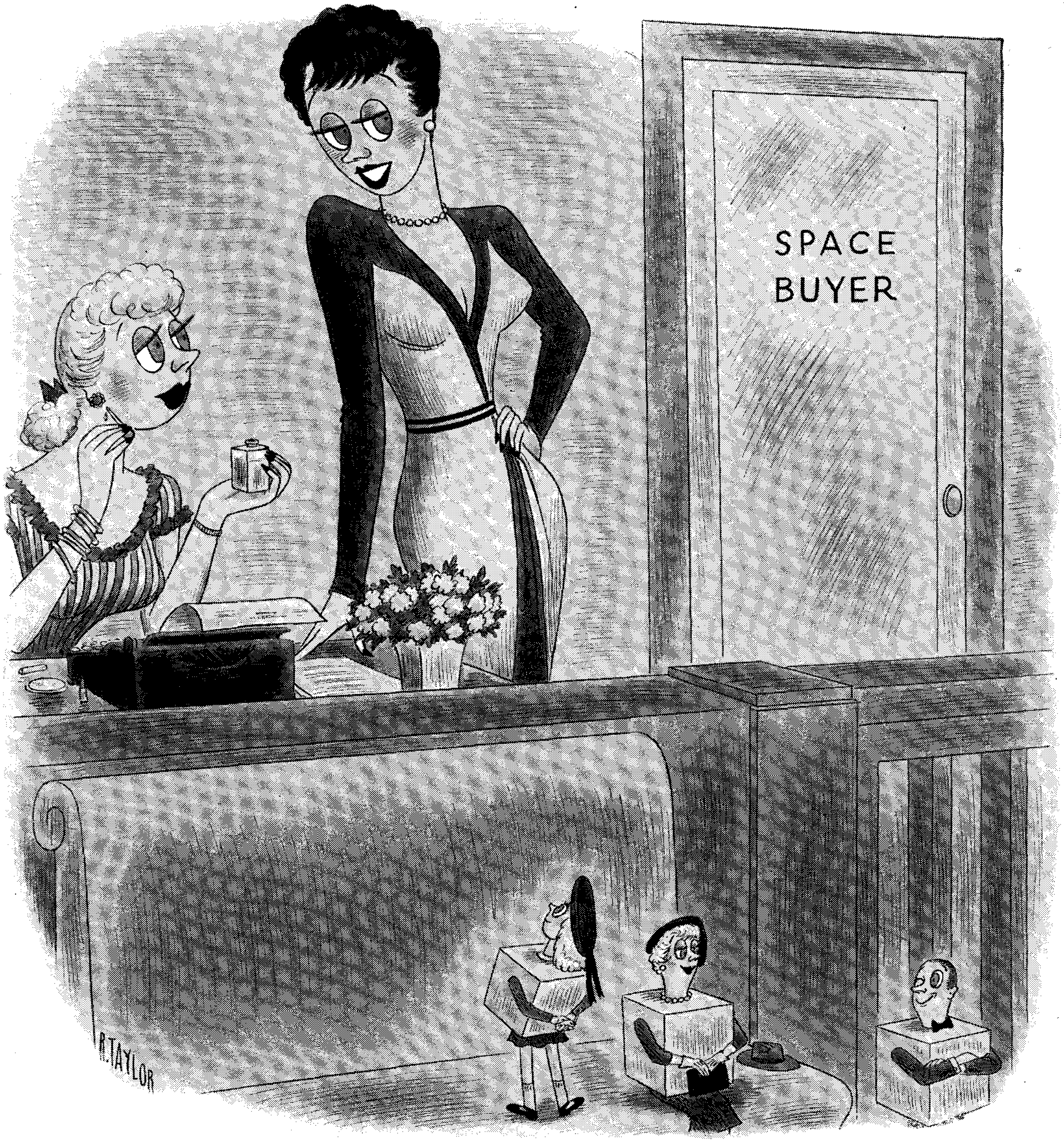
When I told my mother that I was going to work on a farm, she broke down and wept. She couldn't bear to see me leave the safety of 102nd Street for the savagery of the American wilderness. My elder sister, Helen, however, was quite enthusiastic. "Boys should always leave home," she said. "Let's pack."

She got out a heavy trunk that had once been Herman's. She and my sister Flora began to pack it, and finally my mother joined in. Despite my objection that farming was serious business, my mother insisted on packing part of my frivolous past—my catcher's mitt, my boxing gloves, and my Indian clubs—in case I should need exercise.

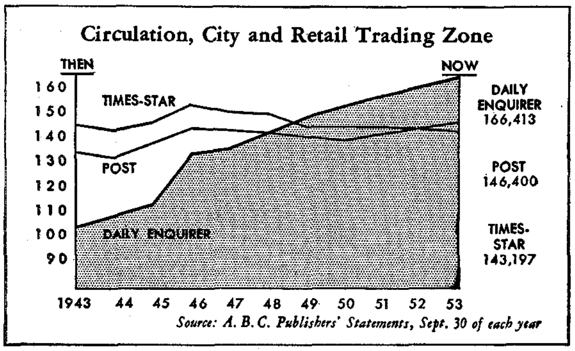
On the Friday when I was to meet Mr. Maltby at the station and take the train with him, I was so impatient to begin my new life that I could not eat. Yet only two weeks later I disliked him thoroughly. As I see it now, he was a much more enthusiastic and integrated farmer when he looked at his farm from William Street than when he actually stood on its land. He was quite irritable from the moment we began our trip. He barely greeted me when I rushed up to him in the station; at that moment, he was busy abusing a porter who had brushed his leg with a valise. On the train, shortly afterward, he had violent words with a man who was smoking a cigarette in spite of a "No Smoking" sign. I innocently asked him if he had had a very hard week in town, but he didn't answer. He spoke very little during the entire trip, and the nearer we got to our destination, the more testily silent he became.

MRS. MALTBY was waiting for us at the station in a shiny black red-wheeled surrey drawn by a little gray horse named, I later learned, Kitty. Mrs. Maltby was in her late thirties and had a look of harassed gentility. Her tired gray eyes turned to me only briefly when we were introduced, and then she said to her husband, "But he's so very young, Edgar!"

We drove to the farm, and if I had hoped for a warmer reception from Mr.



"Then, if the Nuit d'Amour doesn't get him, try to look intelligent and say, 'Solid Cincinnati reads The Cincinnati Enquirer' . . ."


Circulation, City and Retail Trading Zone

Source: A. B. C. Publishers' Statements, Sept. 30 of each year

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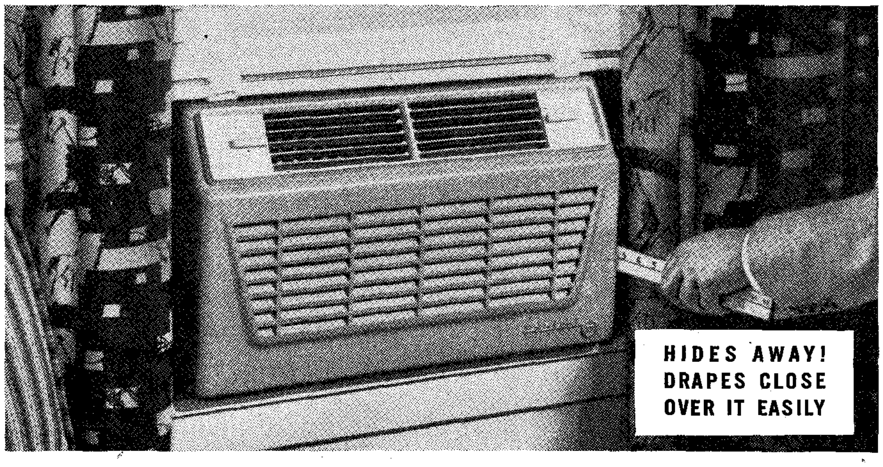

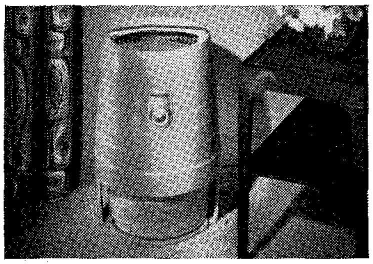

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Maltby's son, I didn't get it. Gerald Maltby was about eight years old—a pale, sharp-featured little angel with blue eyes and gold hair. When we met, he looked me over coolly, without a word or a smile. Mr. Maltby and I unloaded my trunk, and by the time Mrs. Maltby announced dinner, I was ravenously hungry. I had had nothing to eat all day but an apple my mother had slipped into my pocket. As I entered the dining room, I felt my spirits rising, but then I noticed that the table was set for only three, and a moment later Mrs. Maltby led me into the kitchen, where a place had been set for me. Silently and quickly I ate the two boiled potatoes, the poached egg, and the stewed rhubarb put before me, and washed it all down with a glass of warmish milk.

I was already finished with my dinner—and still hungry—by the time the Maltbys sat down to theirs, in the dining room. The door between the kitchen and the dining room was open, so I could hear what was said. First there was grace, and after that, there was a verbal slaughter of the wicked by Mr. Maltby. As I had feared, he had had a trying time in the city. His clients, he said, had worn him out that week with their impossible demands, and he trampled some of them heavily and wrathfully. Then Gerald piped up with some unpleasant snatches of conversation he had heard in the village. When Mrs. Maltby tried to hush him, her husband said, "Truth is in the mouths of little children. Let the child speak. Come, Gerald, tell us what you heard."

Gerald said a playmate of his had overheard the Reverend Dinwiddie remark that if there were sermons in stones, the Reverend Maltby would be a millionaire preacher. The Reverend Maltby exploded at this, and uttered some harsh words about the Reverend Dinwiddie and his congregation.

After dinner, Mr. Maltby helped me carry my trunk to my room, which was in the basement. The events of the day had already discouraged me from hoping for a long, fatherly talk from him at bedtime. Just the same, I was not altogether prepared for the briskness of his final words as he left me. "Good night, my boy," he said. "We start our day's work at five o'clock, so you'll want to get straight to sleep."

I said good night to Mr. Maltby, and after a long while I lit my lamp and stared at my big trunk. If only my sister had found me a paper suitcase instead, I could have taken it now and walked out into the night. But the trunk could at least serve as a writing table, so I wrote a letter to my mother, beginning, "Dear Mother, I have arrived safe and sound," and another letter to Herman, who was then in Vienna, beginning, "Dear Herman, you are not the only traveller in the family."

At five o'clock the next morning, Mr. Maltby woke me, and after I had dressed and eaten a small breakfast, he took me around the farm. Aside from an apple orchard, I found that there was little on his sixty acres except stones. As he showed me his fields he said, waving his hand, "I'll have oats here, corn there, alfalfa over there, and the finest clover over yonder. Of course," he added, "it will have to be cleared first."

He lost no time putting me to work clearing it. He demonstrated how he pried out the smaller stones, how he cracked the bigger ones with a sledge hammer, and how he dug craters beside really big ones and pried the stones into them with a crowbar. Then he left me and went to work on a sermon for the next day. He came back once that morning and watched me. "You have a good back and good shoulders," he said. "You attack those stones with a righteous wrath."

Little Gerald came down and watched me, too, but from a distance.

That night I was still so hungry after dinner that I walked down to the village to get some candy. The owner of the general store, learning that I was the Maltbys' new hand, grunted, "You and him'll make a farm out of it yet," and when I told him I wanted to buy some gumdrops for "the little Maltby boy," he said, "Best get him some poison, and I'll sell it to you, too."

The next day, Mr. Maltby went off to church early. I gave Gerald the gumdrops, which seemed to please him very much, and as he munched, he spoke his first words to me. "When are you going to quit?" he asked. He popped another gumdrop into his small mouth, and said, "All the others quit, you know." He carefully chose a big black gumdrop, and added, "They mostly left in the middle of the night. I'm the only one who ever saw them go."

"Why did they quit?" I asked.

"I guess they didn't like it here," he answered, smiling. "Before you came, I heard Father say to Mother that this time he'd hire anybody he could get, even a cripple."

THAT was the first weekend of my new life with the Maltbys. Mr. Maltby made his circuit weekly, and irritably, among the law, the stones, and God. He never did sit down to give

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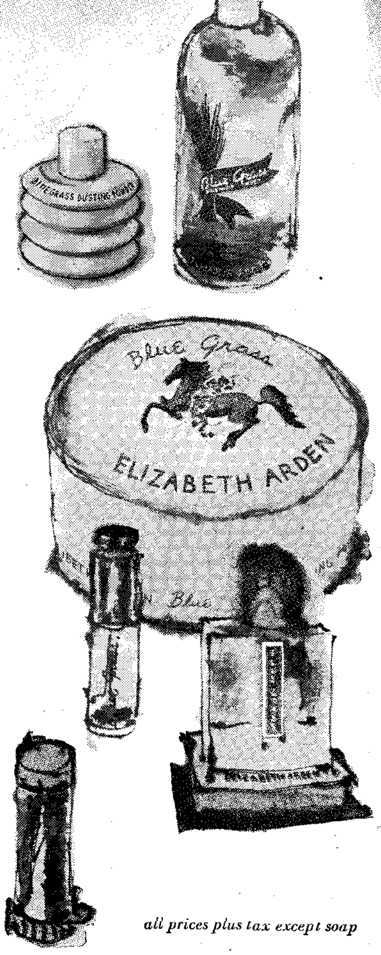

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We've always been fascinated by figures like these and we know most other people are, too. Just mention them to your dinner table companion tonight. You'll become a brilliant fellow, even if you don't open your mouth the rest of the evening.

And while we're at it, here are some figures to try on your boss—or, if you are the boss, to try on the help: 70 percent of all manufacturing firms are run by owners and partners; 3,100 firms out of about 4 million have more than 1,000 employes; 9 out 10 businesses are not even in manufacturing.

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me a dissertation on Blackstone, nor did he ever take time to reveal the faith with which he inspired his congregations. All I learned from him was what I overheard from my table in the kitchen. Mrs. Maltby would listen silently to her husband's outbursts, but she always tried, however ineffectually, to curb Gerald's predilection for repeating malicious rumor. She also tried to be just and fair to me, but with all her earnest effort she seemed constitutionally unable to give me enough food. Almost every night, I schemed, alternately, how to get more to eat and how to get my trunk down to the station in secret, but I did nothing.

When I had been at Tuppers Bridge Farm, as the place was called, for two weeks, Mr. Maltby came out on Friday and expressed himself as reasonably pleased with the amount of rock I had dislodged and piled in various spots. Now, he said, we ought to begin getting it off the fields with a stoneboat and putting it on the fences. For this we needed a work horse; the carriage horse, Kitty, couldn't be used for such a purpose, of course.

Early the next morning, Mr. Maltby left for Hadlyme, across the Connecticut River, saying he would buy a horse at a market there. That evening, in spite of my prayers that harm of some sort might come to him, he returned triumphantly with just about the biggest horse I had ever seen. Their arrival certainly caused a sensation. Gerald refused to go near the huge beast and took refuge in the house. Mrs. Maltby cried, "Oh, he's just too terribly big, Edgar! He'll frighten Kitty to death." (Later, at dinner, she said, "He's probably a tremendous eater, too.")

I was pretty unnerved, myself. All my childhood I had run freely among the hucksters' nags of the East Side and Harlem, but this brown horse with challenging head and flashing eyes was so gigantic and powerful-looking that I dreaded the thought of having to handle him.

Mr. Maltby was very much pleased with his acquisition, however. "I have named him Goliath," he said, "and I did not get him without a battle."

He told Mrs. Maltby and me Goliath was the only horse he had wanted at the market, but the dealer had at first said he was holding him for an old customer. Mr. Maltby, not to be discouraged, kept insisting that he had to have the horse, and finally the dealer weakened and agreed to let him have him for eighty dollars. Mr. Maltby paid the money, and bought a big wagon, too.

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But when he harnessed the horse, hitched it to the wagon, and was ready to leave, the dealer said he had made a mistake in the price. The horse was really down in the books for a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and he asked Mr. Maltby to give him forty-five dollars more. Mr. Maltby, saying a sale was a sale, drove Goliath off, and the angry dealer ran alongside and called Mr. Maltby names.

To make matters worse, there was so much traffic on the way to the ferry back across the river that Mr. Maltby had to walk Goliath, and the dealer stayed alongside all the way, shouting that Mr. Maltby was a swindler and a thief. It took a great deal of forbearance to listen to this. When Goliath was at last aboard the ferry, Mr. Maltby's indignation suddenly welled up. He asked the gateman to hold the gate for him a minute. "Then I went over to that miserable dealer," he said, "and I kicked him in the stomach."

"*Kicked* him?" said Mrs. Maltby, recoiling.

"It was no more than he deserved," said her husband, angrily.

Having told his story, Mr. Maltby unhitched Goliath and led him into the barn. Since there were only two horse stalls there, Goliath was put next to little Kitty.

The next day, Sunday, I fed and watered the big horse and cleaned his stall, but I was very careful how I approached him and was nervous all the while I was with him. Early Monday morning, just before Mr. Maltby left for New York, he gave me my orders. After the chores, I was to hitch Goliath to the wagon, drive him to a railway-freight siding three miles away, and pick up a load of lumber. When I got back, I was to use Goliath to pull stone off the fields. I was to go on clearing ground all week.

It was with some fear that I got Goliath out of the barn and hitched him up, but he made no trouble whatever, and after we started out for the freight station I felt much easier about him. When we turned into the main road, he began to trot, and I held the reins loosely and felt important to be in command of such a tremendous steed. It was my first happy moment since I had left New York.

We had gone about half a mile when I heard strange noises coming from Goliath. It sounded as if he was puffing. At first I couldn't believe it; what was there for him to puff about? The road was level, and the wagon had no

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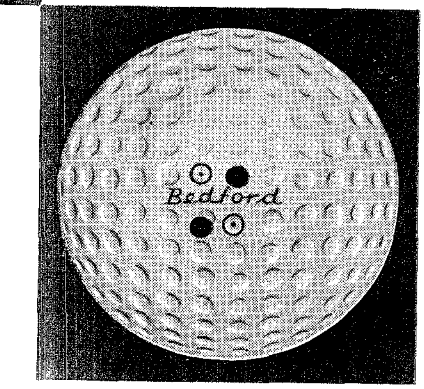

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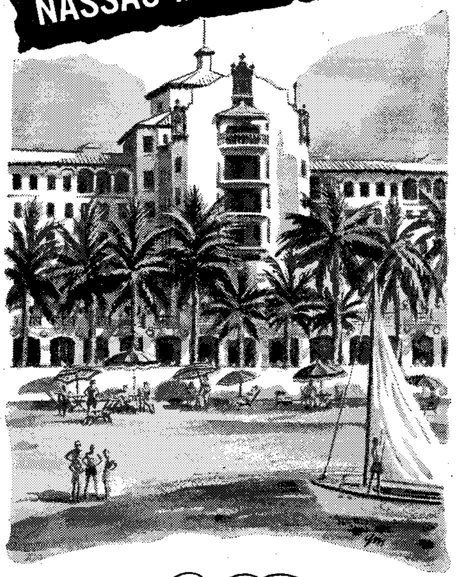

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load except my weight—a hundred and twenty pounds. And Goliath was mighty enough to pull a train. However, since he continued to puff, I slowed him to a walk, and then, his breathing still being hard, I stopped him and let him rest.

When we started on again, he trotted, but in a few minutes he was puffing and panting as if he were climbing a steep hill with an impossibly heavy load. Then he was seized with a succession of heaves that shook his whole body. I jumped down from the wagon and looked to see if anything was wrong with the harness or bridle or bit, but I found nothing wrong. In despair, I took the bridle in my hand and actually pleaded with Goliath to tell me what was the matter with him. As I stood there, looking up into his agonized eyes, he fell into a violent, seemingly endless fit of gasping, like nothing I had heard since I was a little boy, when I listened to my dying tubercular father coughing his lungs out. Instantly, a wave of pity and compassionate love swept over me. I took off my undershirt, wiped off Goliath's sweat with it, wrung it out, and kept wiping him till he was dry. All the while, I talked soothingly to him, and to my great relief, he finally quieted down and breathed normally again. I should have turned back at that point, but it was only a short distance to the railway siding, and I was afraid to return without the lumber. We went forward at a walk.

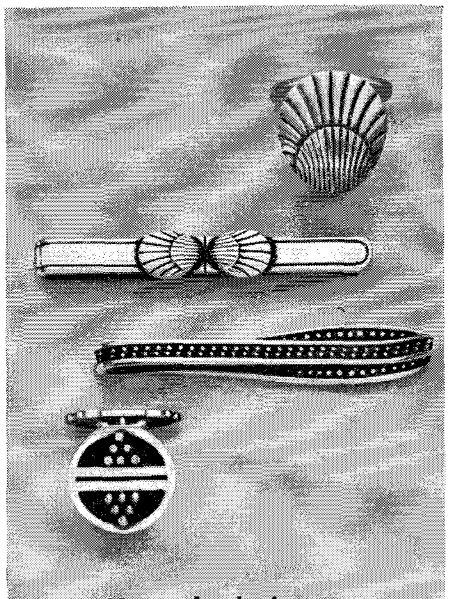
Walking made the big horse suffer as much as trotting had. A farmer going by in a wagon shouted at me, "What have you been doing to that horse?"

I shouted back that it wasn't my fault. A few minutes later a woman in a carriage cried to me, "I'll have you arrested, you young brute!"

I couldn't answer, even to defend myself, because by this time I seemed unable to breathe myself.

When we reached the siding, I was overjoyed to find that the load of lumber I was to take was not large. Again I wiped Goliath dry, and let him rest for half an hour before starting back. When we left, I walked beside him, hoping that the absence of my weight would somehow make up for that of the lumber. Besides, I wanted to be close to him.

One mile and two hours later, a mounted state trooper galloped up from behind and ordered me to move Goliath over to the side of the road and stop. He dismounted, took out a pad and pencil, and asked my name and the name



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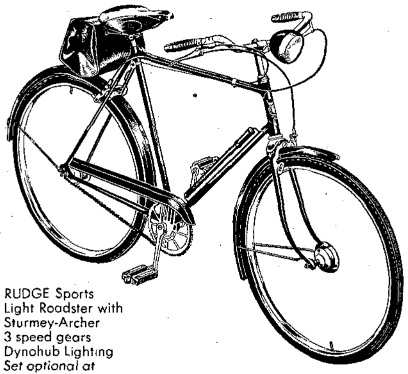

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of my employer. He said he'd had complaints about the cruel way I drove my horse, that he was going to take me before a judge, and that he would ask the judge to give me ten days. He softened considerably, however, after he heard my story and examined Goliath. "Poor horse," he said. "He's wind-broken."

Then, on hearing how Mr. Maltby had acquired the horse, he said derisively, "Your smart farmer fell for the oldest horse dealer's trick in the world. Dope a useless horse and sell him, then holler for more money or something, and keep the buyer so busy arguing that he won't notice anything if the dope wears off too soon."

The trooper told me to walk Goliath home, and to take plenty of time about it, and he told me to tell Mr. Maltby that the horse was not to be put out on a public highway again. Under other circumstances, I might have enjoyed this joke on Mr. Maltby, but since Goliath was involved, it only filled me with more woe. While the trooper wrote something in a little black book, I tried to think how I could help Goliath back to health. I knew that rest, sun, good air, and good food had helped cure many sick people, and it seemed to me there was no reason why they couldn't do the same for a horse. Human medicine, I knew, had made great strides since my father died; perhaps horse medicine had progressed, too.

I asked the officer what I must do to help Goliath.

"Not much you can do," he answered, as he remounted. "Put him out to pasture, or shoot him."

I don't know how long I stood there after the trooper rode away, and as Goliath and I resumed our slow journey, my mind was in complete tumult. No matter what anybody said, *I* was going to make Goliath well again. I would give him such love and care as no man before me had ever given an animal. Then I thought, with a sinking heart, of the Maltbys. How would Mr. Maltby like this living reminder of his greediness? And Mrs. Maltby—with her parsimony, how would she feel about keeping a horse that could do so little work and yet would eat so much?

For a bitter moment I faced the fact that neither of them was likely to agree to maintain Goliath in the honorable semiretirement he needed, and I vividly beheld the fate that lay in wait for him. To make it worse, Goliath looked at me at just that moment, and I felt certain that he knew what I was thinking. I reached up, threw my arms

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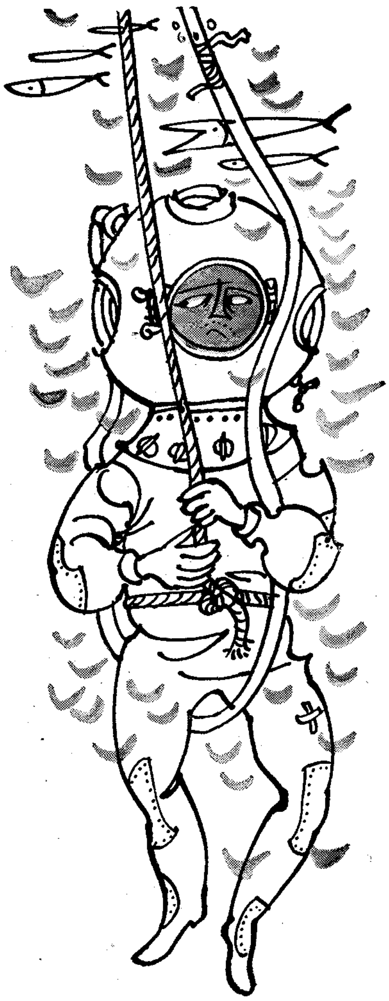

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around his neck, and assured him that everything was going to be all right.

WHEN Goliath and I got back to the farm, five hours late, I was just about wrung out in mind and body. At some time during the last half hour I had decided that I would tell the Maltbys nothing about what had happened, but I had reckoned without Mrs. Maltby. She came swiftly out of the house and asked where I'd been so long. When she saw how spent Goliath looked, she demanded to know why I had used him so hard. In my exhaustion, I must have reeled, and seeing me unsteady on my feet, she cried, "Have you been drinking, boy? Are you a drunkard already at your age?"

To my later shame, I became indignant. Shaking all over, I declared I wasn't a drunkard, and before I knew what I was doing, I was spilling the whole story. She listened to me at first with tense silence, but when I told her what the trooper had said about Mr. Maltby's falling into a horse dealer's trap, a complete change came over her. Her face went white, and her lips trembled. And then this usually quiet woman let out an animal-like cry and fled into the house.

After a while, Mrs. Maltby sent Gerald to tell me that I was to make my own supper. It was my first opportunity to eat my fill in the Maltby house, but I was too upset to take advantage of it. Gerald, however, who shared the meal, ate enough for the two of us, and was in the best of spirits. Goliath's misfortune fascinated him, and he kept prodding me to tell him more about his father and the horse dealer, an incident he seemed to relish.

I didn't get much rest that night. First, I fretted over my betrayal of Goliath, and then, only about an hour or so after I had fallen asleep, I was awakened by sounds coming from the barn. I dressed and hurried there, to find that Goliath had gone wild. He was having seizures of heaving, and was kicking frantically at the sides of his stall and breaking its boards. I also saw him bang his head on the wall in front of him. It was the nearest I have ever seen a horse come to attempting suicide. Poor Kitty was a frightful sight. Each time Goliath kicked, she threw herself against the farther side of her stall, and her flank was scraped and bleeding. I washed and dressed her wounds, and I talked to her and to Goliath, and finally I had them quieted down.

Both horses looked a little better the

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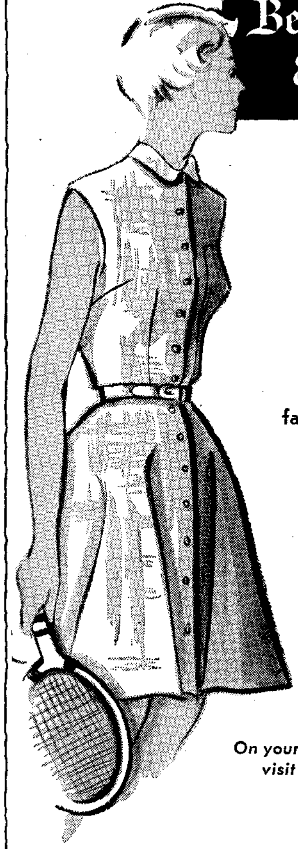

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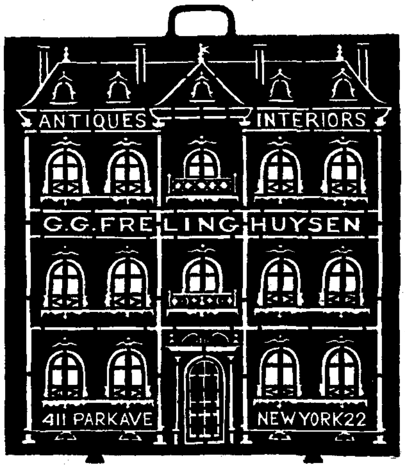

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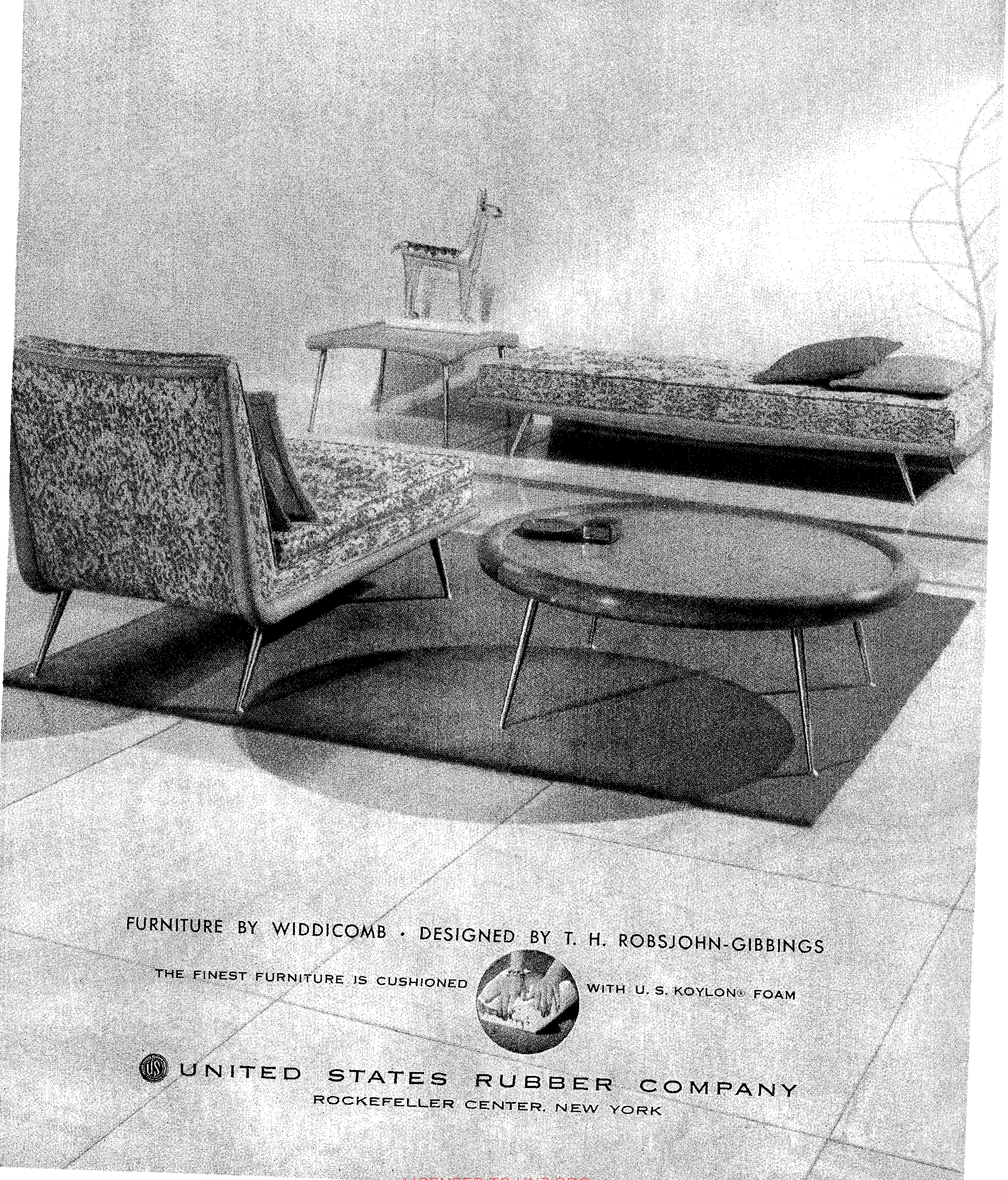

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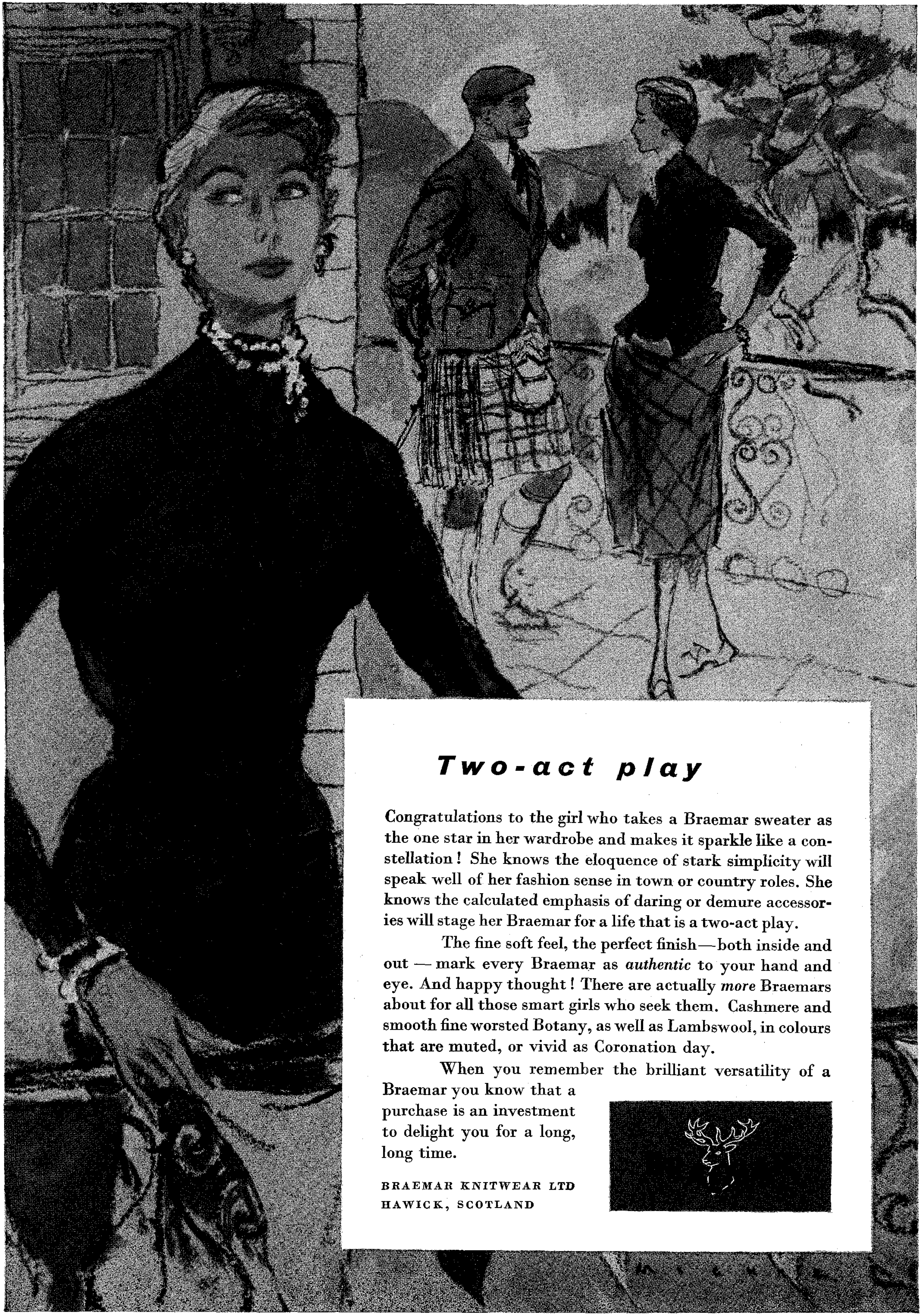

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next morning, but when Mrs. Maltby saw what had happened to Kitty, she said shocking things about Mr. Maltby (I couldn't believe it was Mrs. Maltby speaking), and denounced Goliath.

I OUGHT to have known that from that time on Goliath was a lost cause, but I went right ahead with my plan to save him. I found a small stoneboat in the shed—one that could be pulled by hand—and the rest of that week, whenever I was sure that I wasn't being watched, I tethered Goliath under a tree and pulled stone myself. I did this every day, and soon convinced myself that both Goliath and I were growing stronger.

Late Friday afternoon, while Goliath and I were resting for a short while, I saw Mr. Maltby approaching, and I knew at once that Mrs. Maltby had told him everything. He patted Goliath, and for a few minutes not a word was spoken. Then he sighed and said, "It's hard to believe that this magnificent beast is wind-broken."

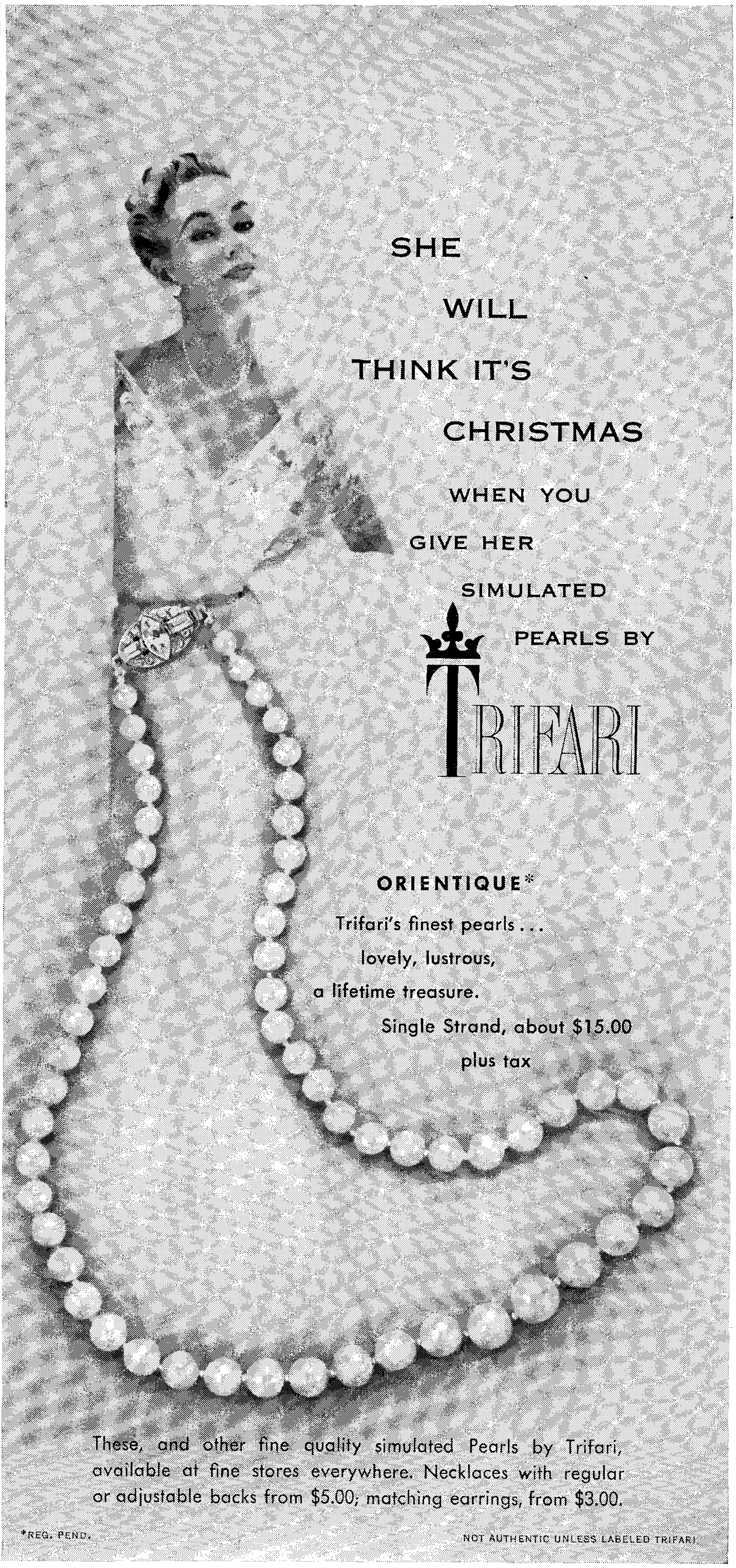
"But he's getting better," I protested. I told him how wonderfully Goliath was responding to the good care and food at Tuppers Bridge, how he hadn't had a single attack since Monday night, how nicely he and Kitty were getting along together. And then I couldn't resist an out-and-out lie; I told Mr. Maltby that Goliath's work was improving every day.

Mr. Maltby looked with some surprise, and pleasure, at the quantity of new stones piled on his fences. "You've done a good job, boy," he said.

Then, seeing how my face fell when he complimented only me, he added quickly, "I mean, of course, the *horse* and you."

Suddenly, I realized that Mr. Maltby, too, wanted to believe in this wonderful animal, and immediately he was restored to my esteem and admiration. "Keep it up," he said, smiling, and walked back to the house.

"Keep it up!" must surely mean, I thought, that Goliath was saved. My heart swelled with joy. No fourteen-course dinner at the fabulous Delmonico's could have pleased me more than the light supper Mrs. Maltby gave me that night. I sped through the two-course repast, intending to go down to the village store and blow myself on a ten-cent treat for the whole family. I remembered, too, a pair of cuff buttons I had seen at the store, and I resolved to get them as something extra for Mr. Maltby. But just when I was about to go, I heard Mrs. Maltby's voice in the



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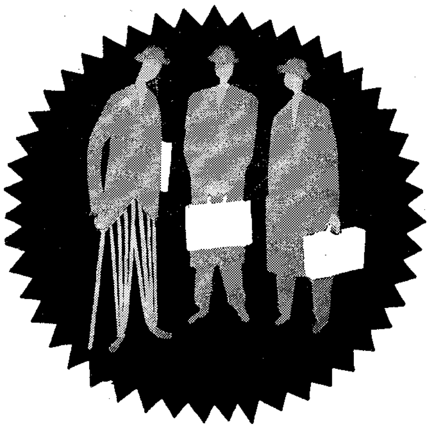

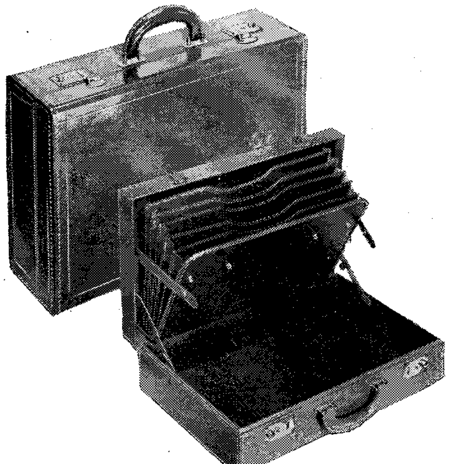

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dining room. The door was closed, and her voice was low, but it seemed to cut the air. ". . . and that's how you've lost good congregations, good lawsuits, and good neighbors, too," I heard her say. Mr. Maltby did not reply, and it was only then that I realized, with a kind of afterhearing, that he had been silent all through the meal. Mrs. Maltby went on to tell him that it was like him to buy the biggest horse in sight and think he was getting the biggest bargain, and to fall in with a horse dealer's trick and think he was outsmarting the dealer, just as it had been typical of him to buy a stone farm cheap and think he could turn it into a paradise, when all he had been able to do was make himself and his family miserable there.

Still Mr. Maltby had nothing to say, nor was there a peep out of Gerald. Although I couldn't see him, I was sure that he was quietly savoring the whole thing, but the performance was sickening me. I was eavesdropping on the fall of a man in his own home. I rose from my chair, meaning to slip out the back way, when Mrs. Maltby's next words stopped me dead. "And as for that miserable horse of yours," I heard her say, "either you take him back to that dealer and get your money, or you sell him to the butcher."

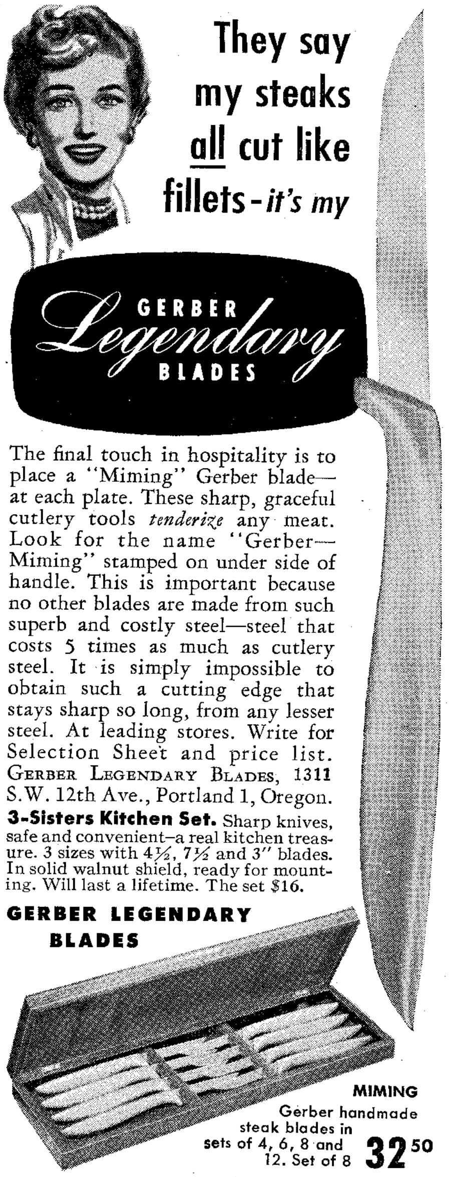
Forgetting that I was only the hired hand and, worse yet, an eavesdropper, I rushed into the dining room, crying, "You *can't* send him to the butcher!"

"Young man," said Mrs. Maltby, "go to your room. When I want advice from you, I'll send for you."

Desperately, I turned to Mr. Maltby and said, "There's something I've been wanting to tell you, Mr. Maltby. Till Goliath is all better, I'd like to pay for his feed. You can take it out of my wages."

Mr. Maltby's face swelled suddenly and grew very red. "Thank you," he said in a stifled voice. "Thank you, boy. That is very noble and manly of you, but it won't be necessary. Now go to your room, as Mrs. Maltby says, and don't worry. I give you my word that Goliath will not go to the butcher."

I WENT down to the barn and stayed with Goliath for a bit. I thought he looked pleased to see me. For the first time, he nosed over to me, as if expressing his friendship. When I returned to the house and went to my room, I could still hear angry voices, mostly Mrs. Maltby's, and then all was quiet. I had put out my light and was lying in bed wondering about the whole thing when there was a soft little knock



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at my door. It was Gerald, in his white nightshirt.

"Mother won," he whispered, as I let him in.

"But your father gave me his word," I said.

"Oh, Goliath isn't going to the *butcher*," Gerald said. "The butcher is an enemy of Father's."

I asked him what he meant, then, by saying his mother had won.

"Goliath is going to the Morgan Lake Duck Farm tomorrow," Gerald said happily. "They use lots of horse meat there, to fatten their ducks."

I didn't speak or raise my hand, but he fled. When the anger and the succeeding numbness had worn off, it was after two o'clock in the morning. I gathered all my belongings and packed them in my trunk. Then I got the wheelbarrow that stood outside my door and tied strips of burlap around the iron rim of its wheel so that it wouldn't make too much noise. I put my trunk on the wheelbarrow and trundled it out to the road.

It was a still, bright night. There was no sound from the barn, so Goliath must have been resting peacefully. When I had gone a fair distance and felt safe, I set down the wheelbarrow and paused to look back at the house. I thought I saw something white at one of the upper windows. I suppose it was Gerald in his nightshirt, silently watching me go like all the others who had quit in the night.

—HILLEL BERNSTEIN

●

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[*A letter distributed to staff members at Iowa State College*]

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We have many calls throughout the year from staff members for coffee ice cream since many of you come from, or have lived for a time where coffee ice cream is extremely popular. In New England, for instance, coffee ice cream is second only to vanilla and ranks considerably ahead of such perennial Iowa favorites as chocolate and strawberry.

Since our graduates go into all sections of the United States, we do not want them to be provincial in their training and attitudes, and we would like for them to work with such things as coffee ice cream, for instance.

Professor Caulfield and his class in ice cream manufacturing will go into production this week on coffee ice cream. It will be available by Friday morning at our sales room and the Campus Drug Store in campustown. We would like to carry coffee ice cream regularly if the demand is sufficient.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

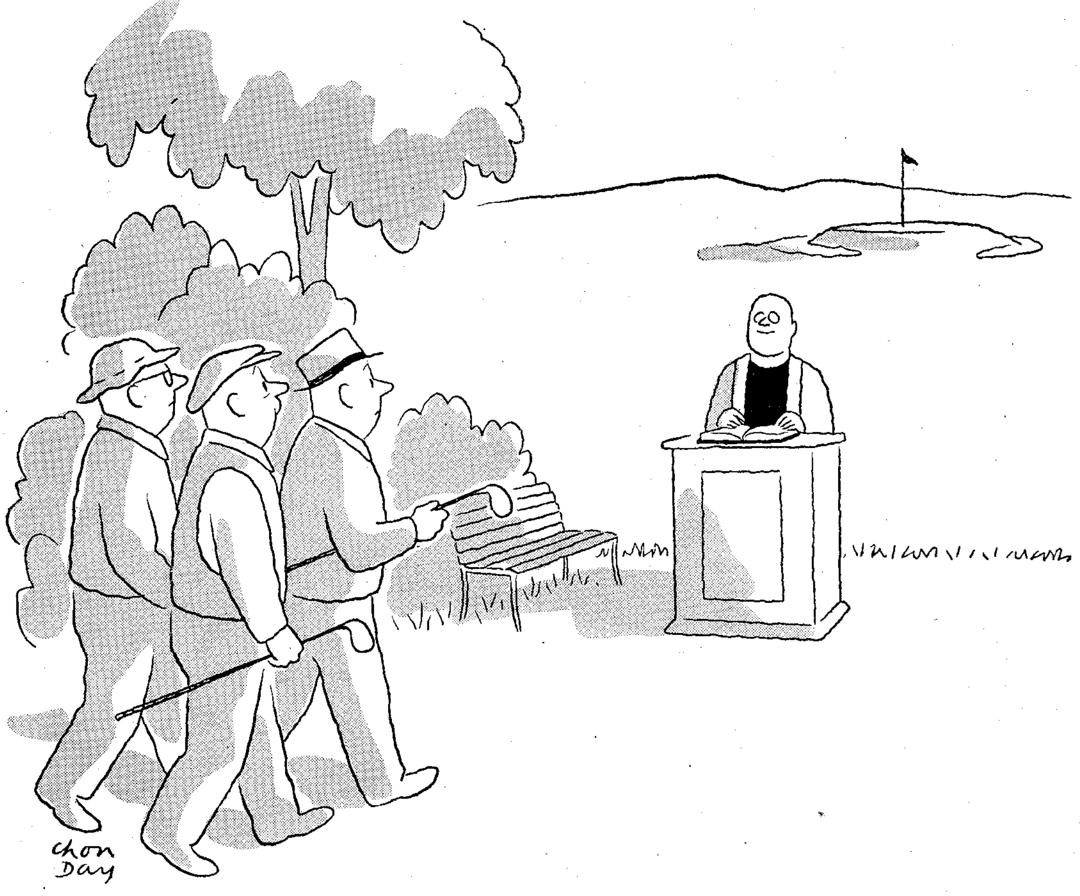
I AM, I realize, a grumbler of persistent habit whenever the subject of contemporary floor coverings arises and I am confronted by prices that scare even me, hardened though I am to the fanciful figures that shopkeepers shamelessly put on their price tags. Before the whole question of floors and what goes on them becomes too painful to venture upon, I propose to take advantage of the fact that summer rugs are by their nature a lot cheaper than winter rugs and report on some of the most pleasing casual floor coverings that have been around in some time. Budgeted shoppers who share my dark suspicion that buying anything priced by the square yard can lead only to financial ruin will doubtless be glad to know that these items are marked in trustworthy round numbers and that no horrid surprises lie in store for those whose optimism is stronger than their arithmetic.

Among the most engaging of the new rugs (you understand we are talking about floor coverings with no pretension to formal elegance) are some at Altman called Malabar and made in India. They are tightly hand-woven of coco fibre in a pattern of one-foot squares in which natural fibres are combined with green, red, pink, gray, black, or brown ones. The rugs are all very striking and sturdy, and give the illusion of coolness. The smallest is four feet by six and costs $5.95, and the largest is nine feet by fifteen and costs $37.50. A nine-by-twelve—just about right for the average living room—is $29. Malabars would be especially suitable at the seashore or in the country—they are reversible, by the way—but city dwellers who make serious preparations for hot weather would do well to consider them, too.

OTHER pleasantly simple rugs—these are really not much more than mats—which have the clean, uncluttering effect of Oriental furnishings, are hand-woven in Japan of natural light-beige rice straw. They have much the look of the Mexican *petate*, but they are heavier and more carefully made and can, therefore, be expected to stand a lot more wear than the flimsier Mexican weave, which, attractive though it is, can't be counted on for more than a couple of seasons. The rice-straw imports, besides being cool-looking, are heavy enough not to slide treacherously underfoot. In fact, solidity seems to be one of the virtues of this year's crop of low-priced rugs, which, to anybody who has skated around on those of other summers, is no inconsiderable advantage. The rice straws are at W. & J. Sloane and Macy in numerous sizes; a nine-by-twelve number is $24.98 at Macy.

Sloane has some very heavy Japanese rugs, which are made of rush, closely woven in a graceful oval, and called Marlborough Ovals, although surely not by the Japanese. These are of the rather drab grayish-green that is the natural color of the rush fibre, and they depend for their decorative effect upon their intricate hand weaving and their unusual shape, which is particularly good in a rectangular room or a hallway; they are also said to wear exceedingly well. To give you an idea of their prices, a nine-foot-by-twelve Marlborough Oval costs $34.95, and sizes and prices go down to a twenty-seven-by-forty-eight-inch mat, for $3.95.

THOSE checkerboard rugs made up of one-foot sisal squares, which put in an appearance several years ago, are certainly handsome, and altogether satisfactory, but there isn't much point in bringing *them* up, since the few householders who haven't already got them on their floors must be presumed not to want them. However, some brand-new squares have turned up this year that combine so happily with the old ones they might easily cause a revision of thought on the subject. As everyone knows, the first sisal squares were available only in natural color or in a solid color. Last year they came also in variegated colors, which gave them a rich, tweedy look. The newcomers are in a stunning arrangement of stripes—yellow and brown or black; green and white, black, or gray; gold and brown



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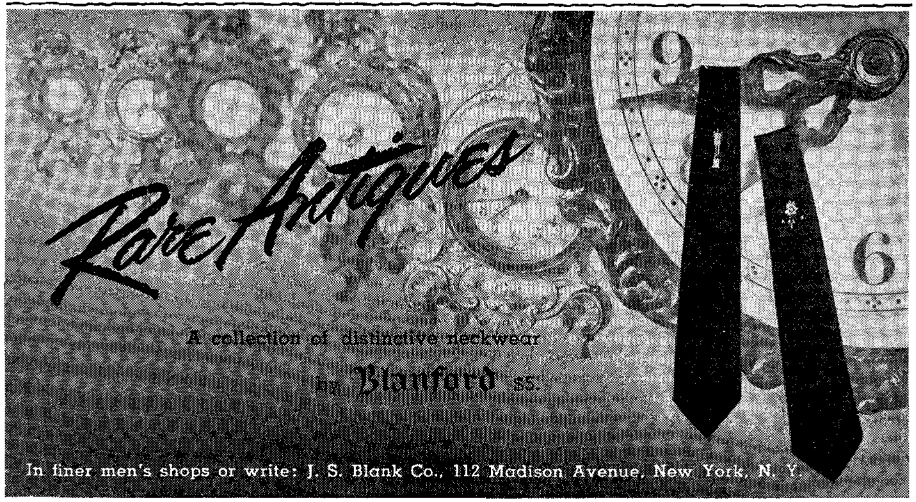
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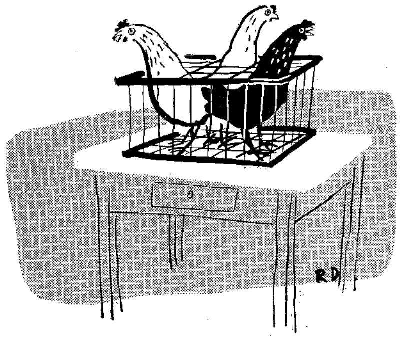
or black; white and brown or black; and so on. As you can see, the addition of the stripes makes possible an almost endless number of checkerboard combinations, and some of them will knock your eye out. Even the solid-color squares look better to me than they used to—there are ravishing shades of green, blue, red, pink, and yellow—which leads me to believe that the methods of dyeing sisal have been greatly improved in the last year or so. All the squares—natural, solid color, variegated, and striped—are on hand at Lord & Taylor, Sloane, and Julore, 13 East 53rd Street, but each store has its own selection of colors. The price is around $1.25 a square, which takes us bang out of the budget department; you may draw whatever solace you can from the fact that the price includes sewing the squares together into a rug.

THE Waite Carpet Company, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has come out with a new group of fibre rugs and carpets, and some of them are very pretty; their designs and colors, and their durability, should give a great lift to summer homes. Although they are offered in stores—Bloomingdale, Macy, and Altman, for instance—already cut in stock sizes, you can order them in any size you want and use them as wall-to-wall carpeting. A number of them are so good-looking and easy to maintain that in a simply furnished room they might well be left down the year round. One of the best of the lot is a reversible, called Waitrend, that combines a soft rayon, which looks and feels like wool, with a stiff wood-pulp fibre of considerable body. This comes in a number of excellent mingled colors, but I found it most pleasing in solid colors—a warm gray, a light blue, and a gray green. A rug of this weave, nine feet by twelve, which is a good size to take as an example, costs $43.95.

A rug made entirely of wood-pulp fibres, and called Scots-Wai, is dyed in fast colors and woven in a basket design. In the Waite offices, at 295 Fifth Avenue (31st), a rug of this

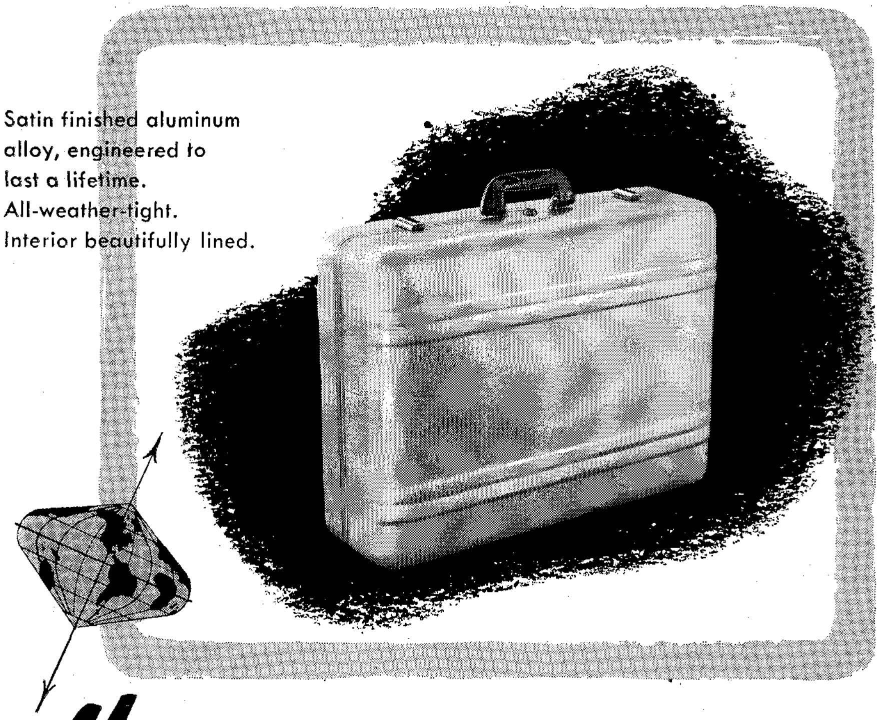


type, in a fetching shade of light blue, is laid in a vast wall-to-wall expanse, and it makes a very fine show. A nine-by-twelve Scots-Wai costs $24.95. The least expensive of the numerous Waite fibre rugs is Fairwai; a nine-by-twelve example costs $19.95. It's neat and cool-looking, but decidedly a proposition for summer only; with its design of interrupted stripes that form—or almost form—big, random squares, it is especially agreeable in yellow and white on a soft-green background.

OTHER fibre rugs that will probably see a lot of people comfortably through the summer are made in Holland of sisal woven in an allover Jacquard pattern of large squares in good shades of yellow, brown, green, or gray. These rugs are not only very cheerful, in their clear, fresh colors, but I am told they wear admirably, being reversible, and are no trouble to keep clean. Like nearly all the new fibre rugs, they are bound with broad cotton braid, which, although in this case it is dyed to match the material exactly, does disrupt the unity of the rug. When I complained about this minor defect, I was told that the nature of the fibres requires that they be bound; all the same, I can't help thinking that if I were smart enough to invent a fibre rug in the first place, I would be smart enough to invent a less distracting binding. Bound, though, is how they come, and a nine-by-twelve costs around $40 at Macy, Altman, and Bloomingdale.

TO polish off once and for all the subject of what's going on the floor this summer, maybe I had better call your attention to some interesting doormats at Altman. East Indian doormats of sheared coco fibre, almost incredibly thick and looking like a crew cut, have long been a specialty at Altman. They appear in every size and shape in natural brown, with fancy borders and intricate geometric inserts of bleached fibres. The new mats use the coco fibre with very different effect in a tightly-braided serpentine design, and the result is both an efficient boot scraper and a nice pattern for porch or terrace. An eighteen-by-thirty-inch mat, big enough to take care of the largest and muddiest boot, costs $4.95.

IN recent years at this season, I have thought it something of an achievement to be able to cull a few sheep from the ornate goats offered as furniture for our gardens and terraces. Recently, however, outdoor things have grown



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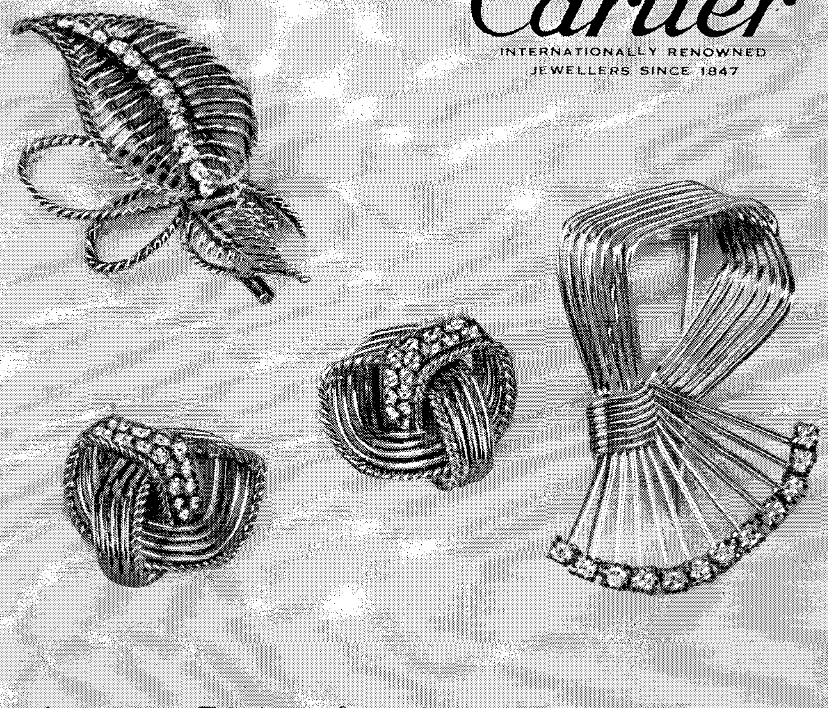

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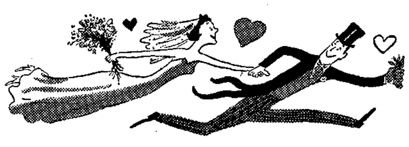

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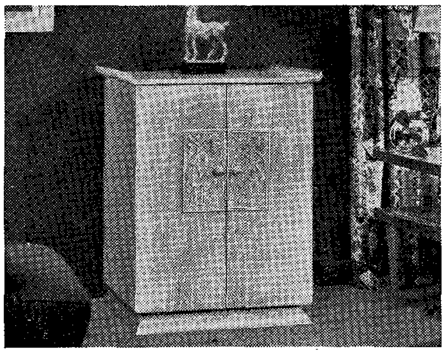

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simpler, cleaner of line, and more comfortable, and this summer, anybody who keeps her eyes open can be reasonably sure of picking up garden chairs and tables of charm, and even some distinction, at the nearest reliable housefurnishings store. So, I not only shan't waste another thought on outdoor furniture, but propose to take into the country living room one of the standbys of the front porch. Anybody who owns a British Officer chair, that paragon of comfort and neat good looks that I have been harping on for the past several years—it's built along the order of a deck chair—must have wished at one time or another that a chair with the same comfort and unpretentious grace could be found for the country indoors. Or, to be more specific, that the British Officer might be furbished with a more decorative material than the heavy canvas perfectly suited to outdoor life but not to the living room. I have brought this matter up now and again with the shops that carry the Officer, only to be told that the strain on the chair's back and seat would be too much for the usual upholstery fabric. Now, however, the manufacturer has had the bright idea of stitching any material of your choice over the standard canvas—hand-blocked linen, wool, or even a light chintz can be used. This opens up a brilliant future for the British Officer, decked out in a lively fabric that matches or harmonizes with draperies and upholstery. The spruced-up chair (as well as the plain old canvas model, which costs around $19) can be had through New Design, 33 East 75th Street, and Edward A. Roffman Associates, 303 East 51st Street. The price is $26, and the customer furnishes the fabric to cover the chair; one yard of forty-eight- to fifty-four-inch material is required, or a yard and a half of thirty-six- to forty-eight-inch material. Delivery is promised in three or four weeks.

THIS exercise, concerned as it is with the pleasures of summer living, should perhaps have started off with a report on some remarkable window screens manufactured by Columbia Mills. Screens are, as sensible householders will agree, a lot more necessary to summer pleasure than a chair or rug. Columbia's screens are made of flexible aluminum mesh, without frames, and can be rolled up like a window shade for winter storage. The installation is almost too simple to be believed; it's done from the room side (it's impossible to open the screen from the out-

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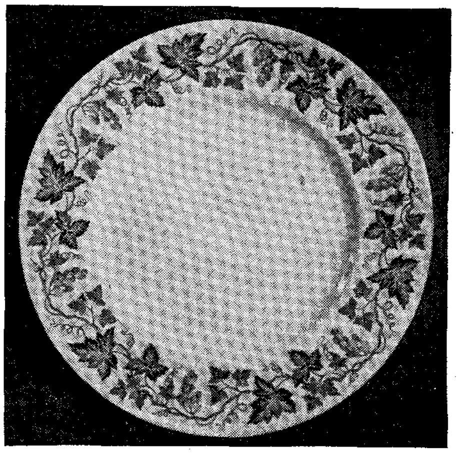

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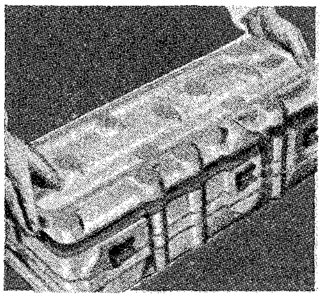
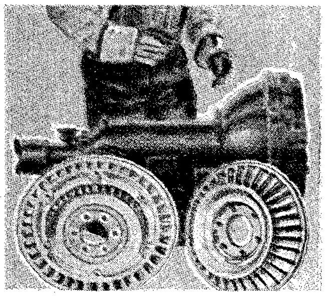
Alcoa Aluminum

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA



The newest trick in aluminum cylinder heads—Alcoa's low-cost way of joining simple, little castings together to make a big, intricate part.



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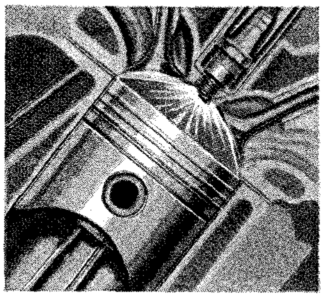
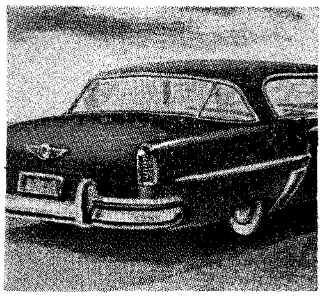


Every new car has aluminum pistons—many Alcoa Aluminum. Alcoa does more piston research than any other metal supplier.



No plating to chip or peel when automobile trim is bright, satin, or color finish Alcoa Aluminum. Economy for the motor-maker, too!

side), by putting three screws in the top of the window frame and fixing two small, lever-operated locking devices to the bottom. The screen hitches onto the screws at the top, and is anchored firmly at the bottom by the locking devices (they are called "tension locks"), which hold it as taut as a drum. I can't say from personal observation how long these impressive screens will hold up, but people who used them last summer report that the tension lock automatically takes up the sag or bulge that usually comes with time, and that the screen never for a moment loses its tight, insectproof fit. The surprising thing in what looks like so permanent an installation is that the tension locks can easily be released, so that the screen swings free when it is time to dust the sill or wash the window. The screens come in a large variety of stock sizes, ranging from twenty inches wide and thirty-eight inches long ($3.86) to forty-eight inches wide and seventy inches long ($8.66), but they all have to be ordered from the mill, and delivery takes about a week. Special orders, which take no longer but are slightly more expensive, can be placed for any size up to five feet wide and seven feet long. Both the stock and the made-to-order screens can be ordered at, among other places, National Window Shade Company, 40 East 20th Street; I. M. Cohen, 115 West 10th Street; Simon Ventilighter Company, 101 Park Avenue (40th); and Jack Morris, 204 West 84th Street. —S. H.

•

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"I will hold quite still and bow my head."

"Draw us," the willows cried.
"We will lift our gentle skirts aside."

The poppies called, "We will give you red."
"I will give you silver," the river said.

I recall on this neglected lawn
How the world knelt sweetly to be drawn. —Henry Rago

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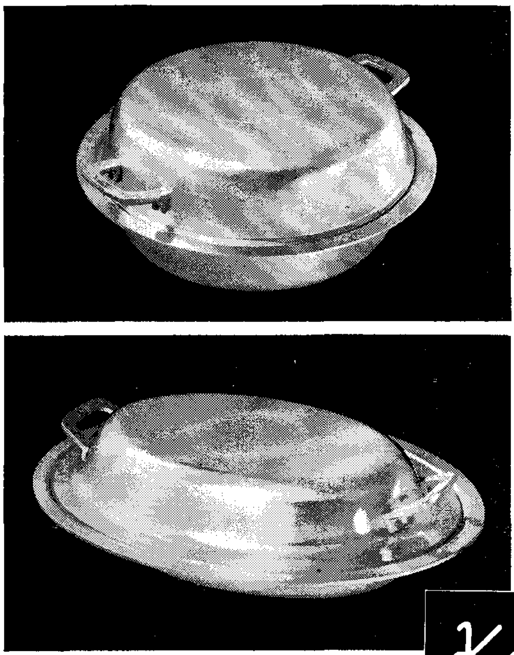

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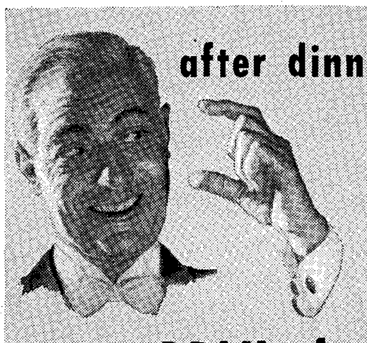

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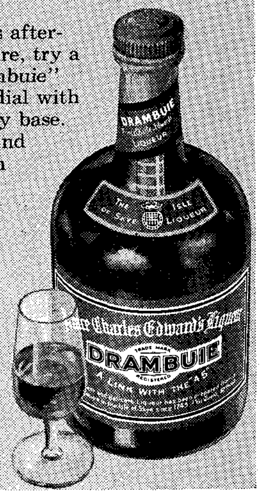

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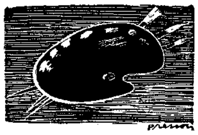
THE ART GALLERIES

Nearly Over



THIS is the time of year when the group shows appear, mournfully signalling the season's waning, and this week there's a fairly representative assortment to discuss, ranging from the American Abstract Artists' annual spring exhibition of small oils and sculptures, at the Hacker Gallery, to an array of generally traditional drawings and water colors at the Kraushaar—and including, midway between in style, a collection of works by four painters and one sculptor, at the Valentin.

This last has an international character, for of the five men only two, Alton Pickens and Irving Kriesberg, are Americans; Reg Butler, Bruno Cassinari, and Jan Cox are British, Italian, and Belgian, respectively. I found it an interesting show, especially because four of the men—all of them fairly young—are practically unknown here. Pickens is an exception, for he has shown fairly regularly at the Whitney Annuals and was included in the Modern Museum's "Fourteen Americans" collection of 1946. His almost savagely ironic Surrealist style, with its harsh, lurid color and Flemish grotesquerie (see "The Acrobat," "Boating Party," and "Actor and Family" in the current enterprise), has, moreover, helped make him memorable. Kriesberg, though, has been shown here only once before, in the Modern's "Fifteen Americans" exhibition last year, and except for a still scantier appearance four years ago by Cassinari the others are completely unknown in this country. They are all, however, men of considerable talent, and the show is a spirited one. Kriesberg, I thought, was perhaps the best. Expressionist in style, with an attack that—particularly in "Night Shepherd" and the more fully developed "Pan with Horn"—reminds one of the German Max Beckmann, he is a bold yet authoritative colorist, and he has a strong sense of formal values that usually gives a basic solidity to even his most exuberant compositions. When he goes astray, it is because of a tendency to scatter his effects, as in the study called "Birds." But his work can be both rich and powerful, and such pieces as "Red and Green Birds," with its spiralling movement, and the massively planned "A Dancer Before the Sheep" are handsome canvases indeed.

Jan Cox, too, though overly suave, has done a number of nice pieces, notably the pale-toned, gently dreamlike "The Sleeper" and the curiously archaic "Beggar and Boy." Cassinari, who works in the newly developed neo-Cubist style—like that of the early Orphists but with a blockier design—that is in vogue in Europe, shows a very pleasant blue "Figs" and a "Red Tablecloth," both still lifes. Next to Kriesberg and Pickens, the sculptor Reg Butler has the most originality. There are traces of Giacometti in his work, particularly in "Maquette for the Unknown Political Prisoner," a tripodlike construction that looks a little like a ship's conning tower and a little like an airplane beacon and has the airiness of both, and which is one of the best designs I've seen in this (as it turned out) generally unsuccessful contest. But even here the influence is slight, and for the most part one feels that Butler's inspiration is distinctly his own. I liked most of all the sinister "The Box" and his abstract studies of the human figure (they're interesting to compare, incidentally, for the differences in treatment) called "Woman Walking," "Young Woman," and "Torso."

BOTH the other group shows I've mentioned, the Kraushaar affair and the Abstract Artists collection, are small exhibitions, but apart from that there is little resemblance between them. The former, although it contains some new work, is mainly nostalgic, and the majority of the pieces are by artists of a generation or so ago, while the other is by definition exclusively "modern." In the first exhibit, there's an early Pascin pen-and-wash study of a group of nudes that's especially notable (it's untitled, as far as I could discover), Pop Hart's lively "Corral," and a massively handled Bavarian mountain scene, called "Alpspitz Mittenwald," by Marsden Hartley. I liked, too, George Luks' brisk "Park Scene" and the tender study of a girl called "Dressing," by John Sloan. At the Hacker, I enjoyed Michael Loew's dazzlingly brilliant "Yellow Painting No. 3," John Sennhauser's more severely handled "Black Form in Yellow Space," Harry Tedlie's spiky-patterned "Mutation," and, among the sculptures, Israel Levitan's "Growth," done in plaster.

THE exhibition called "Selection, II," now at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, can also be recommended. I missed the first one of the series, which is designed to give the Museum's permanent collection an airing, and I regret it, for the present one is a most handsome and instructive showing. Seventy-two paintings and a few sculptures are included; the modern Europeans of the period from about 1910 to 1930 are the artists principally covered; and one of the main interests is the number of real innovators—many of them now, unhappily, half forgotten—who are featured.

There's a Heinrich Campendonk country scene, done in 1920 and called "Listening," whose tonality and gently bucolic distortions reveal a number of unexpected linkages with the much better-known Chagall. The now often overlooked Gino Severini, one of the great figures among the Italian Futurists, has "Red Cross Train," which catches stirringly the effect of a train in swift motion, while, of the De Stijl group, Georges Vantongerloo and F. Vordemberge-Gildewart (the first with a severely simplified and imposing "Composition, Green-Blue-Purple-Black" and the latter with a slightly less well realized "Composition, No. 131"), as well as the more famous Piet Mondrian, are featured.

Kandinsky is well represented, with an array of canvases that range from the early, Futurist "Landscape" and "Rain" to such later and more rigorously stylized pieces as "Three Chords" and "Development Upwards." Together, they testify again to the enormous vigor and inventiveness of the man—perhaps, after Picasso, the most versatile of all modern artists. There are a few Picassos, too, headed by an especially good-looking (and oddly Cézanne) still life, "Composition," from his Cubist days. But the French section, like the others, is largely important for the way it refocusses our attention on such men as Gleizes, Metzinger, and Delaunay, and the whole show serves to remind us that the modern movement was much broader in its appeal, and much less a product of scattered individual talents, than is now frequently supposed.

—Robert M. Coates

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Editors:

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

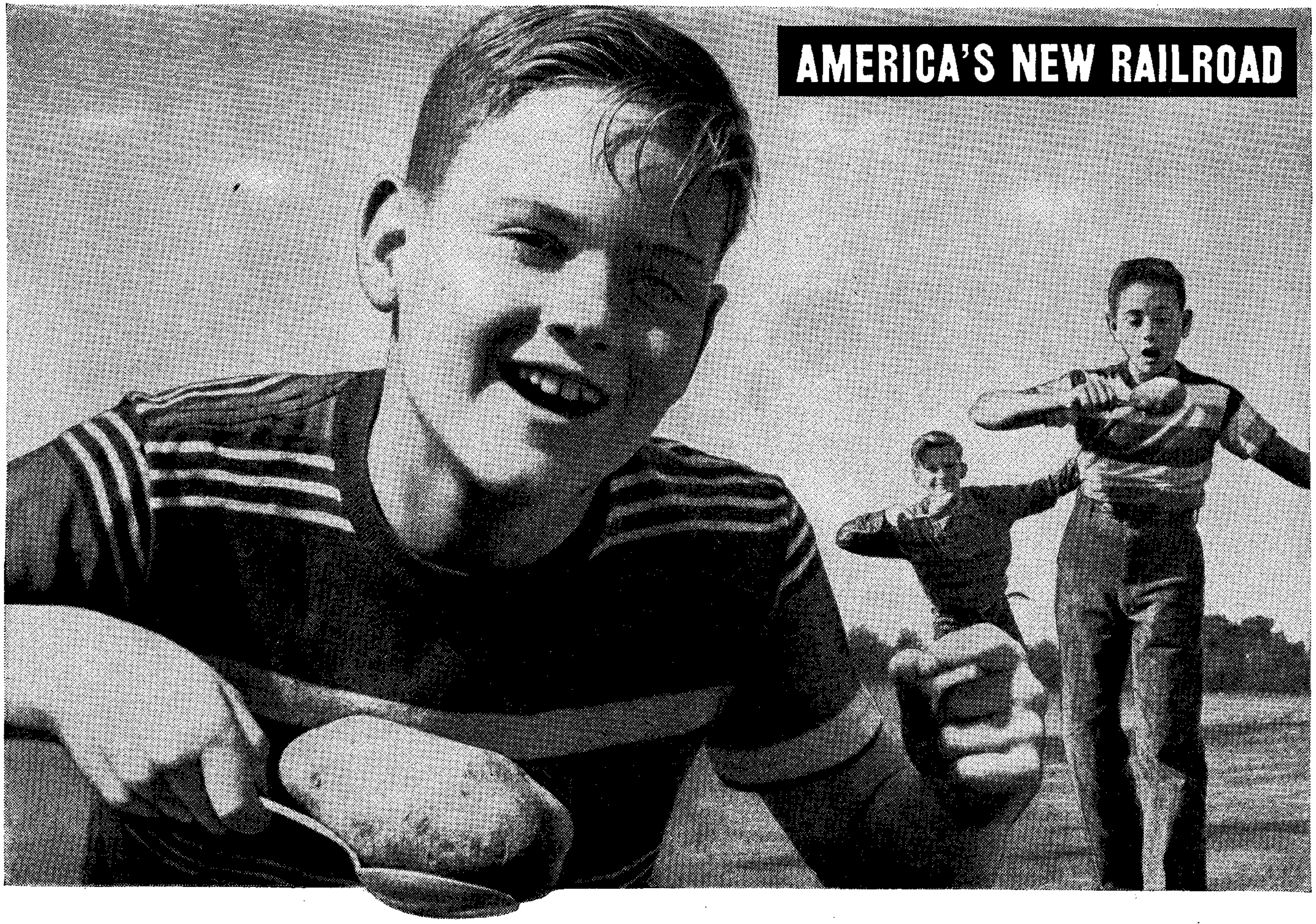
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF UNTER DEN EICHEN

WHEN I first met the Asendorf girls, in Berlin, toward the end of 1950, Charlotte was eleven years old and Irene was nine. They were pretty, bright-eyed children, curious about and stimulated by the strange sounds and sights of the big city they had been in only a short while. They looked and talked and behaved like the other American children in Berlin, most of whose fathers were stationed there temporarily, either as members of the armed forces, the State Department, or some other government agency. I remember the girls in their blue jeans and red sweaters, which their mother had brought along from Portland, Oregon. There was an air of happiness and exuberance about the youngsters that set them apart from the German children in Berlin, whose faces still reflected the war years, malnutrition, and the aftermath of defeat.

The children of American military and civilian personnel in Berlin had, as they still have, a large choice of recreations, many of them organized by the United States Army. There were ice-cream parlors, bowling alleys, snack bars, outings on the Wannsee and picnics in the woods, tennis and basketball tournaments, dances and parties and musical afternoons, community celebrations at Thanksgiving and on the Fourth of July, and five theatres showing American movies. Charlotte and Irene were not allowed to attend any of these, for although they had American passports, they did not have the identification cards issued by the Defense Department to the dependents of all Americans in government service in Berlin. They were also denied the opportunity to attend the American Dependents School, and neither they nor their parents had any way of getting scrip dollars, which are the only medium of exchange in the Army-operated commissaries, theatres, clubs, and post exchanges. For that matter, the girls had no PX cards and were not permitted to enter the post exchanges. True, on Sunday mornings, they could go to the American Sunday School and afterward worship at the American Church of Berlin, but even there they rarely talked to other American children, all of whom were attending the Dependents School and formed a rather close group. Late in the afternoon, Charlotte and Irene might visit some American snack bar to listen to the juke box and breathe in the sweet, homely smell of French fries and popcorn, and once in a while an American friend of their parents would bring them something from the post exchange—a jar of mayonnaise or a box of Aunt Jemima pancake flour or a bottle of Log Cabin syrup. Back in Oregon, the girls hadn't particularly cared for Log Cabin syrup, but in Berlin they loved it, because it reminded them of home and of Meier & Frank, a department store in Portland where their mother had done much of her shopping. In Berlin, Mrs. Asendorf had to do her shopping in German stores, and when she and the girls went downtown they were not entitled to ride on the buses the Army operates for authorized Americans but had to travel on the municipal buses and on the U-Bahn (subway) and the S-Bahn (elevated). Life, as a matter of fact, was an endless series of frustrations for Charlotte and Irene, for their mother, Signe, an American citizen born in Portland, and for their father, Werner Asendorf, a German citizen who was once a *Bannführer*, or regional leader, in the Hitler Jugend (the Nazi youth organization) and an employee of Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry.

MY initial encounter with Asendorf had occurred two years earlier, in the summer of 1948, when I was in Berlin looking for a qualified person to do some research for an article I was writing. A member of the American Press Club there mentioned him as a possible candidate. He had done odd jobs of that sort for several American correspondents, spoke good English, and was said to be an able, hard-working newspaperman with good contacts and a thorough knowledge of the city. Checking further, I found that everybody agreed about his professional ability, but there seemed to be some question as to his political past. Two American correspondents told me that they didn't trust him; they thought he was one of those clever Nazis one hears about who are just lying low, biding their time. Then I met a high-ranking American Intelligence officer who was familiar with Asendorf's denazification case and

“The agreement, as I remember it, Mr. Plitz, was for room and board and telephone privileges.”



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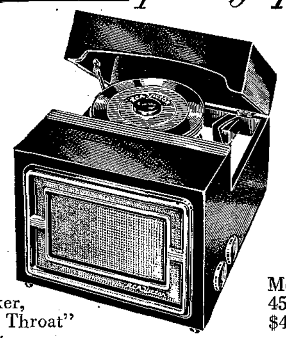

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had seen his files. He said he was quite sure that Asendorf was all right. I decided to talk to Asendorf and decide for myself whether he would do for the job I had in mind.

I got in touch with Asendorf and he agreed to meet me at the Press Club, but when he got there he asked if we could go somewhere else. "There are people here who dislike me as a former Nazi," he said bluntly. I suggested a nearby *Bierstube*, but he said he'd much prefer a certain American snack bar. He was a tall, sloppily dressed blond man with a tendency toward baldness and overweight. His face was ruddy, round, and clean-shaven. He wore thick glasses, and I later learned that he was helpless without them. After we had reached the snack bar and had seated ourselves as far as possible from the maddening noise of the juke box, he kept taking his glasses off and rubbing his eyes gently with a thumb and forefinger. His facial expression during our talk that day was mostly one of embarrassment. He talked in long-drawn-out, introspective, Teutonic sentences that conveyed a brooding sense of hopelessness as he inextricably wove his immediate personal problems into the generally confused pattern of the world around him.

After a second cup of coffee, Asendorf showed me some pictures of his wife and their two little girls, who were then living in Portland. He said he hadn't seen his family since 1946 and was terribly lonesome for them. "I wish I could go to America," he went on. "But the American consul turned me down. I told him I was fed up with the destructive hatred of Europe and would be happy only in the States. After all, I've lived there. Signe and I got married in Portland in 1939. I spent the happiest months of my life there. And I made my biggest mistake when I didn't have the guts to break with Germany and stay in the States, shortly before the beginning of the war. Instead, I came back here, dragging my poor wife with me."

I decided to give Asendorf a try, and during the weeks that followed, he did a conscientious, workmanlike job of gathering the material I wanted. He would spend hours in libraries or travelling all over town to clear up some minor detail, and he appeared to know lots of people in all walks of life who were in a position to help him get whatever information he was after. He seemed to be oppressed by a tremendous sense of guilt and glad to unburden himself. He said he felt uncomfortable in Berlin; on the one hand, the Americans were suspicious of him because he had once been a Nazi, and, on the other, his former German friends looked down on him because he was too *Amerika-freundlich.*

From various conversations I had with Asendorf, I got the feeling that he perhaps liked to dramatize things a bit. I recall one time in particular, not long after our first meeting, when he stopped by to report on the progress he was making and, being in an even more self-searching mood than usual, lingered on to tell me about his life and the events that had led him to what he repeatedly called his "dilemma." He had been born on May 26, 1914, a couple of months before the beginning of the First World War, in Luckenwalde, a small town thirty miles southwest of Berlin that is now an important Red Army garrison in the Soviet Zone of Germany. His father was a well-to-do blanket manufacturer. Asendorf and his two sisters lived a sheltered, upper-middle-class life until 1927, when their father's business failed. Among the people of the narrow-minded, provincial town, bankruptcy was considered a crime on a par with embezzlement. The local minister, who had been a close friend of Asendorf's father, soon forbade his children to associate with the children of a "criminal." From the time he entered school, Asendorf's extreme nearsightedness had handicapped his attempts to play like other children; now his classmates would have nothing at all to do with him. His teachers liked him even less, and he showed that he reciprocated their feelings by refusing to stand at attention when they addressed him or to click his heels when he was dismissed.

"I was always getting into jams," Asendorf said. "And when I'd get into one, I wouldn't worry so much about the jam itself but about finding a good excuse for having got into it in the first place. I was really mixed up. I hated the Jews intellectually and believed my teachers when they called the Jews the root of all evil, but I couldn't help liking the few Jewish boys in Luckenwalde I happened to know personally. I felt scorn for the rotten bourgeois world and I wanted to rebel against the capitalistic system that had degraded my family."

In this confused frame of mind, Asendorf joined the Wandervögel, an organization in some ways similar to the Boy Scouts, whose leaders were uninhibited National Socialists. They took long hikes through the woods and held even longer political indoctrination meetings, at which their leaders advocated overthrowing capitalism and replacing it with a peculiar blend of ultra-nationalism and socialism. This sounded fine to Asendorf. The boys were told that their job was to win over the workers, who were needed to build Hitler's thousand-year Reich. In a breast-beating confession that Asendorf wrote for the American Army's Criminal Investigation Corps at the end of the war, and that I have since read, he said of this time in his life, "National unity seemed to me necessary as a means of overcoming economic difficulties, and I did not resent the idea of an all-powerful state. I was sixteen years old, I hated contact with brute reality but admired the ideas of national purity, socialist prosperity, and freedom from the 'chains of Versailles.' Mass rallies meant high adventure and escape from the sordid life at home."

Before long, Asendorf came under the spell of Dr. Goebbels. "I'd always wanted to become a priest," he told me. "But Goebbels' inspiring oratory made me decide to switch to writing. I was overwhelmed by the little *Doktor*. It seemed to me that Hitler appealed to the base emotions of the masses, while Goebbels addressed himself to the aristocracy of the mind. The first time I heard him speak, I went home and wrote him an ardent fan letter. Imagine my excitement when he published it in his newspaper, *Der Angriff!* After that, I never missed a single Sportpalast meeting at which Goebbels spoke. I would leave my home early in the morning and take a train to Berlin, and then stand in line for hours outside the Sportpalast, waiting for the doors to open, so that I could be in the front row. I didn't tell my father where I was going. He was a right-of-center man whose sympathies were with the industrialists of the Rhine and the Ruhr. I read *Der Angriff* every morning like a bible, and I began to memorize Goebbels' daily editorials. My father finally found out about my passion and became very angry. We had quite a scene. He shouted that I was a traitor and I shouted back, 'If Dr. Goebbels ordered me to shoot you, Father, I'd do it!' Far from being hurt, my father was deeply impressed. Blind submission to a leader never fails to touch the soul of a real German. He assumed that there must be something to a man who could so completely excite a boy's imagination. On my next trip to the Sportpalast, my father went with me. He didn't like Goebbels, but he fell for Hitler, whom he'd always called an upstart and dema-

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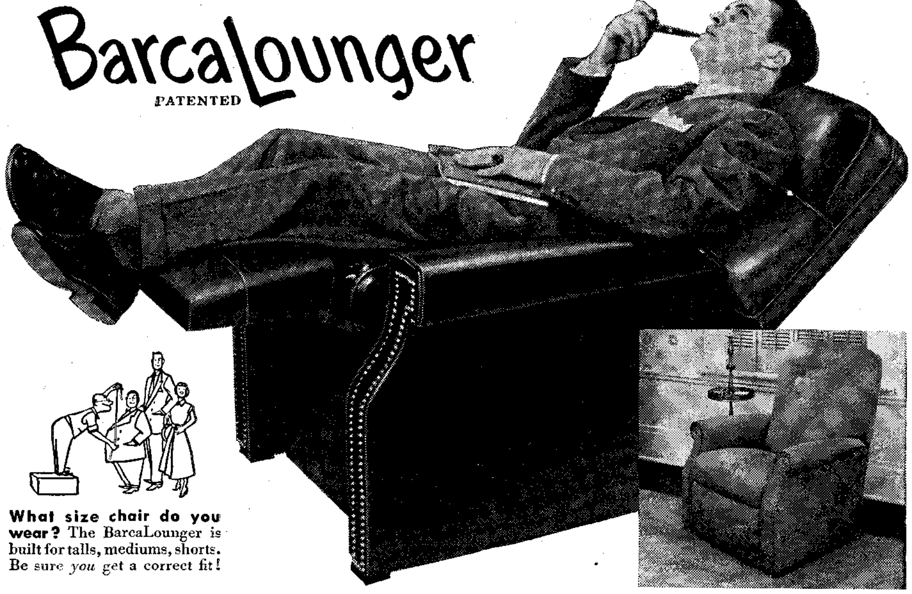

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gogue. He became convinced that Hitler was Germany's destiny. We moved to Potsdam the following year and my father joined the Nazi Party there. He was kicked out in 1933 because he was a Freemason."

In Potsdam, young Asendorf studied at the *Gymnasium.* He used to make political speeches in class, imitating his idol, Goebbels, and when the history teacher organized a mock parliament, modelled after the Reichstag, Asendorf chose to represent the Nazi Party. After his graduation, in 1931, he went to Munich, the center of the Nazi movement. He felt right at home there, writing fiery articles against those "decadent old men" Brüning and Hindenburg, and sending them to Nazi publications. The editor of one of these thought so favorably of them that he gave him a job in a publishing house run by the Hitler Jugend. There Asendorf was introduced to Baldur von Schirach, the dandified leader of the young Nazis. An impressionable youngster, Asendorf quickly switched his veneration from Goebbels to von Schirach, who before long appointed him managing editor of a bi-weekly newspaper called *Junger Sturmtrupp.* Asendorf joined the Jugend and received a golden Hitler Jugend lapel pin, as did all youths who signed up before 1933. He had been a member only a few weeks when von Schirach made him a *Bannführer zur besonderen Verwendung,* or regional leader for special duty, a title—commonly shortened to *Bannführer z.b.V.*—that gave him authority and entitled him to wear the brown uniform of the Jugend, with dagger and insignia, which made the girls look twice and was helpful when he felt like stopping a car and telling the driver to take him to an appointment. However, he told me—and the records appear to bear him out—that he never held permanent rank in the Jugend; his name was never registered at the Jugend's central headquarters and he never paid any dues. And he never became a member of the Nazi Party.

Von Schirach talked a great deal about the "holy mission" of the Jugend. He wanted to "rejuvenate" the Nazi Party by making the Jugend strong enough to take it over when it showed signs of decay and corruption. Asendorf was wildly enthusiastic, but not for long. "A few months after the burning of the Reichstag, in February, 1933, I had a nasty shock," he told me. "A rich businessman in Hamburg had given von Schirach a hundred thousand marks to publish a Hitler Jugend daily paper, which was to inspire the youth of Germany to rise above the cynicism of the older party politicians. Then von Schirach announced that there would be no paper. I found that he'd used the money to buy himself a house, the former Russian Embassy, on Kronprinzenufer. Soon after that, one of my close friends, Gotthard Auerlahn, who held a Nazi Party membership card numbered below 100,000 and had been awarded the golden Party badge, was given an important job in the Hitler Jugend organization. He got himself a large office and two automobiles, and assumed an arrogant manner. It became impossible to see him. He had no time for his old friends. I got so mad that I wrote an article called *'Lasst die Idee nicht Beschmutzen!'* ['Don't Let the Idea Be Smudged!'], which was critical of men who violated our ideals. As a result, I was fired from my editorial job."

Asendorf went to Berlin and studied history at the University. Like a great many Germans, he'd always secretly admired England, and now he began to read up on British history. It made him wonder whether law and order didn't mean a little more than guns and slogans. Then, on June 30, 1934, came the execution, without trial, of Ernst Roehm and some of his followers. That was enough for Asendorf, and he resigned from the Jugend, though he was still a fervent German patriot. He once walked out of a meeting held by Julius Streicher, the notorious publisher of *Der Stürmer,* because he couldn't stand the brutal tactics he advocated against Jews, but a few days later he helped a group of Streicher boys raise the swastika over a synagogue, "because I felt that the German symbol must fly everywhere."

Asendorf and Auerlahn became friendly again and engaged in many

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heated discussions of political theory. Auerlahn believed in a "Eurasian block from Vladivostok to Cologne;" Asendorf contended that Germany must remain part of the Western World and Christian civilization. They finally decided that what they needed was a trip around the world to find out what people elsewhere were thinking about Germany. Asendorf's father had recouped his losses and was making out well as the owner of a building-and-loan association, and, after some prodding, he consented to put up 3,600 marks, or $1,500, for his son's share of the journey; Auerlahn had money of his own. In August, 1935, the two young men set out for Canada. They were astonished at the vastness of the North American continent. It became clear to them that, no matter what they'd been told back home, Germany was not the world.

In Winnipeg, Asendorf received bad news. A letter from his father informed him that he could expect no further funds. The Nazis had expropriated the building-and-loan association without compensation, and his father was broke again. Since his ticket had been paid for, Asendorf thought he might as well keep going, and set out with Auerlahn for China, where the two separated. Auerlahn returned home and Asendorf went on to Tsingtao, a Chinese city with a large German colony, where he spent a few weeks as an adviser in a German youth camp. The Nazi spirit was thriving there. Sitting around a campfire, singing patriotic songs and listening to impassioned speeches, Asendorf grew homesick for the Fatherland and began to feel like a traitor. Here he was junketing about the world, enjoying himself, while back in Germany, he felt sure, his country needed him. He returned home by way of Manila and the United States, stopping over in St. Paul, Chicago, and New York He had little money left, but everywhere hospitable people—German-Americans and German-speaking Jews—invited him to stay at their houses.

When Asendorf arrived in Potsdam, in February, 1937, he was shocked to find that his father had been thrown into jail for demanding compensation for the business the Nazis had taken away from him. Asendorf's mother was in bed with a nervous breakdown. "As a patriot, I still loved my country, yet I began to hate it, too, for the injustice done to my father and for the corruption everywhere," Asendorf told me. He borrowed some money and, taking

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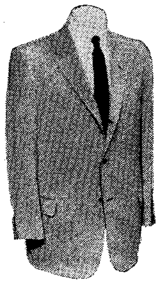

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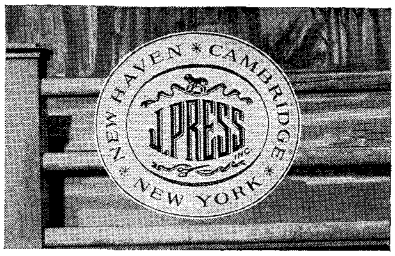

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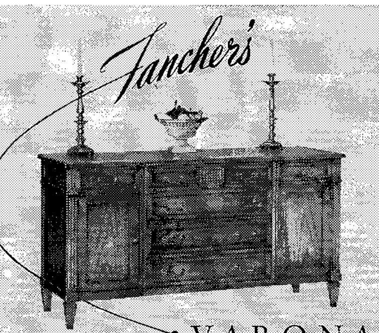

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advantage of the corruption everywhere, bribed the necessary officials to get his father out of jail. Then he sold some articles on China to a German newspaper and wangled a scholarship as an exchange student in America. He was interested in Russia, where he'd never been, and, thinking he would have a look at that country before proceeding to America, bought a ticket across Siberia at the Soviet Intourist travel bureau. On the morning he was to leave, however, a Gestapo agent appeared at his home and took away his passport. Hitler Jugend headquarters in Berlin had decided that Asendorf was no longer "trustworthy" and had behaved "*undeutsch*" in the United States by accepting the hospitality of Jewish people. He was forbidden to leave Germany.

"I managed to get a letter to Baldur von Schirach," Asendorf told me. "My passport was returned to me, but I was not permitted to go by way of Russia. I quickly set out for Canada, before the Nazis could change their minds again. Then came the happiest year of my life. I went to the Pacific Northwest and studied journalism at the University of Oregon, in Eugene. I had a wonderful time on the campus. They made me a member of Beta Theta Pi. I lived in the fraternity house and experienced a sense of personal freedom such as I had never known before. I met my future wife in a news-editing class. She was a coed named Signe Rasmussen. Her parents had migrated from Denmark to America only thirty years before, but Signe was American *durch und durch*. I was still a German patriot, so naturally we fought and argued a lot. The second time I saw her, I made up my mind to marry her. I gave her my fraternity pin. On the campus, I was considered a sort of expert on Europe. I began to grow uncomfortable at the thought of Nazism, but I still defended Germany whenever other people criticized her. I made speeches in class praising America for its freedom and democratic ideas, but I defended Germany's authoritarian form of government, on the ground that there was a national emergency. I would wind up my speeches with the promise that I would condemn Germany if I ever became convinced that the country was being run by a ruthless dictator. Gives you an idea how mixed up I still was in 1938.

"I needed money, so I went back to China and wrote articles on the situation there for some newspapers in Germany, but the papers rejected my stuff, saying that it was too pro-Chinese. I wrote a series called '*Amerikanische Freiheit*' ['American Freedom'] for the *Berliner Börsenzeitung*, but they stopped running it after the third installment, when the editors, and the political line, changed. At the time of the Munich agreement, I was in Manchuria. I'd always hated war, and when Chamberlain spoke of peace in our time, I believed him and rejoiced."

Asendorf had promised Signe to be back in Portland by the end of the year, and he returned there on the thirtieth of December. They decided to get married as soon as he could find a job. He got in touch with DNB, a German news agency, in New York and was told there was a place for him. Thus assured, he and Signe were married in Portland on March 25, 1939. As a German citizen, he should have reported his marriage to the German Consulate, but he didn't bother to. He bought a jalopy for thirty dollars—a third of all the money he had—and the newlyweds took off on a honeymoon trip, heading East. Upon arriving in New York, Asendorf was informed by DNB that the job had been given to a "more deserving" man; he turned out to be a member of the Nazi Party. The German consul general, whom Asendorf went to ask for help in finding work, was outraged at his failure to report his marriage. Asendorf had become much too Americanized, said the consul; he needed an overhauling in the Fatherland and must return home on the next boat. The consul went on to warn him that he would be deported to Germany as soon as his temporary residential permit in America expired, that he would be arrested upon arrival in Germany, and that his parents would be held responsible for his misconduct abroad.

When Asendorf came to this point in his story, he looked at me unhappily. "Signe asked me to make a clean break, but I didn't have the guts to do it," he said. "Of course, I could have applied to the American immigration authorities for permission to remain permanently in the States, and there is every reason to believe that, as I was the husband of an American citizen, my request would have been granted. But I was too weak. I had a thousand excuses: Loss of German citizenship. My old parents. No job in America. No money. I argued and argued until Signe gave in and said all right, but she was coming with me. I told her we would stay just a short time in Germany and then come right back to

America. So the German Consulate put up the money, and we arrived in Potsdam in May, 1939."

Asendorf's family was not very pleased about his marriage. His father had always counselled his children, "Never marry a foreigner; it won't work out," and here was his only son bringing home an American, a potential enemy of the Reich. After a brief stay in Potsdam, Asendorf and his wife moved to Berlin, where he set about looking for work. Mrs. Asendorf didn't like it there. The standard of living was considerably lower than in Portland, and she noticed a lot of things that Asendorf had more or less come to take for granted. She was shocked, for example, by a sign she saw on the door of a restaurant on Friedrichstrasse, which read, "JUDEN VERBOTEN." It was one thing to read in a Portland newspaper about this ugly business and another to see it with one's own eyes. Asendorf's German friends made it rather obvious that they regarded his marriage as a mistake. Signe felt lost and lonely.

For a while, Asendorf was employed by the United Press bureau in Berlin. He wasn't much disturbed by the outbreak of war that September. He more or less resigned himself to the idea that a lot of bombs would be dropped on the city and a lot of people would be killed. A few weeks later, he joined Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry as an expert on the United States. When he was asked to join the Nazi Party, he said, "Why, I am already a *Bannführer z.b.V.*" He was told that that was sufficient, and the rank of *Bannführer* was entered in his dossier. He was never again asked to join the Party. He was assigned to the American Section of the Foreign Press Department and became a liaison officer between the Ministry and the American correspondents in Berlin. Quite a few of them said after the war that he had been coöperative and as pro-American as he could in his position. Signe worked for a few months in the Prisoner-of-War Section of the American Embassy but had to quit when Asendorf's superiors expressed the fear that she might pass along secret information to American diplomats and told Asendorf it was either her job or his. After the blitzkrieg in Poland, Asendorf was ordered to take a group of foreign correspondents on a junket to Warsaw and other Polish cities. Signe went along for the ride.

"Warsaw looked awful—a dead city—but I wasn't particularly shocked by the destruction," Asendorf said to

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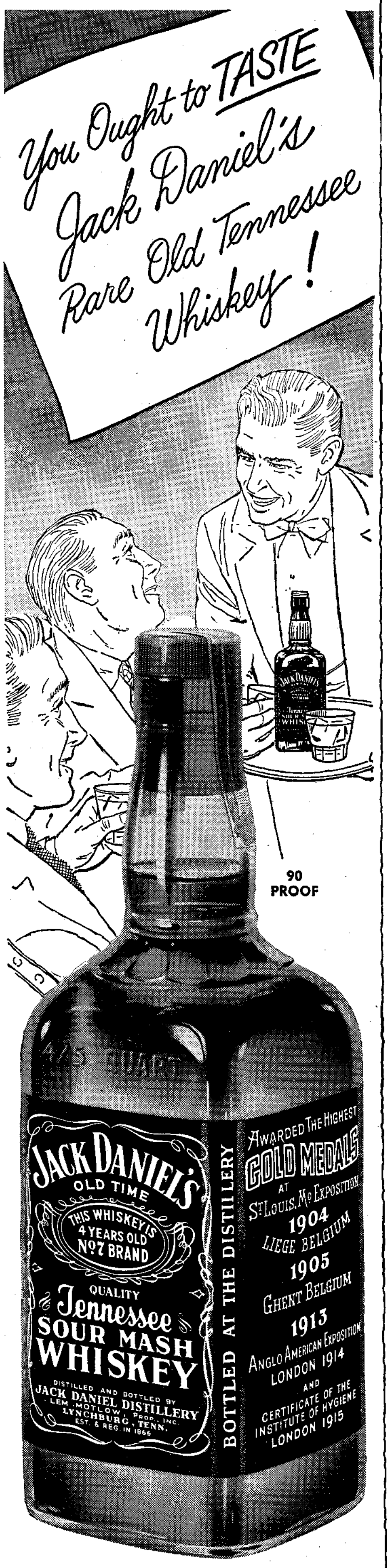

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me. "I told myself war is war and you've got to expect this sort of thing. I was amazed, though, at Signe's reaction. She was horribly shocked. When we went to the ghetto, she was so horror-stricken that she was unable to speak. I shook hands with two old leaders of the Jewish community, and those men were trembling with fear. That rather puzzled me, and I said to Signe, 'Did you see how afraid they were of me? It's funny, because I certainly don't look frightening, like those S.S. men. It's the first time anybody's ever been afraid of me.' Signe burst into tears and ran off to the hotel. Then I found I was in trouble with two German officials in our group. They gave me hell for shaking hands with the old men. After we got back to Berlin, Signe looked miserable. She said there was no doubt in her mind that Germany was going to lose the war. I said that that was nonsense. Hadn't she seen how quickly we'd won the campaign in Poland? Never mind, she said, Hitler was going to be finished sooner or later. She refused to talk to the few Germans she knew, even to my relatives. What's more, she was about to become a mother, and that increased her moodiness. Our Charlotte was born in Berlin on December 16, 1939. The only people we saw in those days were the American correspondents—Fred Oechsner, Joe Grigg, Dana Smith, and Jack Fleischer, of the United Press; Joe Harsch, of the *Christian Science Monitor;* Brooks Peters, of the New York *Times;* Steve Laird, of *Time;* W. B. Courtney, of *Collier's;* Dave Nichol, of the Chicago *Daily News;* and Sigrid Schultz, of the Chicago *Tribune.* Pete Huss, of the International News Service, told me that Germany was going to lose the war and that he would see to it that I got a good job after it was all over. Signe and I had nice evenings playing poker with the Americans. I liked our way of life, but the Gestapo didn't."

At the Propaganda Ministry, Asendorf was cautioned to stick to his desk and "avoid unnecessary contacts with American citizens." In a letter, a copy of which he managed to get hold of after the war, the National Security Office informed the Propaganda Ministry, on May 3, 1940: "Asendorf is acquainted with the United Press correspondent Frederick Oechsner. There is definite suspicion that he conveyed information to American correspondents that was not designed for foreign consumption."

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Asendorf was elated. He called up Signe at home to give her what seemed to him great news; now the war would be over soon. But Signe thought the news was terrible. "And the war isn't over yet," she said. "It's going to last a long, long while." As the summer wore on, she became more depressed, for she was expecting her second baby and the prospect of having it in the middle of another bleak, dreary Berlin winter seemed intolerable. Her doctor eased the situation by recommending a change of scene. Asendorf succeeded in packing her off to Florence, where, for a few weeks at least, she could see the sun and no German faces. Irene was born there on December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor. When word came that the United States had entered the war, Asendorf called his wife from Berlin. He was crying. He couldn't say much, because he knew that all long-distance wires were tapped, but he told her that from now on there would be no difference of opinion between them. Signe understood. When he went to Florence in March to bring her and the baby back to Berlin, he told her he agreed with her that Hitler was doomed.

ALL American citizens in Berlin had been urged to return home on the repatriation ship Gripsholm, which sailed for the States on May 28, 1942, but Signe decided to stick by her husband. There was a good chance that Asendorf would be sent to Lisbon to represent Europapress, a German news agency, and that they might all contrive to get from there to the States. But he didn't get the job, and in May, 1942, he was drafted into the Wehrmacht. He had been called up several times before and had always been turned down because of his eyes; now the physical standards had been lowered. He was sent to an infantry camp for basic training. There, between rifle practice and close-order drill, he kept writing to the Europapress people, asking to be sent to Lisbon. The letters were intercepted, and—because of them, he is convinced—he was ordered to Rostov, on the Eastern front. He was saved, though, by another physical examination, in which the doctor detected a heart murmur and classified him as fit only for garrison duty. To his delighted astonishment, he found himself assigned to Hitler's military headquarters in East Prussia. Presently, he was summoned to Berlin, where a colonel told him he had been selected to write fake news stories for the foreign press. Asendorf

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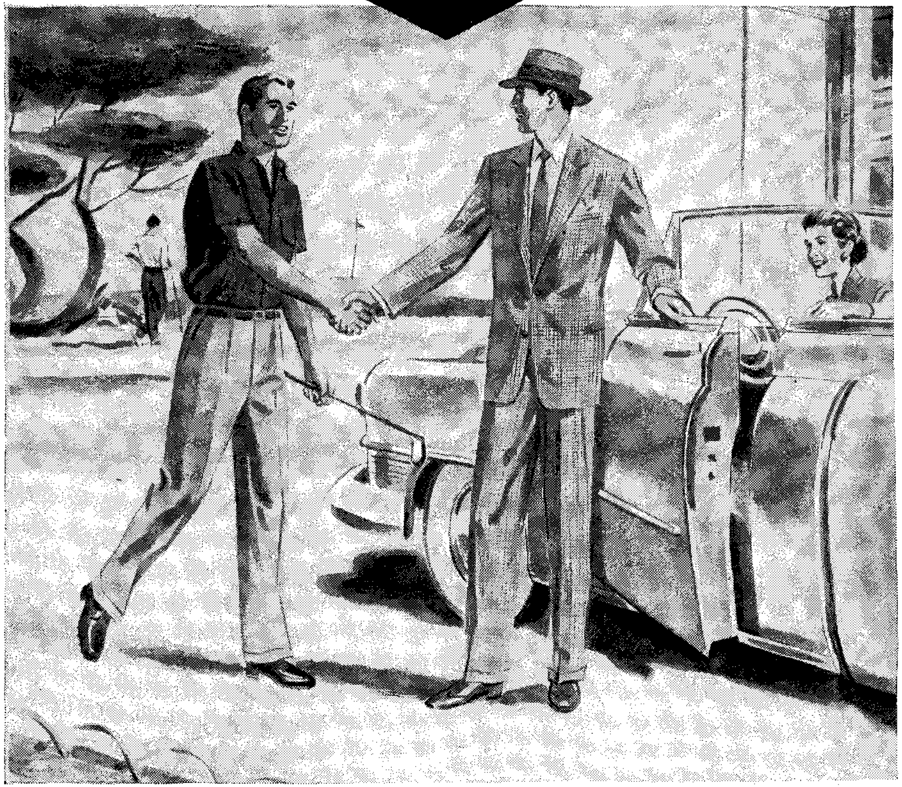

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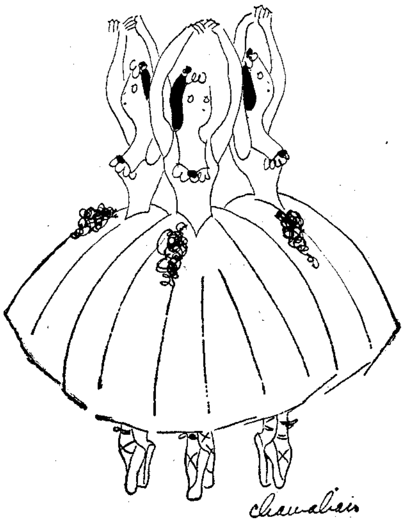
replied that that was hardly his line and that he thought he'd be more useful writing straight news stories for Europapress in Lisbon. The colonel denounced him as a traitor, and shortly thereafter Asendorf was examined by the Gestapo. He has a photostatic copy of a letter from the Gestapo to the *Reichspressechef*, which reads, in part, "Asendorf is married to an American citizen who has good connections with American diplomats in Lisbon . . . and exercises a hardly praiseworthy influence upon her husband. [In a later letter, Asendorf was referred to as *charakterlich etwas labil*—a somewhat unstable character.] His wife has tried to prevent his being drafted into the service. Asendorf himself has repeatedly made defeatist statements about the probable outcome of the war. . . . Asendorf will not be permitted to go to Lisbon."

Working through friends, Asendorf nimbly got assigned to the Foreign Press Section of the Army High Command in Berlin, where he remained until the end of the war. His job there was to help compile a daily digest of the progress of the war for members of the High Command and divisional field commanders, based on British, American, and Russian broadcasts. He wore civilian clothes, went home every night, and felt more in touch with the outside world than he had for some time. Most of the men in his office were anti-Nazis. When Asendorf started work on the news digest, it was sent out to four hundred and eight officers. As the war went from bad to worse, politically "unreliable" officers were taken off the distribution list in such numbers that after Stalingrad only sixteen were still receiving the digest.

The difficulties of daily life in Berlin—of getting milk for her two little girls and of putting up with the constant snooping of the Gestapo—finally became more than Signe could take. Asendorf, again pulling wires, succeeded in obtaining faked German passports for her and the children and arranged for them to go to Denmark, where the Nazis were then in control and where Mrs. Asendorf had relatives. In a diary she kept at the time, Mrs. Asendorf wrote, "It was on September 25, 1943, that Werner stood on the German side of the fence in Warnemünde, playing with Charlotte (3½ years) and Irene (1½ years), while I worked my way through the customs with 2 overnight bags, Werner's typewriter, and a huge shopping bag filled with everything from German rye-bread sandwiches to diapers and a pot to discourage diaper wetting. . . . I went back for the cranky, overwrought babies with whom Werner and I had set out in the 4 o'clock darkness that morning. Werner kissed us all. 'Goodbye,' he said. 'And just take it easy with the kids. You'll get along all right.' 'Goodbye,' I said, a little vaguely, my mind already concentrated on the obstacles ahead of me."

A FEW months later, the big Allied bombings of Berlin began. Asendorf found them exhilarating. "It gave me a feeling of satisfaction to see the burning houses and the miserable, homeless people and to watch the breakdown of the famous Prussian discipline," he said to me. "I was exuberant when I saw Hitler's Reichschancellery in flames. I was happy to see these people being punished for what they had done to others." After Berlin fell, on May 3, 1945, he spent a month or so in a Soviet prison camp and was then released. He returned to Berlin, where the first American he met was Huss, of the International News Service, who, in accordance with his five-year-old promise, helped him get a job as assistant editor of a daily newspaper published by the British Military Government. Signe, after two years in Denmark with her children, felt hopelessly cut off from the world—a feeling that was only accentuated by a couple of brief and furtive visits that her husband had been able to pay her. Asendorf tried to get permission to bring his family back to Berlin but was brusquely turned down, for the city was starving and threatened with epidemics. The only way he could keep in touch with his wife was by giving letters to a British officer, who mailed them in London; there was no mail service between Germany and Denmark. After several months of this, Signe, despairing of ever being able to rejoin her husband, went

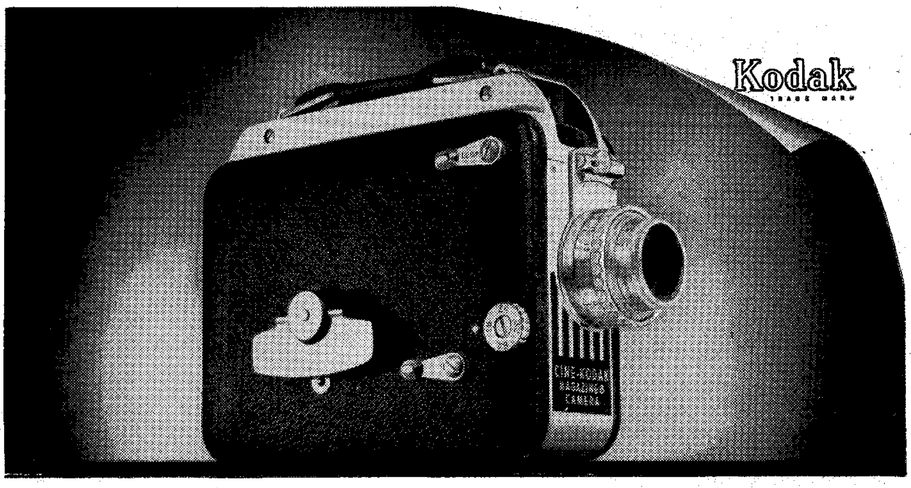


to the American Legation in Copenhagen for advice and was told she had better return to America. She sent word to Asendorf that she was about to go home, at which he borrowed a British Army uniform and boarded a British military train for Denmark. His disguise proved unavailing at the border, where he was arrested and thrown into jail, but he was permitted to communicate with Signe, who hurried there to see him. In the course of an emotional three-hour reunion, he conceded that it would be best for her to return to Portland with the children. After all, he told her, he would be able to join her before long. It was just a matter of waiting a few more months. They said goodbye. Signe and the girls—they were now seven and five—sailed a week later.

Asendorf was taken back to Berlin under British military-police escort, but when he explained the circumstances of his masquerade, the British decided not to press charges against him. He went to the American Consulate and filed an application for an immigration visa. As the husband of an American citizen, he was entitled to preference in the German quota, but when the consul learned that he had been a member of the Wehrmacht, he rejected his application.

In October, 1946, all German nationals who contemplated working for the Allies or for projects supervised by the Allies had to fill out a questionnaire, much of it dealing with their political pasts. In answer to one question, Asendorf wrote, "As a young man I was an enthusiastic Nazi. Travelling abroad, being married to a proud American girl, and seeing the horrors of war, I became educated. Today I see hope only in the democratic way of life." He did not mention that back in 1933 he had been a *Bannführer z.b.V.* in the Hitler Jugend. He was cleared, and became managing editor of *Der Abend*, an American-licensed, German-owned newspaper.

A few weeks later, American Intelligence officers came across Asendorf's personnel file in the cellars of the Propaganda Ministry. In it they discovered the questionnaire that he had filled out in 1940 before going to work for the Ministry, in which his rank of *Bannführer z.b.V.* in the Jugend was recorded. He was charged with misrepresenting himself in the Allied questionnaire and brought to trial before the United States Military Government Summary Court. Asked by the judge why he had not mentioned his Jugend activities, Asendorf said, "I didn't want to go



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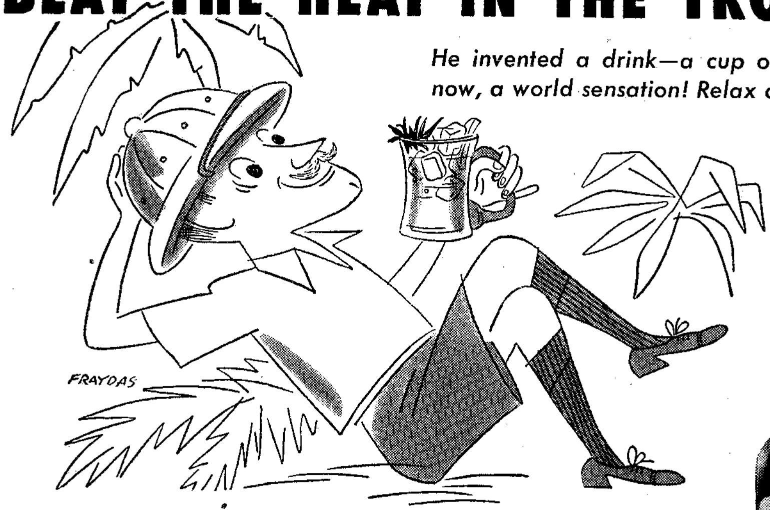

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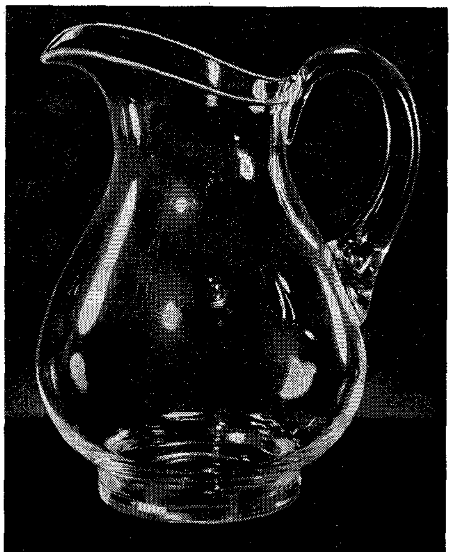

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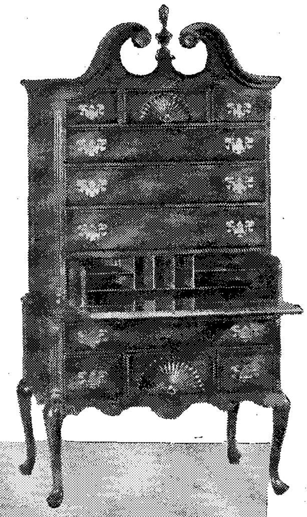

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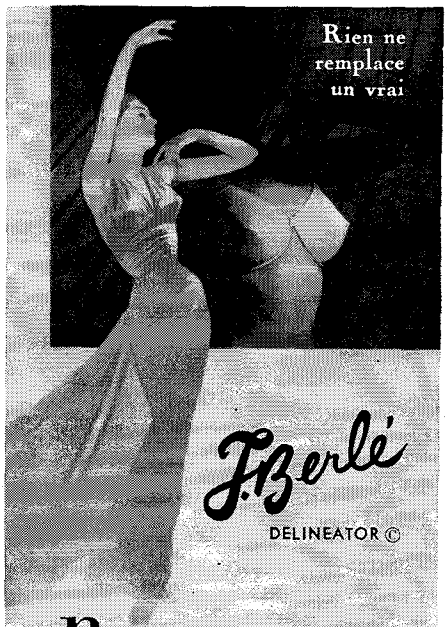
to an internment camp. I had two reasons. First, I felt I just couldn't live next to people who had been, and in many cases still were, ardent Nazis. Also, I had to keep working to support my family in the United States." Early in the summer of 1947, he was sentenced to six months in prison. After serving three months in various jails in Berlin, he was granted clemency for good behavior and released. The judge who sentenced him wrote the American consul that Asendorf had committed "an act of omission rather than of commission." After an investigation, the State Department concluded that his offense "did not involve moral turpitude." He was called before the American consul and informed that his case had been reviewed and that his visa might be forthcoming soon. Asendorf sent a jubilant cable to his wife. But the visa was not granted. When he told me all this, in the summer of 1948, he was beginning to think it never would be.

After a couple of years' absence, I returned to Berlin late in 1950. I checked in at the Press Club, and within a few hours Asendorf telephoned to invite me to come and have dinner with him at his house. He'd seen my name on the Press Club's daily list of arrivals. "I'm no longer alone," he said, and his voice sounded elated. "Signe and the kids have been here for several weeks. Everything's wonderful!"

We made a date for the next evening. Asendorf said he would stop by the club for me at seven. He showed up looking sprightly and vigorous, and wearing a new suit. His shoes were shined and his hair had just been cut. "I'm a family man now," he said, as we got into my car. "My wife tells me what tie to wear and when I need a haircut. It's wonderful! I'm a free-lance journalist, and making out fairly well at it—for a German. I finally gave up hoping for a visa and wrote to Signe, asking her to come to Berlin and bring the children. They arrived here in September. I was sick with worry that I might seem a stranger to the girls. After all, I hadn't seen them in four years. I had seen Irene a total of less than two years since she was born, and now she's nine. But we hit it off right away. It was as though they'd only left four weeks ago. The girls look great. They don't look like German children. They"—he took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes while he groped for the right expression—"they have that won-



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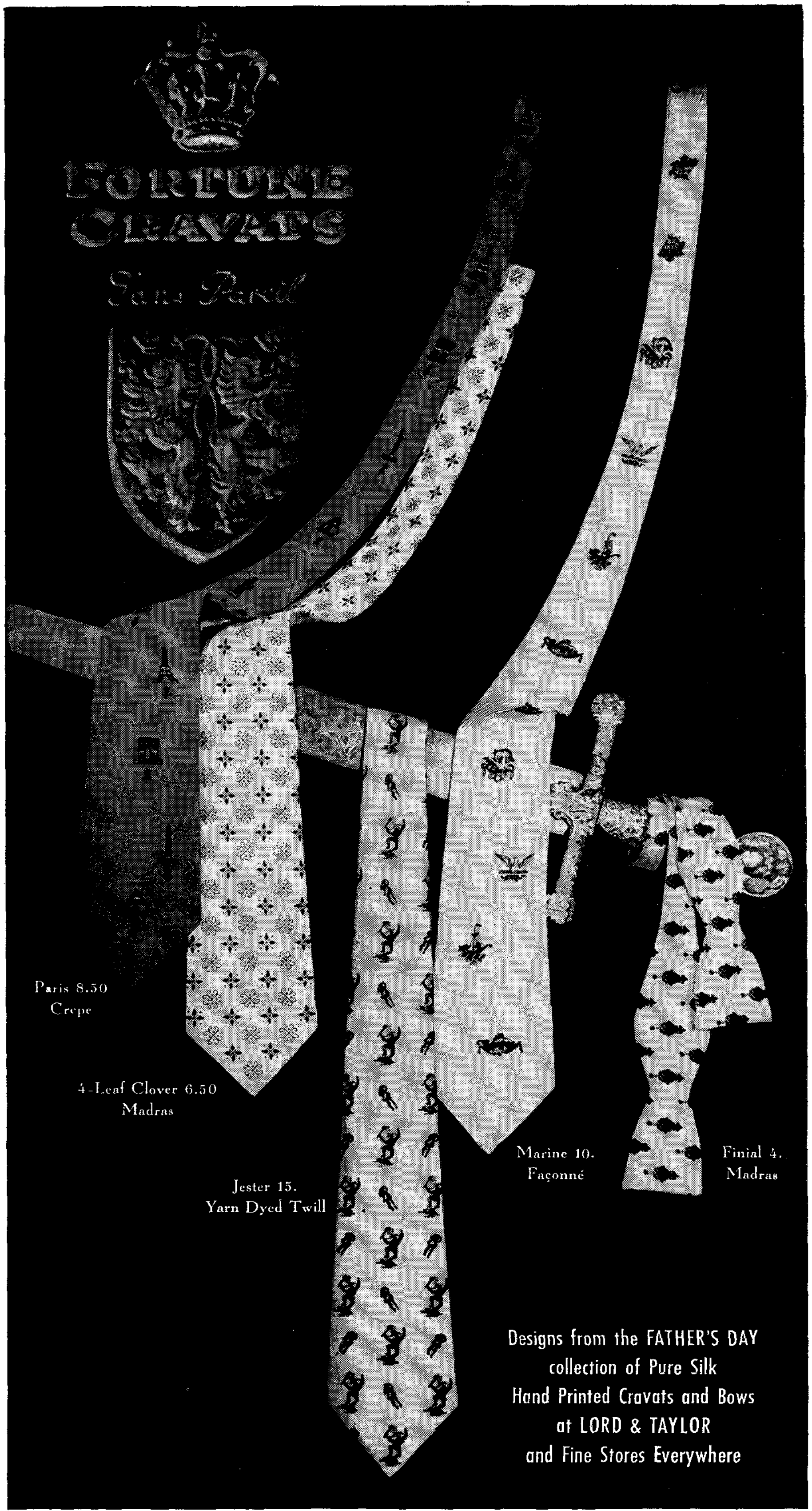
derful American exuberance when they are happy. You could single them out right away in a crowd of Berlin children. German kids have such a prematurely aged, sometimes cynical expression in their eyes. Maybe it's the long suffering they've gone through. My kids never had to suffer, thank God! And, of course, they're better dressed than German children. They wear their American clothes, and the colors are new and bright. They're curious about Berlin, the way tourists are, but their hearts belong to America. They write letters to their girl friends in Portland and tell me about the parties they went to there and about Norma, their plump girl friend in the States, and about the little Airedale they used to have there. Maybe we'll buy one for them here."

"And how is Mrs. Asendorf?" I asked.

"Well, frankly, Signe is more conscious of her environment than the children are," Asendorf replied. The elation had suddenly gone out of his voice. "As you know, she didn't like Berlin when she was here before and it must have been a real sacrifice for her to give up her pleasant life in America and come back here—she had a good job over there with a firm of patent lawyers. She still doesn't like Germans. She may accept this one or that one after she gets to know them, but her first reaction invariably is distrust. I find myself confused when I'm with her. While she was away I went to such extremes defending the American viewpoint that I became quite unpopular even among the more tolerant of my German acquaintances. But now I find I have to defend myself as a German against her American point of view. It hurts me, because basically I'm sure I agree with her. We argue over issues that are not real issues. Yet at the same time I argue with Germans who say things against the Americans, and I always find a thousand excuses for what the Americans are doing. A couple of weeks ago, while I was downtown, I happened to run into the wife of a German professor. They are both fine, educated Germans, who are highly sympathetic toward the Americans. We were chatting on Kurfürstendamm when we saw a drunken American soldier pushing Germans off the sidewalk and generally raising hell. The sight depressed my friend. She felt that such conduct hardly justified her faith in Americans. Well, I quickly reassured her. It was Army Day, I pointed out, and the poor fellow was thousands of miles away from home and had the blues, and so he had just



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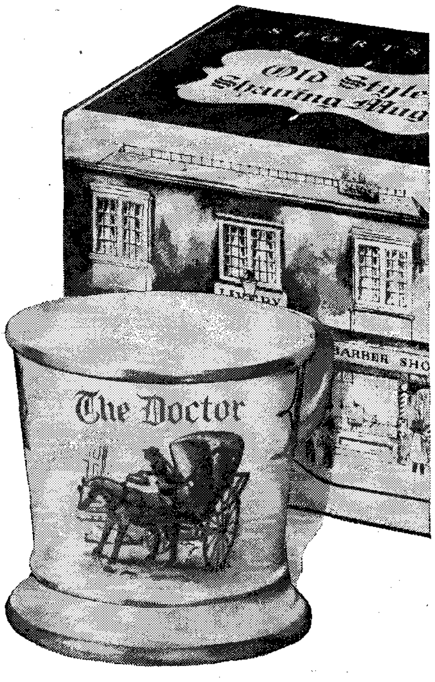


AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

gone out and got drunk. Soldiers do that everywhere. She understood right away. But if my wife had been with me, I might have talked differently. I might have accused the soldier of all the crimes in the book. And there you are.

"Now, take the language problem. Signe doesn't want the kids to learn German. She thinks it would be all right for them to learn it if I were an American citizen. Then she might consider a new language part of their education. But under the circumstances, she says, it would only make them feel inferior. For a while our kids saw a lot of a ten-year-old girl named Oda, who lived in the apartment upstairs. She was smaller than our girls and had no bounce—malnutrition, I suppose. Irene and Charlotte would talk a little German to Oda, and Oda picked up a few English words from them. I thought it was a nice give-and-take, but my wife seemed relieved when Oda and her parents moved away. And yesterday my wife received a letter from the kids' grandmother in Portland, saying, 'I'm glad that your children are learning so much. It's good to learn a new language, it's almost like living a new life, and they ought to learn German while they're in Berlin.' Well, Signe read the letter to the children while we were having breakfast, and I noticed that she skipped the reference to German and just read that Granny was glad the girls were learning so much. I'm sure the kids would learn German pretty quickly, the way kids do, but they are afraid of hurting their mother by speaking it and they are also a little self-conscious in front of me, because it's hard for me not to correct them when they make mistakes. I don't know that my wife is right about all this, but I don't feel I should argue with her. After all, I was dead wrong once when I argued against her better judgment, and we didn't stay in New York but came here instead. I don't want to be wrong again. I've never attempted to Germanize Signe. I feel that she has gone through a lot, and I must try to see things her way."

The Asendorfs were living on the second floor of a large, run-down villa on Potsdamerstrasse that looked as if it had once been the house of some upper-middle-class family. It had been damaged by a bomb and was now split up into three apartments. There was a single doorbell with a sign under it indicating how many times it should be rung for the tenant desired. (Twice for the Asendorfs.) As we walked upstairs, Asendorf told me that one room of their apartment was locked up, because part of the outside wall was still missing and you could walk right out into thin air. This, of course, he added, was not unusual in Berlin, and they liked the place because it was quiet and had enough space for everybody—kitchen, dining room, living room, and two bedrooms. The living room was large and had an old-fashioned high ceiling that, in view of the cost of fuel in postwar Berlin, was impractical. The room was cold, and its coldness was intensified by the fact that there were no rugs on the floor. There was little furniture—only a few chairs, a table, and a bookshelf. There was also a small upright piano, a radio, and an oil copy of Titian's "Lavinia," which had been lent to them by a friend in East Berlin, who thought it would be safer in the Western part of the city.

Mrs. Asendorf came in, and her husband introduced me to her. She has shining blond hair, blue eyes, and a soft face with regular features; it was not difficult to imagine her as a pretty coed on the campus of the University of Oregon. Her easy, erect bearing would have marked her anywhere in Europe as an American, but there was a cautious, veiled expression in her eyes that struck me as almost European. Asendorf kissed her hair and looked at her admiringly. She said the girls would be in in a little while; they were finishing their schoolwork in their room. I asked her where the girls went to school.

"Right here," Mrs. Asendorf said in an even, velvety voice. "I teach them here at home."

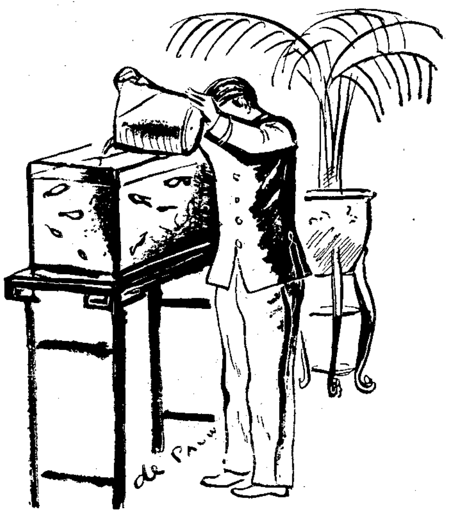
"We tried to enter the kids in the American Dependents School," her husband said. "It's a good school and the companionship of other American children would have been wonderful for them. But the principal told Signe she wasn't sure our girls could be admitted. No child of mixed parentage ever has been so far. The case would have to be cleared by headquarters in Heidelberg. It didn't much matter, anyway, since we found that American children whose parents aren't employed by the government—businessmen, newspapermen, missionaries, and so on—have to pay a weekly tuition of seven dollars and a half, and then there's a dollar and a half a week for lunch. That would have been eighteen dollars a week for the two girls, which ruled out the school as far as we were concerned. Then we heard about a correspondence school in America that gives lessons by mail to the children of trappers, diplomats, circus riders, and other people who find it impossible to send their kids to a real American school—the Calvert School, it's called, and it's in Baltimore. The course costs a hundred and five dollars a year. The written homework the kids do and the tests they are given every month are sent to Baltimore, where a teacher reads, grades, and criticizes the work and returns it. At the end of the year, pupils who pass the tests receive a certificate that is recognized by almost every school in the States."

"The girls like it," said Mrs. Asendorf. "I suppose it's easier for them than for me. I've never taught school and I have to prepare myself for every lesson, and the kids are in different grades. It's really a full-time job."

"And one that doesn't pay a nickel," Asendorf said. "And it doesn't solve the problem of companionship."

"Please excuse me a minute," Mrs. Asendorf said, walking to the door. "I must go and see how dinner is coming along."

Asendorf looked after her and sighed. "Signe tried hard to find a job here that would pay the children's tuition fees, assuming we could get them into the Dependents School," he said. "There are plenty of openings for American and German office personnel at H.I.C.O.G. [the Office of the High Commissioner for Germany, in Berlin], but Signe, being the wife of a German, can't get the security clearance that American secretaries need because they handle classified material. And she can't qualify for jobs German employees can hold, because she's an American citizen. She was offered a job with Pan American Airways downtown but found that to take it she would need a permit from the West Berlin Labor Office and she couldn't bring herself to apply for that. She is proud of



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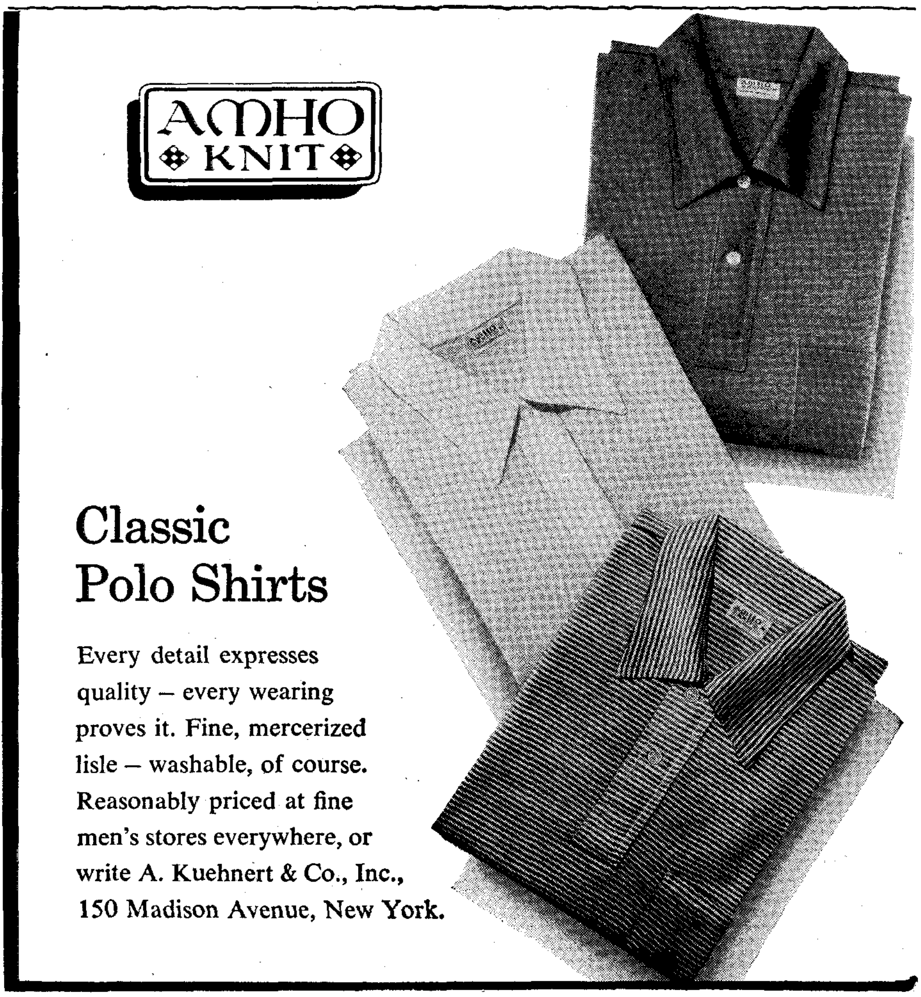

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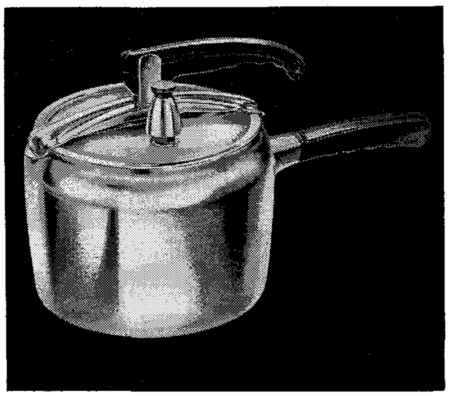

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being an American and at the same time she's constantly being hurt because she *is* an American. She and the girls are not accepted by their own people here because she married a German—and not the right sort of German, at that. How are we to explain to the kids that they can't get anything from the PX when there are plenty of Germans around who have all the PX stuff they want? The other day, for instance, an American sergeant we know came by with his Veronika Dankeschön. That's what Berliners call those girl friends who get everything they want and are forever saying '*Danke schön.*' This one had a brand-new American handbag, very chic, that the sergeant had bought her at the PX. She had nylon stockings, was smoking American cigarettes, and chewing gum, and the sergeant had just bought her a big bottle of Guerlain. The children couldn't take their eyes off her and I could read the question in their faces 'How come that she's got all these things that we haven't?' " He sighed again. "You'd think the constant strain of being snubbed by her own people might have affected Signe's loyalty to her homeland, but it hasn't. On the contrary, I think she's more aware now of what America means to her than when I first met her. I can't help admiring her for that. I'm not so sure how I would feel if *I* had to take so much punishment."

The door opened and the girls came in, followed by their mother. Irene ran across the room and jumped onto her father's lap. Charlotte was quiet and shy, like her mother. Both children were blond and very pretty.

"Charlotte missed one question in her test," Irene announced. "She missed the name of one dominion of the British Empire."

Charlotte shrugged in an embarrassed way. "I thought I knew them all," she said. She had her mother's soft, melodious voice. "Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the United Kingdom, the Union of South Africa, and—er—er—"

"See?" said Irene. "There's one missing. May I tell her now, Mummy?"

Mrs. Asendorf nodded, half smiling.

"It's one that ends with 'land,' " Irene said.

"With 'land?' " Charlotte looked puzzled. "Not Ireland?"

"No, not Ireland," Irene said. "Well, try! It's got two words. First word is 'New.' "

Charlotte shook her head. Irene burst out laughing. "New—land," she said,

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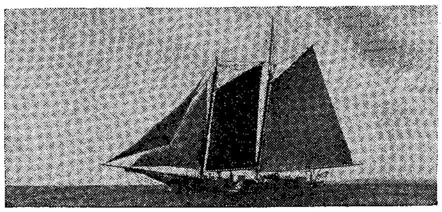

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pausing between the two words and winking at us. "Why don't you try the alphabet? New A-land, New B-land, New C-land—"

"New Zealand!" Charlotte cried. "I should have known!"

Irene jumped down from her father's lap and started an Indian war dance, shouting, "New D-land, New E-land, New F-land, New G-land!" Suddenly she stopped and said, "Let's go to America, Daddy, like last week."

Asendorf said to me, "The other day I told them we'd go to America. They asked, 'When?' and I said, 'Right away!' and took them to the Botanical Garden on Unter den Eichen. It was a beautiful day, and we had a fine time looking at the trees. They have a section given over to plants and shrubs and trees that grow in certain regions of the United States."

"There's a rocky part called the Rocky Mountains," said Charlotte. "And the Eastern Seashore and the Great Plains."

"Yes, and the prairie," said Irene, climbing up on the arm of a chair. "We were playing hide-and-seek. We were the Indians, and Daddy was a trapper. And afterward we had a milk shake."

"At the American Army railroad station," Asendorf said.

Irene said, "It wasn't an American milk shake, though."

"Why not?" asked Asendorf.

"It was made by that fat German girl, Daddy," Irene said. "And it tasted like German ice cream. But I like German ice-cream sundaes, because they're made with real whipped cream. They make fine whipped cream here. Everything is fine in Berlin," she added, without much conviction.

Charlotte shook her head. "She doesn't really like everything in Berlin," she said. "I asked her when we came here what she liked best, and she said, 'I like the Americans best.' "

"Yes, and I like everything," Irene said stubbornly. "Especially now it's wintertime."

Asendorf gave his wife a puzzled glance. "Why wintertime?" he asked.

"Because it's much darker in wintertime," Irene said.

Asendorf's face fell. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Daddy, you don't see so much when it's dark," Irene said.

Charlotte had been watching her father. Now she said quickly, "Irene means you don't see so many naked little girls and boys by the Wannsee, and you don't see all the grownups getting un-

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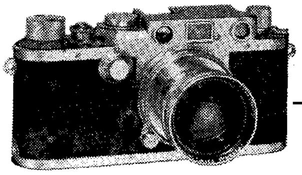

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dressed in front of everybody and getting dressed again."

"No, no, no!" Irene shouted. "That's *not* what I mean! In wintertime it gets dark so early, and the lights go on and you walk through the streets and think you're in Portland."

"All right, children," said Mrs. Asendorf. "Go set the table. Wash your hands before dinner, Irene."

The girls went out. For a minute or two, we sat there in silence. Then Asendorf said, "We had quite an experience on Halloween, a few weeks ago. The Americans have made quite a day of it here. Our little party started out as great fun. The girls bought orange and black paper and cut out black cats and witches riding on brooms to decorate the dining room. Then they dressed up—Charlotte as a fat old lady and Irene as a devil with horns—and went 'trick or treat' to the other people in the building. We had sandwiches and cookies and homemade fudge, and then we played games, bobbing for apples and all that. The kids were happy, and afterward we went around to a *Bierstube* in the neighborhood, with Irene carrying a jack-o'-lantern that Signe had made out of a pumpkin. But when we got back home, Irene started to cry and said, 'I want to go home.' We explained to her that this"—he swept an arm about the room—"was now her home. But she kept sobbing into her pillow, and saying, 'I want to go home to America.' " Asendorf looked at his wife, who said nothing.

"The children often show me American magazines and ask me whether I like a pair of shoes or a dress advertised in them better than one that's made in Germany," Asendorf continued after a pause. "They were disappointed once because I said I liked a German bicycle better than an American one."

"They want you to share their preferences," said Mrs. Asendorf.

"Yes, their dream is of America," her husband said. "They read the *Stars and Stripes* every day, and follow the adventures of Dagwood and Blondie in the comic section. When they saw the ads of the new cars in the American magazines, they said, 'Just wait. Daddy's going to surprise us with one of those cars.' I tried to make them see things differently. After all, I said, they have many nice things here. They admitted I was right but insisted America was even better. I couldn't talk them out of it."

"You shouldn't have tried to," said Mrs. Asendorf.

Asendorf looked apologetic. "I didn't really mean 'talk them out of it,' dear," he said. "I meant I just tried a different approach. I asked them whether it wasn't better to have a home in Germany, plenty to eat, and enough money than to live in America and have nothing and live in the slums."

"What a thing to say!" exclaimed Mrs. Asendorf. "Thank the Lord, they don't even know what a slum is!"

"Well, I explained it to them," said Asendorf. "Charlotte admitted it might be better to live here in comfort than to be very poor in America. Irene said she was never going to be very poor anyway, and she was going to live in America, period."

"She's got more common sense than you have," Mrs. Asendorf said. Turning to me, she added, "Werner loves to carry on these hypothetical discussions. What's the use? The girls will never be quite happy here. Something's always upsetting them. Last week, Charlotte came home crying. She said she wasn't going out on the street any more in her blue jeans. Some of the German kids in the neighborhood had jeered at her. Our daughters feel lonely here. Back home they didn't have too much comfort—sometimes we had to live in rented rooms and the landlady would look after them while I was at work—but at least they had friends. We moved a few times and the girls went to different schools, but they were always popular with their classmates."

The girls had set the table and we had dinner—meat balls and spaghetti, and American ice cream that a friend of Asendorf's had got him at the post exchange. We all drank cocoa. Mrs. Asendorf said the German milk was skimmed and not very good, and they couldn't afford coffee every day. A pound of coffee cost three dollars in German markets.

"Everything's getting expensive," Asendorf said to his wife. "The butcher told me this morning that pork has

gone up forty pfennigs. He told me something nice, too. Said that you came in yesterday and you didn't look at all like a foreigner. 'Frau Asendorf looks like my good German customers,' he said."

Asendorf stopped. His wife's face was rigid. "So soon?" she murmured, as though she were talking to herself. Irene went on eating her ice cream, but Charlotte put her spoon down and watched her mother.

Asendorf looked embarrassed. "But he meant it to be a compliment, dear," he said.

"Sure, sure," his wife said

A COUPLE of days later, I left Berlin, and during the next year and a half I heard from Asendorf only now and then. He and his family continued to live on Potsdamerstrasse. In one of his letters, he said that his wife had finally come to accept life as she found it there and that the children were making good progress in their lessons. I returned to Berlin last summer and called him up the day after I arrived. It was the Fourth of July, and I'd read in the *Daily Bulletin*, published by the Berlin American Military Post, that a party for the children of all American personnel and their guests would be given that afternoon at the Anchor Service Club, in Wannsee, with merry-go-rounds, boat rides, baby contests, darts, and other games. I thought it would be nice to take the Asendorf girls there.

Asendorf sounded pleased to hear from me and delighted when I asked him if he and his family would go to the party with me. He went to ask his wife about it, and came back and said they'd love to. I said how about four o'clock, and he said fine. When I drove up to his house, he was standing outside.

"Great happiness upstairs!" he shouted as I got out of the car. "The girls have been talking of nothing else since you called" He remembered that he hadn't greeted me and began to pump my hand. "How are you, how are you?" he said. "I want to thank you in advance. You don't know what it means to the kids to go there. Signe and I have been worrying about this holiday for the past two weeks."

Asendorf had gained weight, and he seemed to be full of good cheer and confidence. He told me that there was a new American consul in Berlin and that this man took a more hopeful view of the likelihood of his getting a visa. No matter what happened, though, he and his wife had decided that she and

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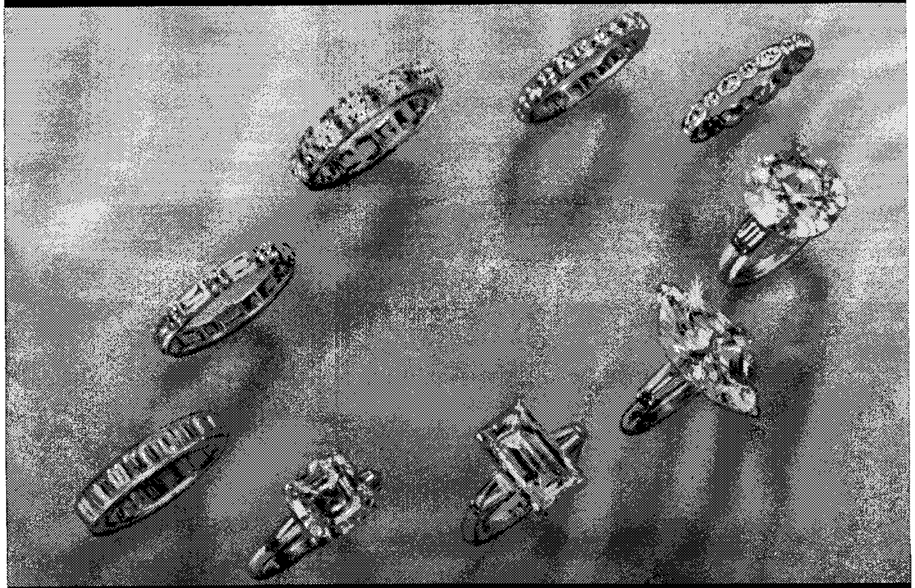

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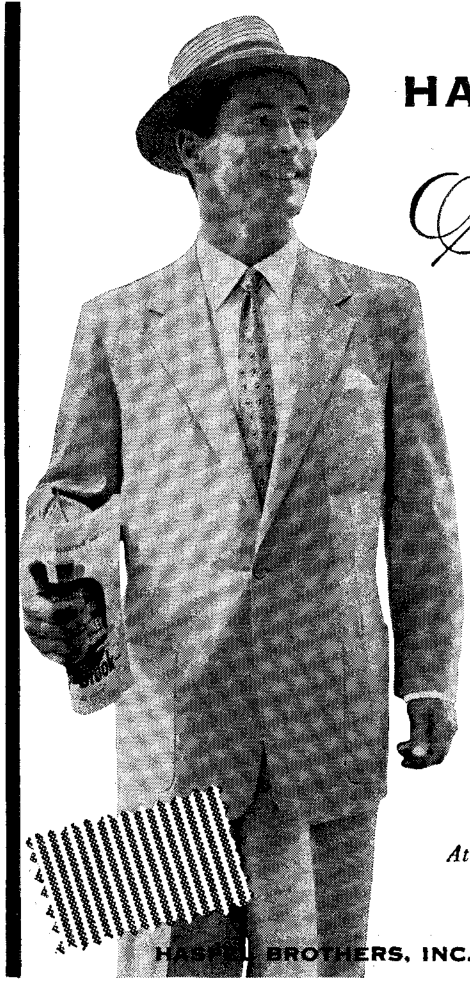

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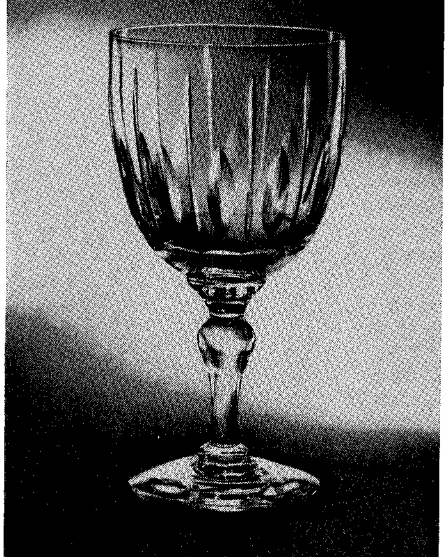

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the girls would return to Portland before the beginning of the next school year.

"Last week, Signe got a letter from her mother urging her to come home as soon as possible," Asendorf said. "Danger of war and all that. 'Better come now before it gets too late,' her mother wrote. 'Werner can always follow later.' The next day, Irene came to me and said, 'Daddy, isn't it exciting! Mummy says we're going to be in America before Halloween!' I don't blame Signe for wanting to go back. She deserves a better break than to be cooped up in a bombed house in an occupied city. Her brother and brother-in-law in America own their homes and have cars and some security. I'm thirty-eight and still struggling to get along. It means little to me that I'm doing better than millions of Germans. Then there's the matter of the girls' American citizenship. Since I'm not an American and they weren't born in the States, they'll lose it if they stay here much longer. Also, one can't exclude the possibility of war. They've got the idea that the Air Force would fly us all out together, just like any other American family. They don't realize that from the American officials' point of view, I'm still a kraut. The Americans would rather fly out Archie, the kids' Airedale puppy, than me. Well, let's not talk about it today. This is a holiday."

The girls were waiting impatiently in the living room. They were wearing red jackets and blue pedal pushers their grandmother had sent them from Portland. Mrs. Asendorf had wanted them to wear the new dresses she'd bought for them in Berlin, but the girls had insisted on wearing their American clothes because it was an American party.

When we drove up in front of the large, sprawling clubhouse, we found that the parking space was filled. I asked the Asendorfs to go on in while I found a place to park. Mrs. Asendorf and the girls got out, but Asendorf said he would come with me. As soon as we drove off, he asked anxiously, "Did you notice anything about the girls?"

I said they'd grown a lot and looked healthy and happy.

Asendorf seemed relieved. "Sometimes I feel they aren't as cheerful as they used to be," he said. "It can't be the food. They eat as well as they would in the States. Maybe it's their clothes. We have to buy them in German stores, and German dresses aren't as gay and stylish as American ones. And there's still that old trouble of companionship. We ran into a real stumbling block

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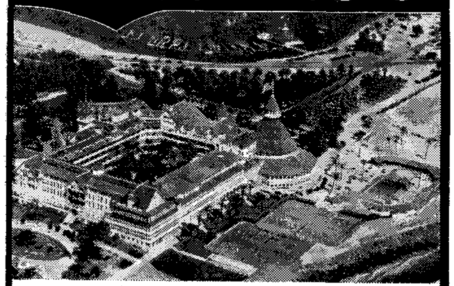

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along that line a while ago. One of the American girls they'd met at Sunday school was a nice kid named Velma. She invited our girls for lunch one Saturday. The girls came back all excited and told us all about Velma's house and how it was furnished and about Velma's father, who ate a lot and complained about gaining weight. 'Just as you do, Daddy,' Irene said, and laughed. The next week they invited Velma for lunch. Believe it or not, I had stagefright the day she came. I dressed more carefully than usual—I was anxious to make a good impression on Velma, so that my girls would be proud of me. Well, the party was a great success—or, at any rate, we thought it was—and the kids went back once more to Velma's place, but she didn't come to our house again, although we invited her twice. Once her mother said another girl was having a birthday party, and the next time Velma was going to some friends of her parents'. Our girls were disappointed, but I don't think they felt it as strongly as Signe did. Then Velma and her family went back to the States, and the girls have never been invited to an American home since. They go to Girl Scout meetings every Friday afternoon, and those aren't so bad, although even there the girls always feel a little left out, because the other girls are forever talking about things that have happened in school, which our girls know nothing about. They seem to be popular, though. Irene was named an assistant leader."

After driving around for a while, I finally found a spot for the car, and we walked back to the club. Mrs. Asendorf and the girls were waiting for us outside the entrance. People were swarming in and out, pushing past them. Mrs. Asendorf appeared to be ill at ease and the girls lost and helpless. I told her they should have gone inside, but she shook her head in a quiet, determined way and said no, they wouldn't go in by themselves. As I preceded them into the building, the girls kept close behind me, and Mrs. Asendorf glanced around apprehensively, as if she expected someone to order her out. Asendorf seemed unconcerned.

The party was well under way, and there was the uninhibited hubbub that is typical of all such events. Berlin is surrounded by the Soviet Zone of Germany, and the Anchor Service Club is only a few minutes' drive from the nearest Red Army tank outpost, but that did nothing to still the animated clamor of many American voices, which, for all its tunelessness, had the sweet, beguiling sound of a dearly familiar melody. Tele-

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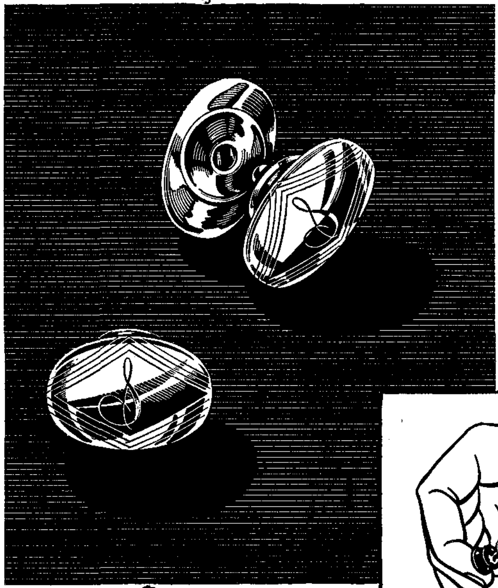

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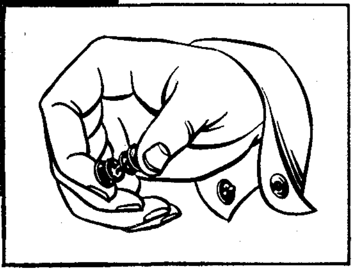

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phones were jingling, there was the smell of coffee and doughnuts, and the game booths were crowded. People kept bumping into one another and nobody seemed to mind. Irene discovered the baby contest and led us over to it. Around a large table sat the jury—soldiers, Red Cross girls, and a couple of civilians—trying to make up their minds under the demanding stares of the contestants' parents. Standing on the table were the finalists—a doll-like girl of three dressed like a grownup; a year-old boy, cute and crying; and a shrimp-size edition of Hopalong Cassidy, shooting his guns off at the jury.

Three teen-age girls came by. They were about Charlotte's size. Their arms were interlocked and they were talking in excited, vastly important whispers. As they passed Charlotte, they casually said "Hi!" and then walked on, still whispering. Charlotte nodded almost automatically and murmured "Hi," but the girls were already gone, and she turned to gaze thoughtfully after them. I asked her who they were.

"I don't know their names," she said. "Their fathers work for the government. I say hello to them in Sunday school." She noticed that Mrs. Asendorf was looking at her and squeezed her mother's arm. "I hope they'll vote for the baby boy, Mummy," she said, pointing with exaggerated vivacity toward the jury.

Asendorf turned to me. "Charlotte is beginning to act like a grownup," he said in a low voice. "She knows when Signe is hurt and tries to cheer her up. Yet the poor kid's hurt herself. She knows I look so different from the rest of this crowd that I stick out like a sore thumb."

The jury selected the year-old crybaby, and there were boos and applause. We all dropped in at the snack bar, and the girls ordered hamburgers and banana splits. Then we went outside, where a merry-go-round was going full blast. Irene and Charlotte ran over and got on. After that they went to the pie-throwing contest, and the dart games, and the shooting booths—everywhere. They got themselves balloons and had a grand time. All the Americans I knew in Berlin seemed to have brought their youngsters to the party, but I had no opportunity to introduce them to the Asendorfs, for Signe walked on ahead whenever I stopped to speak to someone, making it plain that she didn't want to meet anybody, and her husband chivalrously tagged along after her.

The three of us went back into the clubhouse. There Asendorf saw an Army colonel he knew and went over to shake hands with him. The girls having wandered away, Mrs. Asendorf and I stood watching the crowd. Balloons exploded and the caps of soft-drink bottles tinkled on the floor. Somewhere a firecracker went off, and we heard a girl squeal in a high-pitched voice that Mrs. Asendorf identified as Irene's. A jazz band started to play in another room. We couldn't see the musicians, but it was a safe bet that they were Germans, trying their best to imitate American jazz. They made a poor showing, particularly the drummer, who belabored his instrument as though he were playing the "Hohenfriedberger Marsch" in a military brass band. The crowd loved it, however.

A slim American woman wearing a blue dress and hat came by. I had last seen her two years before in a Western European capital, where her husband had been attached to the American Embassy. I hadn't known she was in Berlin. We said hello and she told me that she and her husband had arrived only a fortnight ago, and that she was still dizzy from the struggle of packing and unpacking. Since we were all standing there, I had no alternative but to introduce Mrs. Asendorf, although I was fully aware that she didn't want me to. The woman asked her how long she'd been in Berlin.

"Almost two years," said Mrs. Asendorf.

The woman exclaimed with pleasure. Two years! She'd been trying to find someone at the Embassy who could show her the ropes, but it so happened that *everybody* had been in Berlin only a brief time and knew *nothing* about the city. Mrs. Asendorf *must* come over to the house and tell her all about the people here and what these Germans were really like. I began to realize that the woman was one of those Americans who believe that the civilized parts of the rest of the world are populated mainly by State Department officials and their families. (She once told me in all earnestness that during an eighteen-month tour of duty with her husband in a certain country she had never met any of its citizens except the ones "you couldn't avoid meeting at cocktail parties and official receptions.") Now she was explaining that she had just moved into her ninth house since 1945 and she hoped to stay put for a while, but of course you *never* knew, and she gave Mrs. Asendorf a sympathetic smile, saying that she, too, must have gone through this ordeal many, many times, and how about coming over to the house toward the end of the week?

At this point, Asendorf sauntered up. I introduced him to the woman, remarking that Mrs. Asendorf's husband was a German journalist and could tell her a lot about Berlin and its people. The woman said why, that sounded *most* interesting, and then she looked at her wristwatch and said she was expecting company at seven and must be on her way, and she hurriedly left without repeating her invitation.

"The kids want to know whether they can have a hot dog," Asendorf said to his wife.

"Let's all go get hot dogs," I said, and took her by the arm.

I had to leave the party around seven, but the girls wanted to stay for the fireworks. Mrs. Asendorf, after some hesitation, gave in and said all right, they'd stay on for a while. Asendorf called me the following morning. They'd had a marvellous time, he said; they hadn't gone home until after ten and the girls had been so excited by the fireworks that they hadn't been able to get to sleep until long after midnight. "Even Signe relaxed and began to enjoy herself," he said.

I HAVEN'T seen Mrs. Asendorf or the girls since. I met Asendorf briefly once more before I left Berlin, and after that I heard nothing from him until a few weeks ago. By then I'd been back in this country for some time. He wrote me that he was still living at the old address in Berlin, but that his wife and the children had returned to Portland shortly after the Fourth of July we'd all spent together. "There was never any doubt in my mind that they had to return," he wrote. "But it was quite a conflict for Signe. If we'd had plenty of money, we might have sent the kids to a boarding school in the States, and Signe might have waited in Berlin for me to get my visa. She thought I might be tempted by the liberties of my new, temporary bachelorhood. But the truth is that I don't like to be without her and the children. With my family next to me, I have mental and physical resources; alone, I am weak. I've been very happy with them, and it would have been perfect if we could have been together in America instead of Berlin. This was the third time that Signe stuck by me and I feel she's done enough for me. She must now think of herself and the children.

"Once we'd decided the time had come, everything went fast. A friend in Naval Intelligence got us a stateroom

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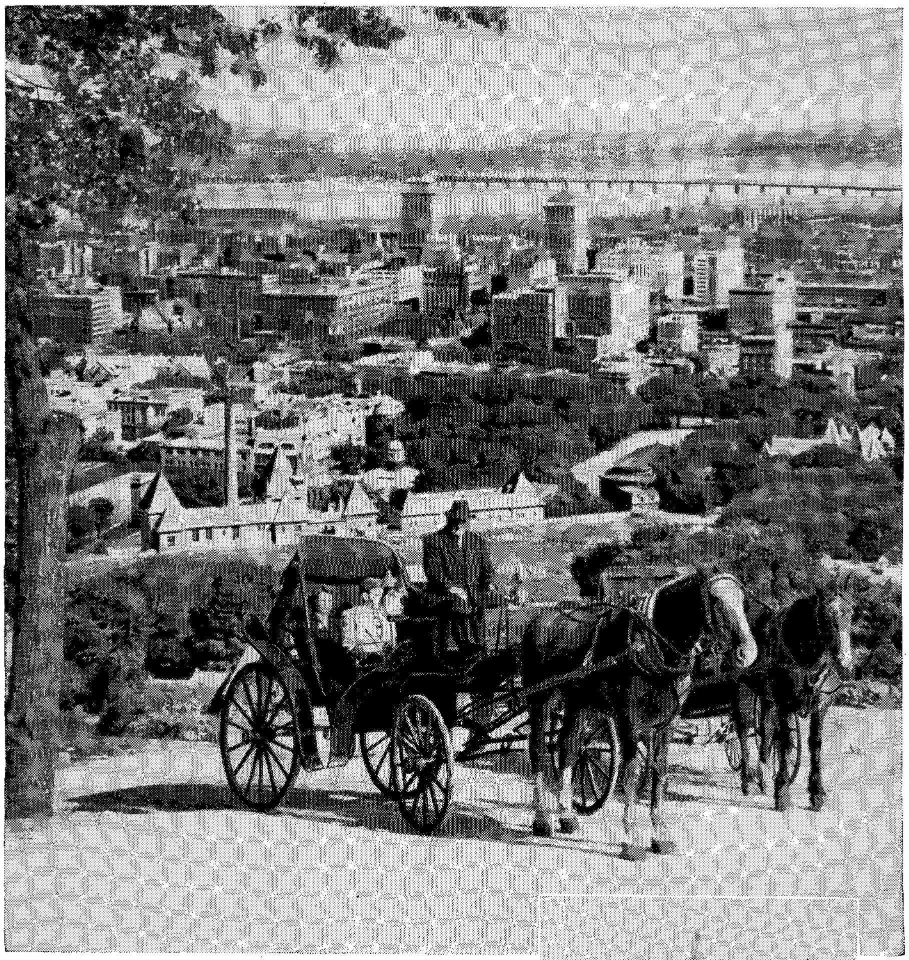

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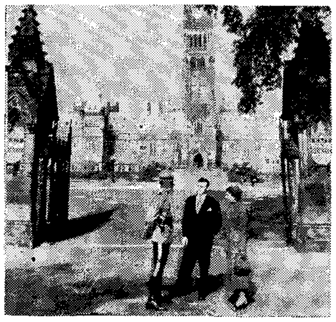

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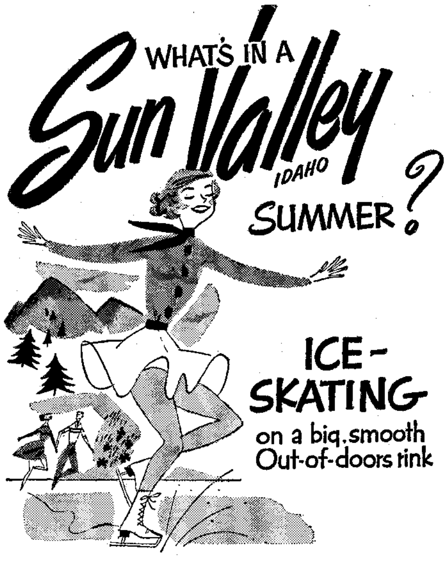

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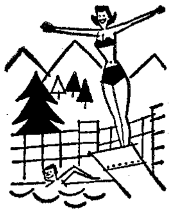

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on the America, leaving Bremerhaven on July 21st. Shopping, packing, a farewell party on Saturday night in a neighborhood *Bierstube* where Signe had sometimes gone with me. Everybody was sorry to see her leave. We danced. We tried hard to convince each other that this separation wouldn't be as long as the last one—which, with some brief interruptions, lasted seven years.

"Last Sunday. Last time together in church. A little party at home. An American Army colonel—the one I met at the club at Wannsee, remember? Dr. Siebens, the minister, who's been so nice to us. A few German and American friends. My relatives. I'm afraid I made a silly speech. Something about hoping to follow Signe soon and promising to become a good American. I wound up praising her, which embarrassed her no little. Gosh, I love that woman!

"On the platform of the railroad station, Charlotte hung to my neck and cried because I couldn't go along. 'Daddy, just wait, you'll see,' she said. 'I'm going to talk German in America. Here I was afraid to, but over there I'll be talking it better than anyone else.' The little perfectionist! And Irene promised to pray for me. That girl is full of mischief, but she has terrific faith in God. Signe was sad but relieved at the same time. She's since written me that she'd been afraid until the very last moment that something might happen and she would never get out of Berlin. She wrote she wasn't sorry that she'd spent those years here but she was glad they were over and she left Europe without tears. I called her the next day in Bremerhaven, and I could hear the grinding noise of the cranes and the America's foghorn. I went alone to the American Church the next Sunday and felt miserable. On the back of the printed program of the service, it said, 'Mrs. Werner Asendorf and daughters Charlotte and Irene, who left for America recently, will long be missed by us. No one has been more regular in attendance and no one has shown a more lovely spirit than Mr. and Mrs. Asendorf and their two rays of light, personified by their daughters.'

"They had a fine trip and were in Portland by the middle of August. Irene wrote, 'We rented a whole house and I'm sending a drawing of the rooms (which she promptly forgot to enclose). We worked hard cleaning it up and bought some second-hand furniture.' But a few weeks later, when I talked to Signe on the overseas phone, she said the house was only so-so. The kids are

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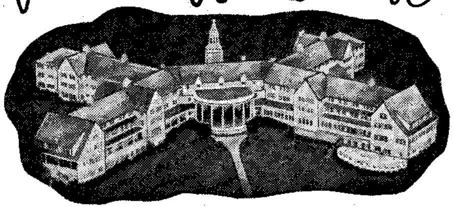

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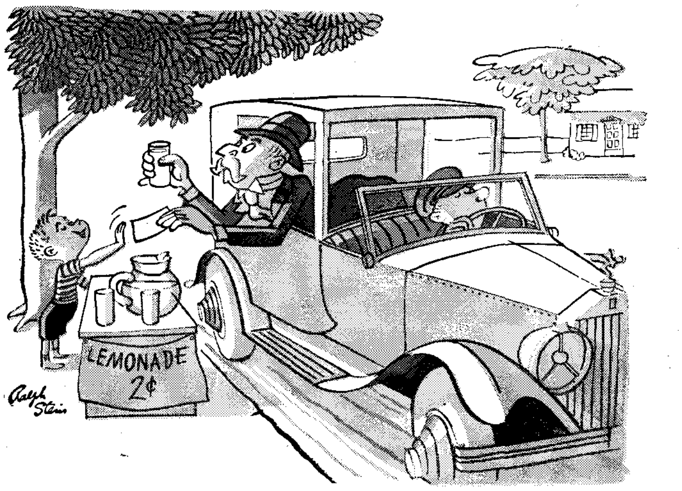
right back where they started—a glorious reunion with their girl friend Norma, Sunday picnics and trips to the country, swimming in the beautiful Oregon lakes. And school. They were a little scared on opening day, after studying for two years at home. But then Irene wrote, 'I had no trouble getting into the sixth grade, and Charlotte got into the seventh. My teacher's name is Mrs. Anderson. I'm glad school started. Being taught by Mummy was fun but this is even better.'

"Signe went back to her old job with the patent lawyers. They had just advertised for a new secretary, and she got the job and more money than the last time. As a matter of fact, they don't need me, financially and perhaps otherwise, too. That is the worst part of our present separation: they don't need me. Signe makes enough money, they have their house, their friends, their homeland.

"Fortunately, they still love me. That is a constant challenge for me. I want to make a little money, so our savings account will be filled up again after the expensive trip. Sometimes I feel like a failure when I think of the self-sufficiency of my American family. Well, competition is the heart of America, and I'll give them some good competition when I get there. May even make as much money as Signe does. (What an American way of thinking!) My only way of measuring success now is money, though personally there are things I like better than making money—for instance, talking to people. In the meantime, I send Signe a treat once in a while, by way of Meier & Frank, in Portland. On her birthday, Signe got twelve red roses, delivered to her office during the luncheon hour, and a certificate for twenty-five dollars in merchandise.

"Enough now. My wife, always right in fundamentals, has collected the necessary affidavits and papers to make a new petition for my immigration permit. If all goes well, I will be with my family before long. I feel lonesome and don't enjoy the freedom of being alone.

"Oh, I forgot. Irene wrote that she's the best in her class. She says she thinks she is smart because she has a smart mother and a smart father. How do you like that? She must be very popular—got twenty-five valentines from boys in her class. 'There are a lot of cute boys in school,' she writes. That girl is starting to get the idea very early. They live in a neighborhood where many people understand German, and they've made



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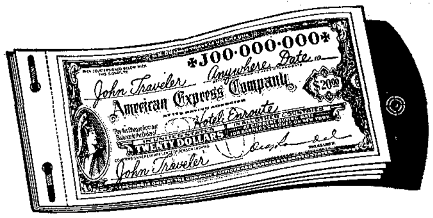

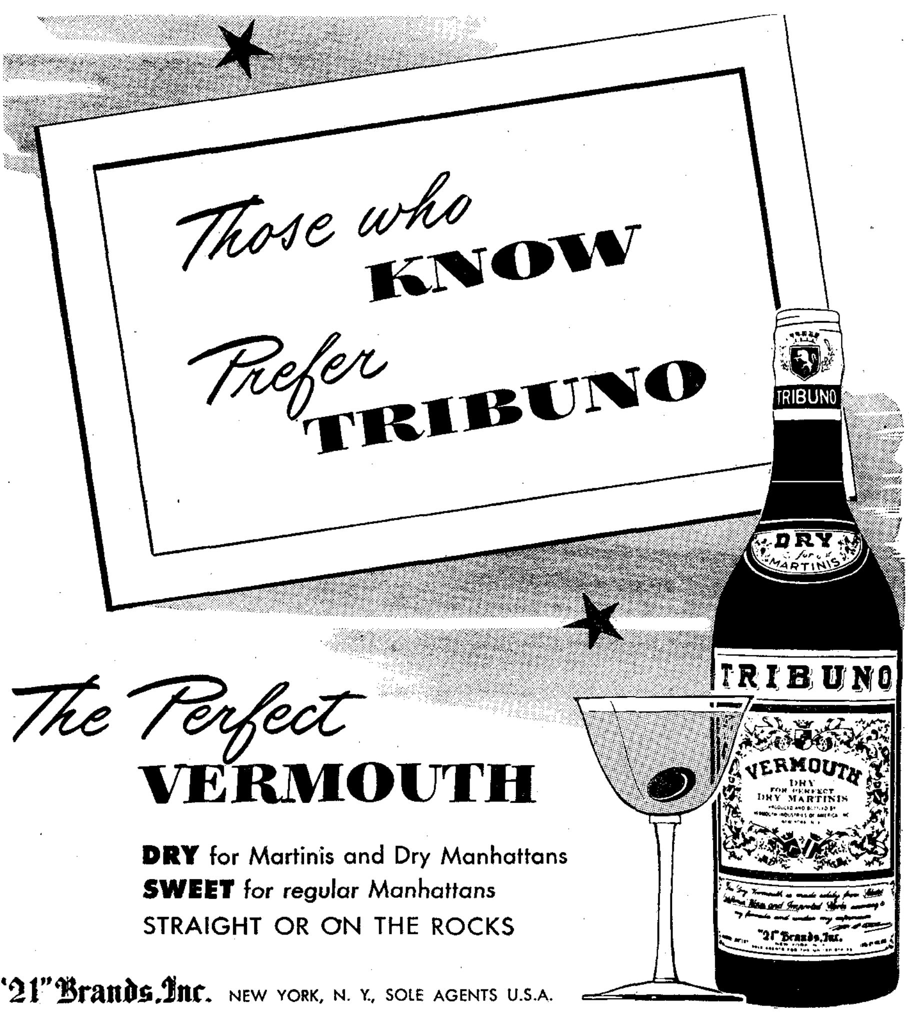

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—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. DOUGLAS. The Senator from Illinois would like to inquire about the meaning of the word "meandered." Is the word "meandered" used in the Homeric sense, "the river which wound about the battlements of Troy," or does it have a particular legal connotation?

MR. CORDON. The Senator from Oregon is not at the moment discussing the battlements of Troy or the waters, non-navigable or navigable, therein or round about. The Senator from Oregon enjoys a little persiflage with his friend from Illinois and therefore, is happy to answer that one question.

The word "meandered" has a meaning and a definite definition, and any dictionary will supply it to my friend from Illinois. although I am perfectly certain that he needs no dictionary for that purpose.

MR. HILL. Mr. President, will the Senator from Oregon yield for a question?

MR. CORDON. I am happy to yield to the Senator from Alabama.

MR. HILL. Does the word "meandered" as used here in connection with the "public survey of such lands under the laws of the United States" have any particular meaning under the laws or in connection with such surveys?

MR. CORDON. Mr. President, the laws of the States differ both as to their interpretation of the old common law of riparian rights, and as to their State statutes on the subject.

The word "meandered" as used in the joint resolution means the delineation of the banks of navigable waters. The United States, in following the sectional survey system, has habitually meandered those waters which were clearly and without any question navigable, and in extending its sectional survey system has stopped every line when it has reached the meander line around nonnavigable waters.

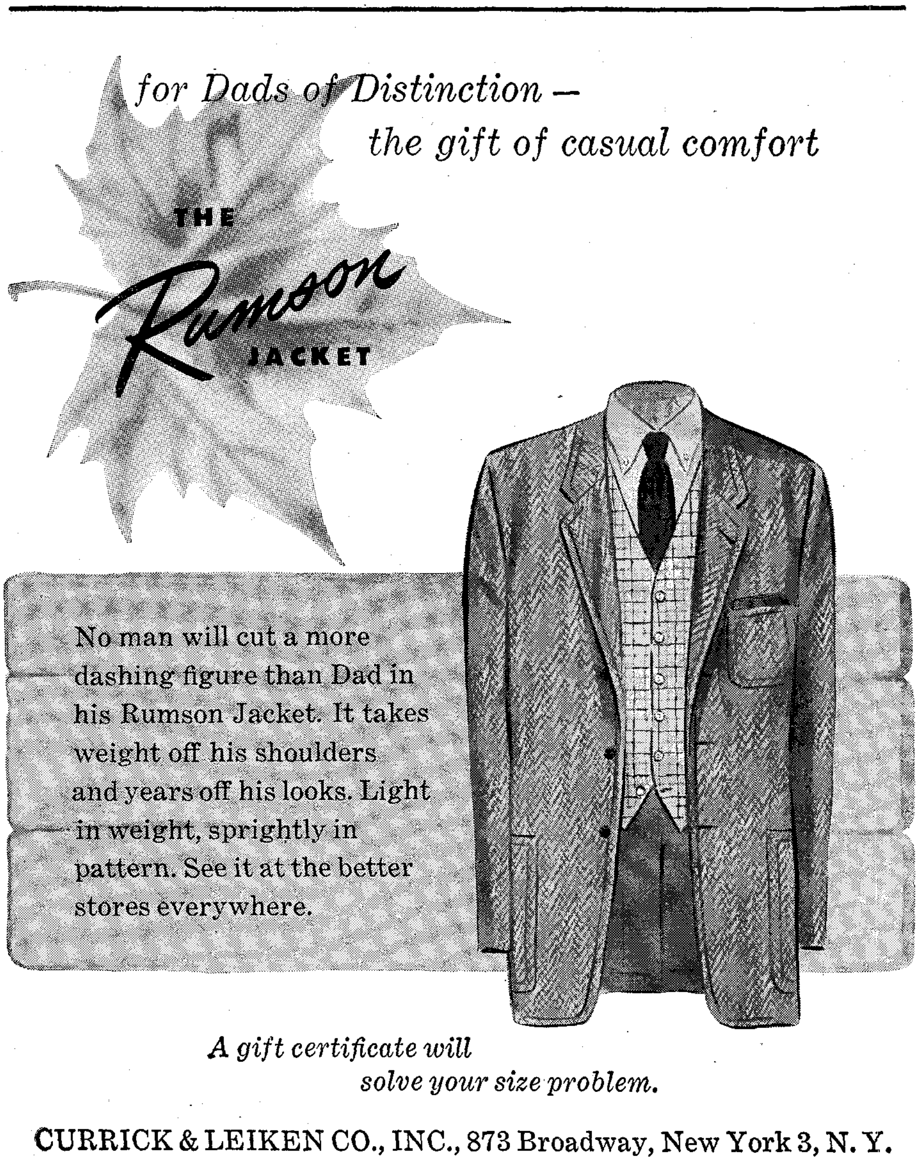
In some States we have decisions one way and in other States another way, not with respect to lands beneath meandered areas, but with respect to lands beneath waters where the lines have not been meandered.

MR. DOUGLAS. Mr. President, will the Senator from Oregon yield for a question?

MR. CORDON. I am happy to yield to the Senator from Illinois.

MR. DOUGLAS. Am I to understand the Senator from Oregon to say that the term "meandered" has the sense of to delineate, rather than to wind?

MR. CORDON. The Senator from Illinois is correct in that respect. Of course, we again exclude the walls of Troy.



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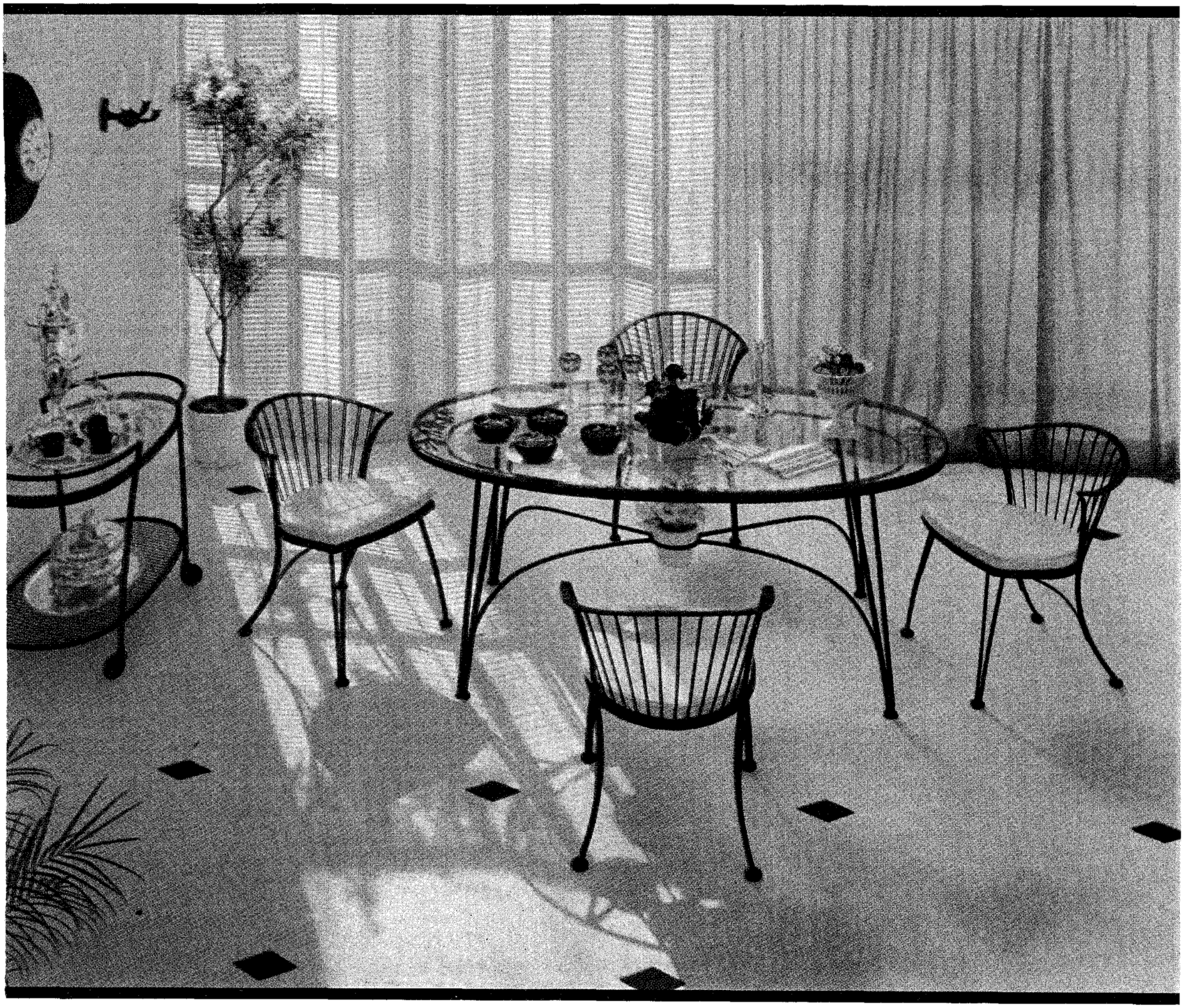

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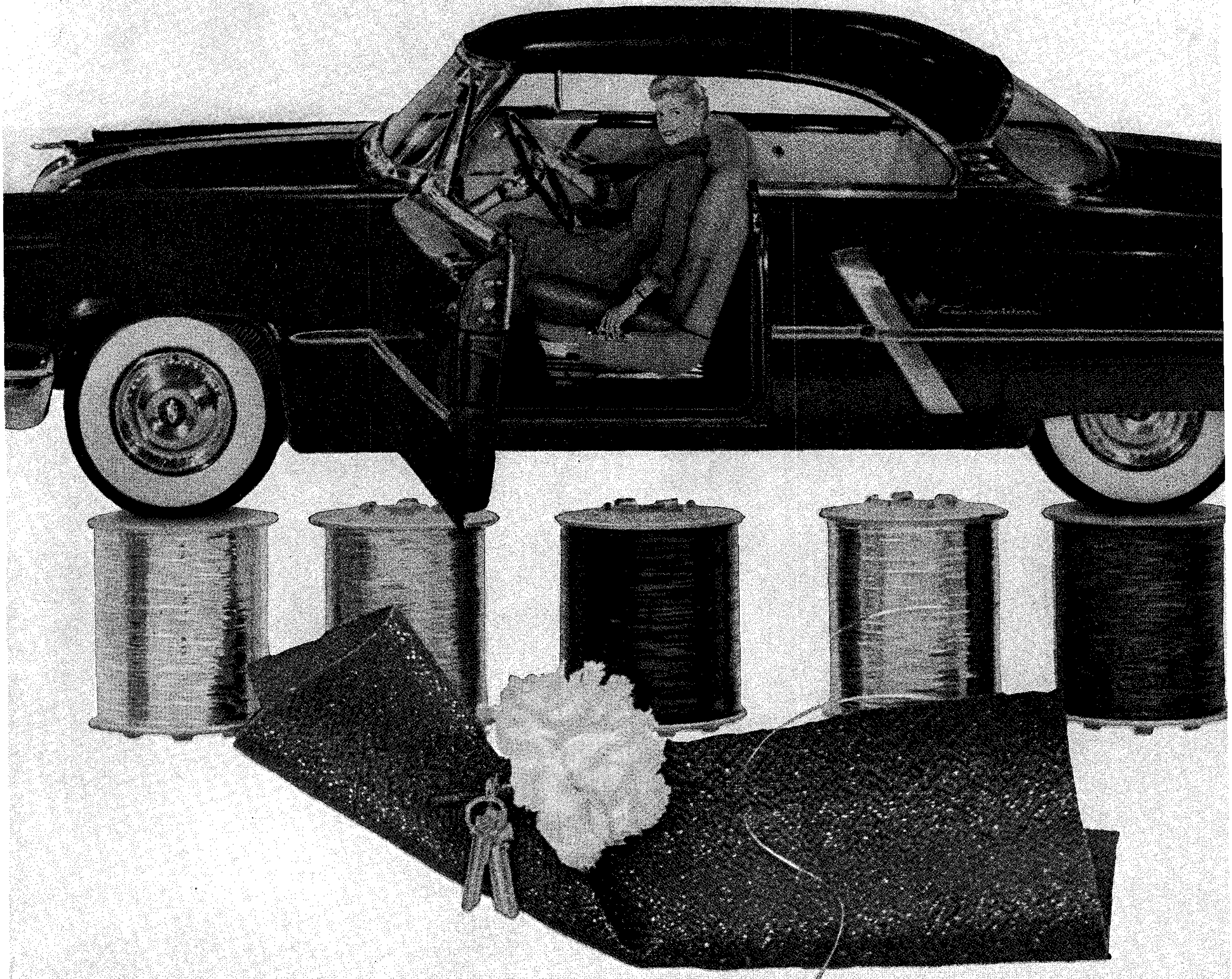

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TELEVISION

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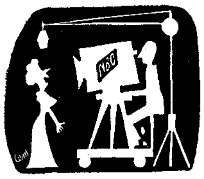
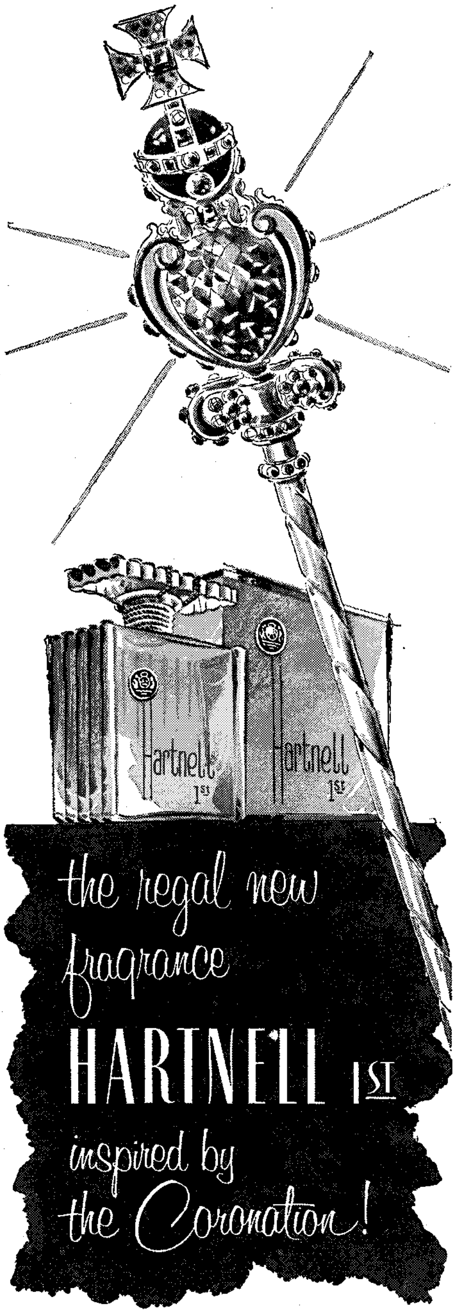


SOMEONE at the Columbia Broadcasting System has had the ingenuity to approach someone at the American Museum of Natural History and suggest that the two institutions get together on a television program dealing with natural history. Come to think of it, for all I know someone at the Museum may have gone to someone at C.B.S. In any event, the result is a program on Sunday afternoons, from five to six, called "Adventure," and I most happily bring it to your attention. The vast facilities and seemingly endless exhibits of the Museum, and the services of its large and extraordinarily capable staff, have all been placed at the disposal of "Adventure." For its part, C.B.S. has thrown in a number of select entries from its stable of commentators, including Charles Collingwood, Douglas Edwards, and Mike Wallace.

"Adventure" got under way several Sundays ago, and I sat down to watch the first one with considerable anticipation. Here, it seemed, was one of those ideas people are forever hoping television will develop. The first "Adventure" program, however, struck me as pretty wide of the mark. There was, for one thing, a good deal of hearty adult-space-cadet talk between a commentator and a Museum official, who pretended they were taking an interplanetary journey far out beyond the earth. The two gentlemen took up their post somewhere in the Hayden Planetarium and gazed into the awful, endless space. Lights twinkled and blinked, meteors zipped and zoomed, comets plunged about like porpoises, and the men, who called each other Joe and Mike, calmly discussed the vista of the universe before them. "We'll now go away from the sun to Mars and through the asteroids to Jupiter," said Joe. Smoke swirled about them. "We'll swing out," he went on, "and then go back to Saturn." More smoke swirled, and for a moment they were lost from sight. "How far are we now from earth?" asked Mike. "More than a million miles," Joe said. He sounded as placid as though he were on the Cannonball passing through Islip. "There's Saturn and her ring—a pulverized moon." More smoke. "On to Jupiter!" Joe said. Next, the boys visited Mars, with her canals, museums, libraries, and other points of general interest. Joe and Mike skipped Venus but took in Mercury, and got back to earth in time to watch a solar eclipse on film. Somehow, the journey made little sense to me because of the revved-up method of presentation, and matters did not improve with the final item on the program—a film showing Sicilian tunny fishermen bringing in the catch. A large part of the film was devoted to the fishermen's wives—dreary-looking ladies in black—who stood together in groups on cliffs staring out to sea.

Well, I looked in on "Adventure" a week ago Sunday, and it was spectacular. Someone at C.B.S., or someone at the Museum, apparently had decided that there is no need to dramatize natural history—the subject being dramatic enough by itself. Here were no journeys into space with smoke effects, no Mike-and-Joe routines, no attempt, with one or two exceptions, to turn the interviewing of a curator into one of those sidewalk interrogations in which a commentator steps up to a stranger and asks him what he thinks of the atomic bomb. Scholarship, science, the modesty of learning, and the perspective of history were in charge of the proceedings. The hour began with a fine film of bighorn sheep in the mating season, when the rams come down from the mountains to seek out the ewes. Since there seem to be more rams than ewes, the rams ram each other with ferocity, while the ewes patiently stand around admiring the boys' builds and waiting for the best man to win. Dr. Harold E. Anthony, curator of mammals at the Museum, accompanied the film with a splendid commentary. Dr. George Gaylord Simpson, curator of paleontology, came along next with the story of the origin of the solar system (a matter of some three billion years ago), and of the beginning of life on earth. "We finally come to a time, about five hundred million years ago, when some form of life appeared," he said. Dr. Simpson, a direct, quietly forceful, bearded curator, tossed millions of years around without hesitation. Man has existed for not more than a million years, he said, adding, without too much conviction, "If we use our intelligence, we might go on for a million more." Dr. Simpson and a commentator (a commentator is almost always at the elbow of a curator on "Adventure") got into a discussion of dinosaurs. A dinosaur was a sort of reptile, Dr. Simpson said. "He didn't breathe fire, did he?" asked the commentator. Dr. Simpson surveyed him curiously. "I rather doubt it," he



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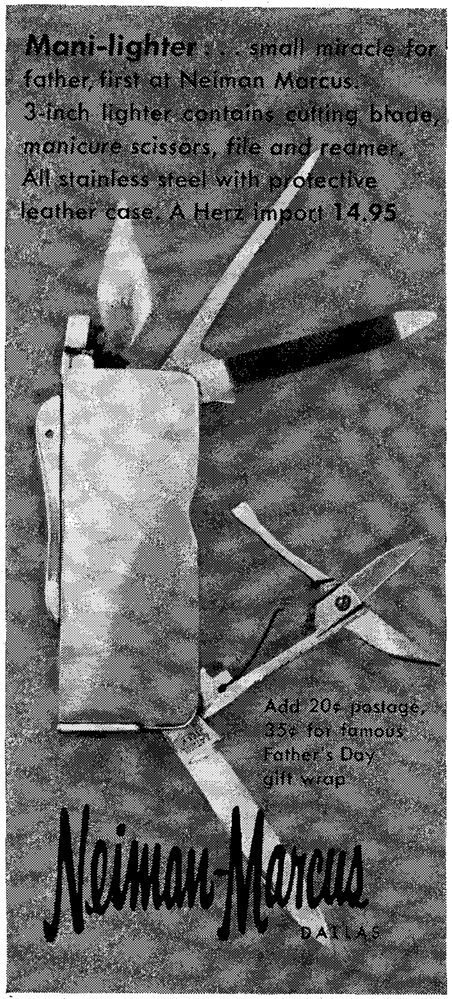
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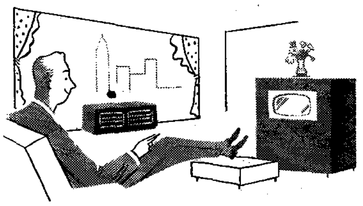
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said. "But of course fire doesn't fossilize." Another curator, Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, in charge of fossil reptiles and amphibians, took over, showed us the footprints of a dinosaur, and discussed the big fellow's neck vertebrae—"much like the flying buttresses of a cathedral, an architectural business." "You wouldn't say that the dinosaur was successful?" the commentator asked. Success means a lot to a commentator. Dr. Colbert appeared to be as offended by the question as if he had been a dinosaur himself. "Who are we to say dinosaurs were failures?" he asked a bit sharply. "The dinosaurs lasted a hundred million years."

The program closed with Dr. Margaret Mead, associate curator of ethnology, discussing shadow plays and ceremonial dances in Bali—a fascinating contribution. Dr. Mead analyzed the Balinese dances in great detail, explaining that they are tremendous factors in the mental health of the Balinese. In the dances, the worst fears and dreams are acted out and the participants go into trances—"a sort of shock treatment, a syncopated psychiatry," Dr. Mead said. "Fears become shared rituals." Dr. Mead accompanied her talk with a film of a dance, and this was stunning beyond measure.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

LIGHT, VARIABLE WINDS

This is the getting-nowhere breeze
That tries the soul of mariners—
The reason that the Seven Seas
Are peopled with philosophers.

We come about or jibe, to learn
That wind can box the compass, too,
Adroitly turning as we turn,
Adverse no matter what we do.

Still, better than dead calm, at least
It does impel us back and forth,
Giving the west some hope of east,
The south mirages of the north.

Hardened philosophers, we thrive
On facts we cannot overcome
As in vague twilight we arrive
Where in vague dawn we started from.

—ROBERT HILLYER

•

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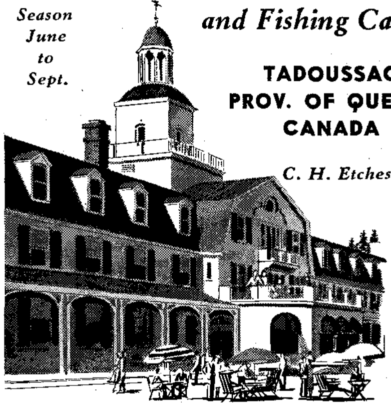
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Washington, D. C.,
May 28, 1953

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

YOUR recent paragraph in Notes and Comment about the radio loudspeakers in Brazil that lie in wait behind the shrubbery in public squares to pour music and commercials over passersby filled me with a certain sense of remorse. Ten years ago, I encountered the omnipresent loudspeakers of Brazil—I must have been a member of some of the first captive audiences in the world—and today it galls me to think that I was in a position to sound a warning against the burgeoning plague and never did so. I was an Air Transport Command navigator at the time, and in the course of my flights I spent some time in Natal, where the air was filled with, among other things, discourses in Portuguese and the sound of the samba. Enforced listening seemed to be imposed all over town, but I endured most of my captivity by loudspeaker on the veranda of the Grande Hotel, without even knowing what was happening to me.

In my own defense, I must say that there were plenty of diversionary actions by the natives to take my mind off the radio hidden somewhere in the little triangular park across from the hotel. There was, for one thing, the automobile traffic at the adjacent street intersection. This was light by north-of-the-border standards, but because a city ordinance, or at least a code of honor among the motorists, provided that the first car to sound its horn had the right of way, it was interesting. With Natalese motorists charging in on the crossroad with a hand on the horn button and no thought of putting a foot on the brake pedal, you didn't take much notice of a mere radio playing endlessly.

There were hordes of urchins, too, preying on any wealthy *Americanos* who could afford to sit on the Grande Hotel veranda and drink gin-and-tonic while honest people were out working. One of the more enterprising was a young man who announced, in fairly good English, that he had a hobby: He collected United States coins, and he wondered if the kind *Americanos*, who had such easy access to so many of them, did not have one or two small ones they could pass along to fill out his collection. I did not bother much about the loudspeaker in the park,

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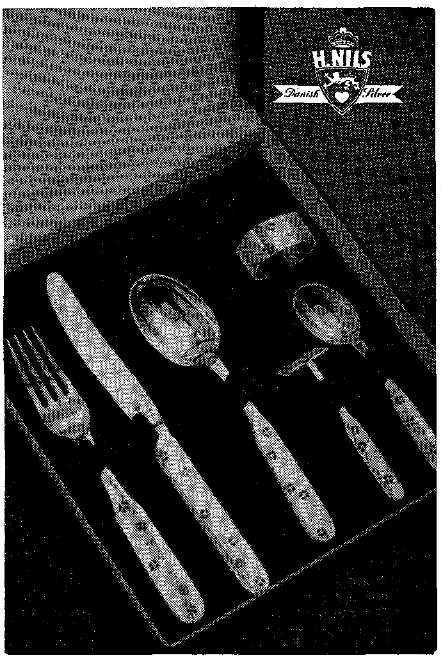

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either, when a swarthy policeman walked up sternly and whipped out his gun, since it was impossible to know at the time that he was merely offering it for sale.

Things went on inside the hotel itself to take my mind off my captivity. One evening, a grimy youngster sneaked along the veranda, hopped through a window into the dining room, snatched a piece of bread from a plate in front of an astonished diner, and fled into the dusk. An alert waiter saw him, took off in pursuit, returned triumphant a few moments later, and placed the bread back on the plate in front of the still more astonished diner.

In spite of these distractions, I might have been a Paul Revere and spread a warning about the horror of a radio you can't turn off if it had not been for one thing. I had noticed, of course, that the canned music was frequently interrupted by a flow of impassioned Portuguese, but I thought nothing of it. I never dreamed, until I read *The New Yorker* in May, 1953—ten years too late—that those interruptions were commercials. I thought they were political speeches. Air filled with political speeches seems only normal to a Washingtonian and lulls him into a false sense of security.

Regretfully,
HARRY MACARTHUR

●

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Atlanta Constitution*]

Wives of Atlanta doctors are going all out to make a memorable occasion of their celebration of Doctor's Day at a luncheon Friday at the Academy of Medicine.

With Mrs. Edgar Dunstan as president and Mrs. B. L. Shackleford as luncheon chairman, members of the Fulton County Medical Auxiliary have put their talents to a test and planned to decorate each table in a theme suggestive of 17 different specialists.

For instance, the pediatrician's table will have a cloth of pastel diapers, with a bassinet filled with baby's breath and a musical cradle as decorations.

Guests at the surgeon's table will don white caps and gowns and eat with surgical instruments. The table will be covered with a sheet held with clamps, small red flowers simulating the incision. To indicate obstetrics, a table will be centered with a 2½-foot stork with a baby doll suspended from his bill.

The internal medicine table will be graced with a Lazy Susan holding a bedroom scene, complete with patient and doctor. Place cards will be pill boxes and favors will be small thermometers.

The allergy table will feature ragweed in a milk bottle, and the pathology table will be adorned with a microscope, a cage of mice and rabbits, with test tubes as place cards.

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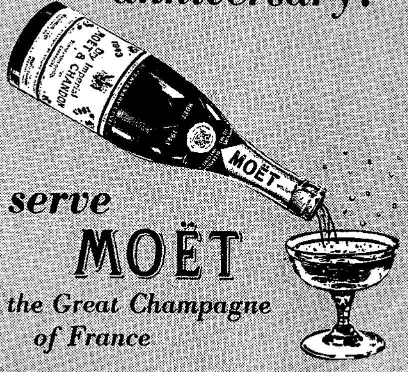

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BOOKS

Swinging Doors on the Ivory Tower

ALFRED DE VIGNY, the author of "The Military Necessity," which the Grove Press has now brought forth, a hundred and twenty years after it was written, is a fascinating figure in the literary world, an essentially minor French writer whose reputation has been inflated by generation after generation of critics until he now occupies a position of considerable importance as a forerunner of the modern literary movement. Picking one's way through the verse and the prose of de Vigny, detail by detail, one comes on magnificent things, such as the enormously evocative line from his poem "Le Cor" that embodies the whole flavor of the French romantic movement: "*Dieu! que le son du cor est triste au fond des bois.*" The evocation is immediate and inescapable; one sees the melancholy figure of the poet, emotionally disturbed, Byronic, and apart, leaning against a tree, beaver hat in hand, looking at the misty autumn landscape of a genteel park and hearing the faint tootling of a hunting horn in a covert in the middle distance. In fact, though, the horn is the horn of the Song of Roland, and it is desperately at the lips of the trapped hero overwhelmed by the Saracens and by black-hearted treachery in the gorge of Roncevaux. De Vigny has thus given one of the great stories of heroism and action a languid, fin-de-siècle melancholy.

Another of his anthology lines is, on the face of it, a splendid statement of the stoic ideal. How should one die? In silence, without weakness.

Comment on doit quitter la vie et tous ses maux,
C'est vous qui le savez. . . .
Seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse.

Something dignified is being said about a good death, but the poem, "La Mort du Loup," is about a soundly monogamous wolf who makes the supreme sacrifice in defense of his wife and family, and as a pin for that particular idea it is not far short of being ridiculous.

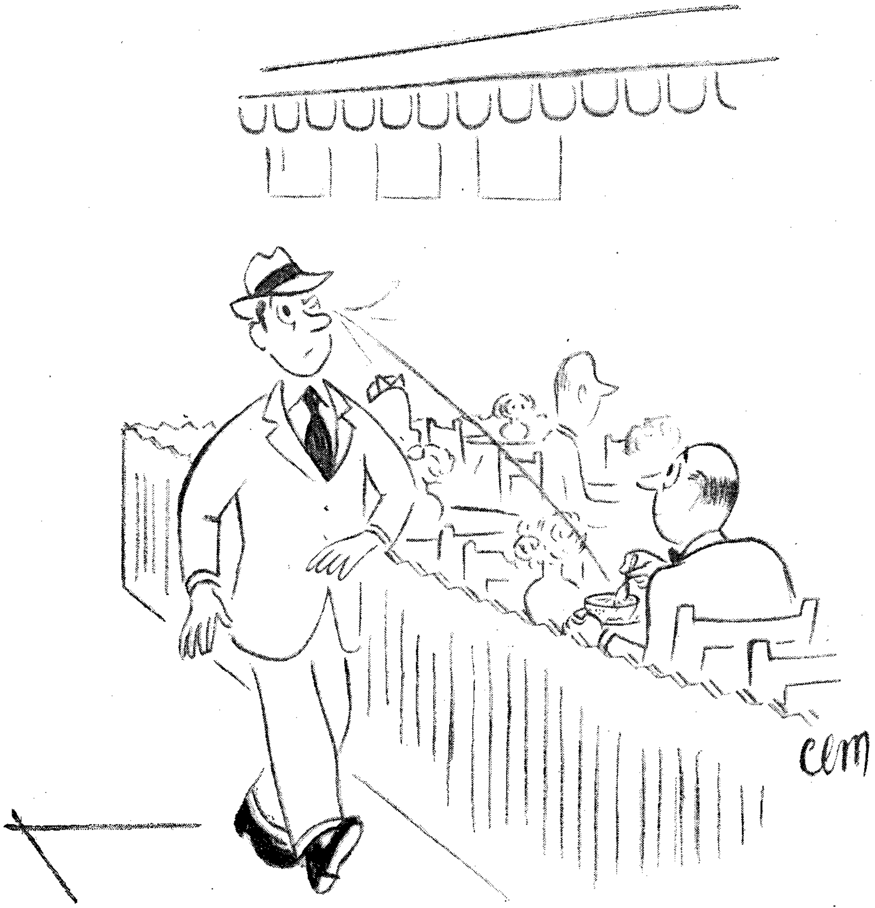
A good deal of de Vigny's repute as a forerunner rests on his interest in the problem of evil. The poem that is explicitly about this subject, "Eloa," stands up as long as one talks in generalities about its subject, but not if one examines its actual content. Eloa is a lady angel whose gently sentimental heart is filled with curiosity about Satan and his wickedness. Perhaps, she dreams, the influence of a really good woman could save him from himself. Satan is, as it happens, remarkably good-looking as well as remarkably wicked, and before long poor Eloa is snugly in his arms inside a cloud of flame that serves him as a bachelor apartment and also as a kind of elevator. While it carries the pair of them down to Hell, Eloa pesters Satan with increasingly banal questions and gets increasingly sullen answers from the demon:

> *"Seras-tu plus heureux du moins, es-tu content?"*
> *"Plus triste que jamais."*

If the poem is really the forerunner of anything, it is the forerunner of those novels by Marie Corelli and Ethel M. Dell in which evil is personified by saturnine persons who own yachts and look good in evening dress.

In 1826, a couple of years after the publication of "Eloa," de Vigny met Walter Scott and was inspired by the incident to produce a best-seller, "Cinq-Mars," a cloak, sword, and cleavage novel, dealing with the intrigues of the Cardinal de Richelieu, in which a good deal is cribbed from Scott's "Quentin Durward" but not improved. Better writers than de Vigny have written worse books than "Cinq-Mars," but the peculiarly disorganized quality of his mind is shown by the fact that when he published this complete travesty of history and psychology he added, by way of preface, an essay, "Thoughts on Truth in Art," that was very absolute indeed in its demand for *la vérité d'observation sur la nature humaine.* It is as if Mr. T. S. Eliot, having written "Anthony Adverse" or something of the kind, decided to publish it in conjunction with one of his more austere essays.

With this schizoid performance, de Vigny began to hit his stride. He had been an officer in the French Army for thirteen years, and he now wangled a series of leaves of absence and, finally, a discharge on medical grounds, so that he could write for the theatre. Edmund Kean's visit to Paris in 1828 with an English company to play a Shakespeare season excited de Vigny just as his meeting with Scott had excited him, and within the following twelve months he ran off translations of "The Merchant



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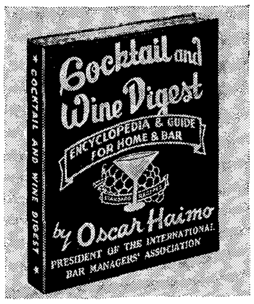

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LITTLE, BROWN

of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello." The last, entitled "Le More de Venise," was turned out with breakneck speed for the express purpose of beating Victor Hugo's "Hernani" out for a place in the schedule of the Théâtre Français, an aim in which he was successful. His grasp of theatrical realities and his hard-headed professional approach showed themselves again, a little later, after the near disaster of the first night of Dumas's "Christine." De Vigny and Hugo began working over the play at one in the morning, and had a revised version ready for rehearsal at noon the next day.

De Vigny, by this time a husband, found a mistress in the theatre—the Marie Dorval whom George Sand, drooling with adjectives, has described as *"Oh! naïve et passionnée, et jeune et suave, et tremblante et terrible."* The relationship between the two ladies was ambiguous, but there was no doubt about her relationship with Dumas. She had begun her affair with him by popping her head out of a cab window at one in the morning and saying, "Come inside and kiss me." From then on, she referred to Dumas as her "big bow-wow." She had been on the stage for ten years when de Vigny met her, and she was an accomplished sexual athlete who both amused herself and furthered her career by taking her pleasure where she found it. Edmund Gosse refers to the liaison she and de Vigny set up as a seraphic and mystical one, and compares it to that of a nun and her brother. De Vigny was unaware of it, but she was unfaithful to him all the time, and he was untrue to her when she was on tour in the provinces, so the comparison seems a poor one.

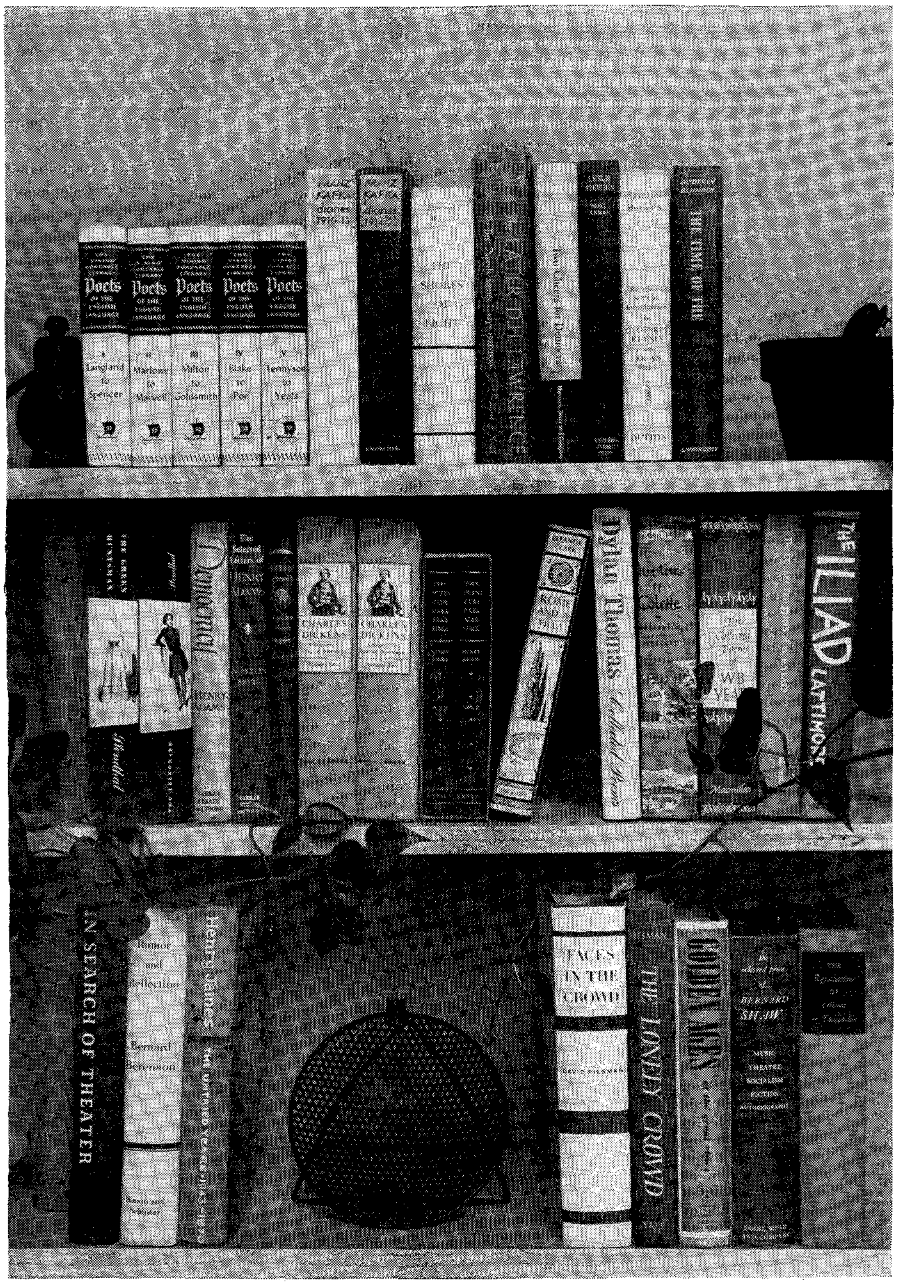
What is most interesting about this phase of de Vigny's career is that it led to his writing "Stello," an argument in the form of a story which defines the place of the poet in society. It is a powerful statement of the theory that the artist belongs in the ivory tower and not in the market place. Solitary and free, he must keep himself to himself, unspotted by the world, clear of all mundane ambitions and vulgar interests. While he was writing this, de Vigny was deep in intrigues to get the lead in his play "La Maréchale d'Ancre" for Marie Dorval, and after it was produced he wrote another play, "Quitte pour la Peur," simply to provide her with a star part.

De Vigny was now at the height of his popularity, and, like Victor Hugo and Dumas, a force in the French theatre. His next play, called "Chatterton," was based on "Stello." It declared that poets were social outcasts and that to possess genius was to inherit the curse of Cain. It was typical of de Vigny that he chose as his exemplar of genius Thomas Chatterton, a light versifier without any inventive gift, who committed suicide after he had been exposed as the author of some poems by a fifteenth-century poet, named Rowley, who turned out to be a wholly imaginary character. It was equally typical that de Vigny pointed to neglect and indifference as the danger to the poet at a time when society was raising its altars to the bitch goddess success and threatening its geniuses with too much money, too much worship, and too little time to think, see, and feel. (This new situation was summed up by the reply Tennyson got from a manufacturer when he tried to buy some barbed wire—"I could not think of making any charge, for, if I may say it without taking a liberty, the honour of having your Lordship's name on the firm's books . . . is in itself ample payment.") There was real danger that poets would be fattened like Strasbourg geese and a smooth, expensive paste made out of their sensibilities.

"Chatterton" was followed by "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires," published here as "The Military Necessity." De Vigny had been a poor officer, who despised his superiors and antagonized them by courting popularity among his subordinates. It is one thing in military circles to be a G.I.s' general; it is quite another thing to be a G.I.s' lieutenant. His literary interests made him indifferent to his duties, and although he had influential friends in the government throughout his military career, he received only one promotion in his thirteen years of service. When he felt like leaving the Army for the theatre, he left it. Mr. Humphrey Hare, in an introduction to "The Military Necessity," admirably states the book's argument:

> The army is more than an occupation, more than a profession; it is a way of life, a dedication. Within its ranks there is room neither for the undisciplined enthusiasm of the volunteer nor the impotent reluctance of the conscript. They are merged in the common mold of discipline, become indistinguishable in the uniform of abnegation. And this personal surrender to a dedicated way of life has, like every mystery, its visible signs and ceremonies. The donning of the vestments by the priest, the sacred dance before the altar, the chanting of the ritual are at once the symbols of initiation and a rhythmic, almost hypnotic, control of the physical which must precede all essential spiritual experience. So it is with the soldier: his uni-

A Picture of Literary Excellence



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De Vigny declares this elevated mystique in "The Military Necessity" in the course of presenting three short stories that one can only call ludicrous melodramas. The first is the story of the captain of a Navy brig under the Directory, who sails to Cayenne with a charming young couple aboard as passengers and sealed orders, not to be opened until his ship has crossed latitude one between the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth parallels. When this point is reached, he opens the paper and discovers that he has to shoot the young husband, of whom he is now a firm friend. He does his duty, and the young woman goes out of her mind. The captain, in disgust, transfers to the Army and spends the next eighteen years rising to the rank of battalion commander as he fights his way through Napoleon's campaigns. Everywhere he goes, he takes the poor lunatic lady with him in what sounds like a miniature prairie schooner. The second story is about the royal kindness of Marie Antoinette, and it would be ungracious to comment on it in the face of the innocent enthusiasms of a Coronation year. The third is concerned with drawing a contrast between the saintly mysticism of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood and the vulgarity of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The question is why anyone should take these rigmaroles and their fantastic mystique seriously, and the answer is extremely simple. De Vigny was incapable of writing an ugly sentence, and every minor incident, every digression, in which he creates the atmosphere and background of his nonsense, shines like a jewel. The episodes in which de Vigny as general narrator meets with the narrators of the three stories have a perfection as intimate descriptive writing that has been equalled only by Turgenev in his "Sportsman's Sketches," and the conclusion of the second story, in which its narrator is killed when the magazine of a fortress blows up, is so fine in its tranquil observation of violence that one can almost accept de Vigny's ensuing remarks on the nobility and devotion to duty of the victim and disregard the fact that it is his gross negligence that has caused the disaster.

The book's history is fascinating. It was considered an attack on the Army when it first appeared, and was not popular until after the French defeat of 1870. Then its doctrine of the dedi-

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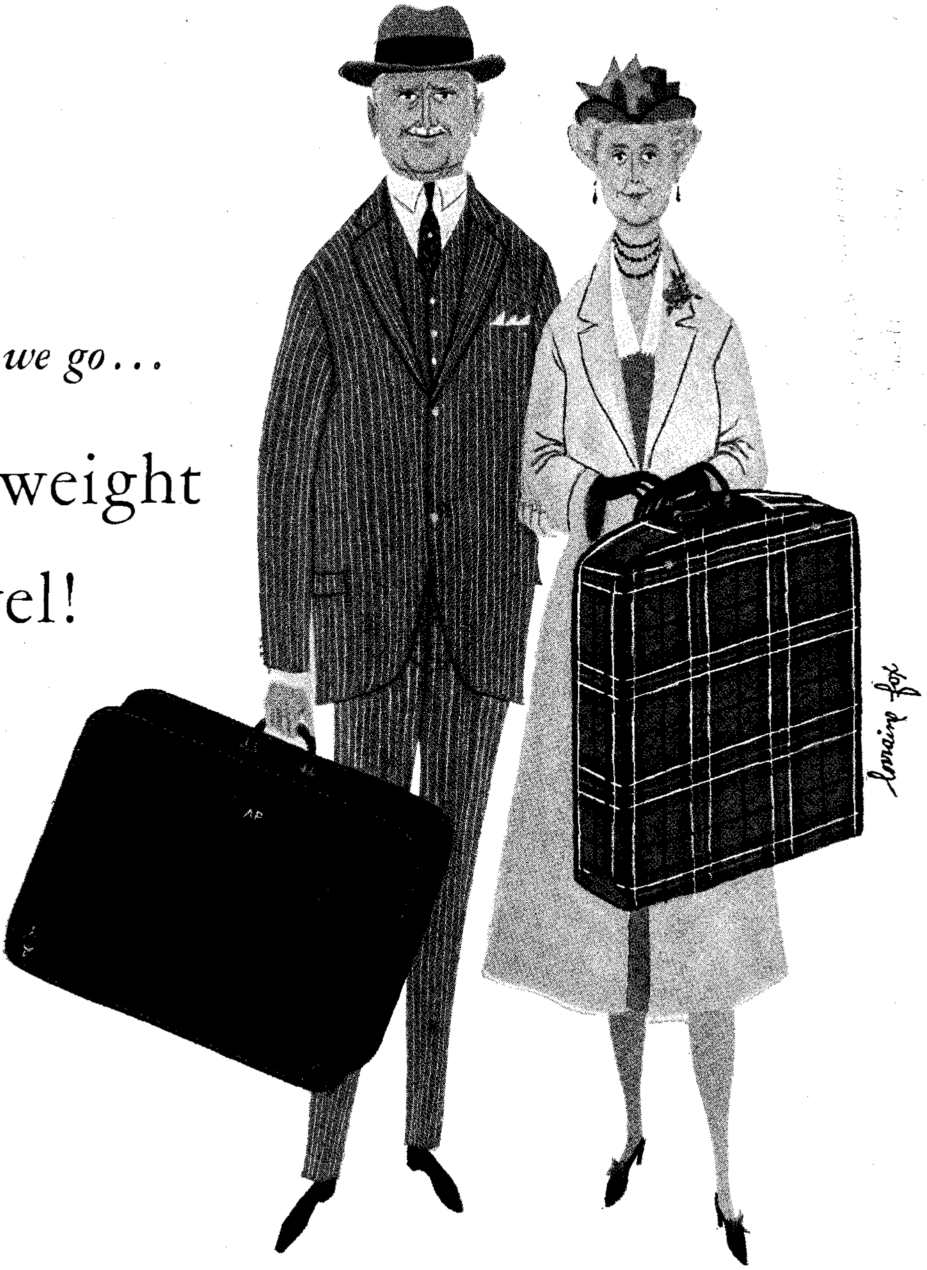

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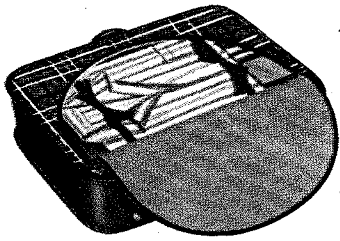

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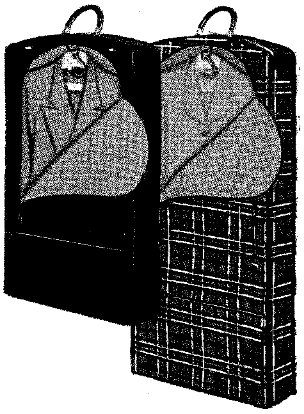

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cated life of self-abnegation took hold of those intellectual officers who, devoted to the destruction of the Third Republic, were making themselves a third force in French politics. The mystique of absolute surrender to the Army and its higher national purposes justified the conspirators of the War Office in their long fight to maintain the fiction of the infamy of Dreyfus. The question of his guilt or innocence was unimportant; he had sinned against the Army by invoking civil justice, a monstrous crime in one who had put on the uniform and forsaken the world.

THE latter stages of the career of the inventor of the aesthetic of the ivory tower are sad. Not long after he published "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires," he discovered the full extent of Marie Dorval's iniquity. He had, with some bitterness, forgiven her George Sand, but he could not forgive her Dumas. Shocked by her treachery, he withdrew from the theatre and returned to his wife, an Englishwoman whom he had married in 1825. After four years of caustic reflection, he produced "La Colère de Samson." It was a memorable explosion, with a strong tang of Mauriac in its view of woman:

Toujours voir serpenter la vipère dorée
Qui se traîne en sa fange et s'y croit ignorée!
Toujours ce compagnon dont le cœur n'est pas sûr,
La Femme, enfant malade et douze fois impur!

Soon after, the advocate of solitude and abstention from worldly affairs for artists was putting forward his candidature for the Academy, and after six tries, and endless intrigue and maneuver, he made it in 1845. In 1848, he ran for the Legislative Assembly, and in 1852, after the Bonapartist coup, he angled for the post of French Ambassador to London, without success. He spent his remaining years assiduously attending the meetings of the Academy and carping delicately on the margins of things.

In spite of the beauty of his language, which can make even rubbish like "Cinq-Mars" worth reading, there is no way of treating de Vigny as anything but a comedian. He was pursued by fate, but it always made farce out of his tragic situations. His marriage would have been unbearably sad if he had been another kind of man. He married a beautiful woman, all gold, pink, and blue. This golden girl was a goose whose malapropisms became famous in de Vigny's circle; she would say "as proud as

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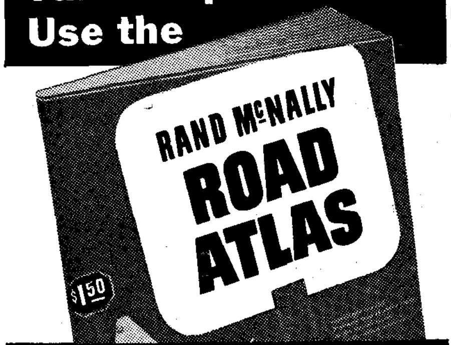

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Luther" and confuse such words as "exclude" and "include" in her muddled talk. Her father, Sir Hugh Mills Bunbury, supposedly immensely rich, with sugar plantations in Demerara, cut them off with a tiny allowance. She became an invalid soon after the marriage and was bedridden for long periods from then until her death. One is prepared to pity the young couple and to hate the wicked Sir Hugh. But de Vigny chose to console himself with Marie Dorval and to make himself a figure of fun. And Sir Hugh (who was not really, as it turned out, very rich) was addlepated rather than wicked, and soon simply forgot about his daughter and son-in-law. When, only two years later, Bunbury met Lamartine, who was honeymooning in Florence, he was struck by the coincidence that his own daughter was married to a French poet. "But which?" Sir Hugh wondered. He could no longer remember.

Fate endowed de Vigny with almost every gift that would make him a stricken genius of the romantic movement and give him a place in the history of letters alongside Chénier, Keats, and Shelley. But it failed to give him the substance that would withstand a blow. It is perhaps no accident that he chose Chatterton as his hero. —Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Team Bells Woke Me, by H. L. Davis (Morrow). A collection of rambling but well-written stories, most of them set in Oregon about fifty years ago. Sometimes Mr. Davis makes a story of his own experiences and sometimes he relies on hearsay. He has a simple, thoughtful, humorous style that is admirably suited to the people and the places he writes about, and when he wanders from his main subject, it is with intention and wit.

O King, Live for Ever, by Henry Myers (Crown). Mr. Myers would do better if he stuck to his story and let the theorizing take care of itself. His hero, Paul Gibbs, is wonderfully sympathetic, and the account of his childhood and the way he manages to outwit the world in his adult years is funny and full of suspense, but the story is badly cluttered by unnecessary and boring wordiness, to the extent that the humanity which first charms us disappears completely toward the end.

The Dark Angel, by Mika Waltari (Putnam). Mr. Waltari is not so

The beasts that talk,
The streams that stand,
The stones that walk,
The singing sand . . .

The Singing Sands
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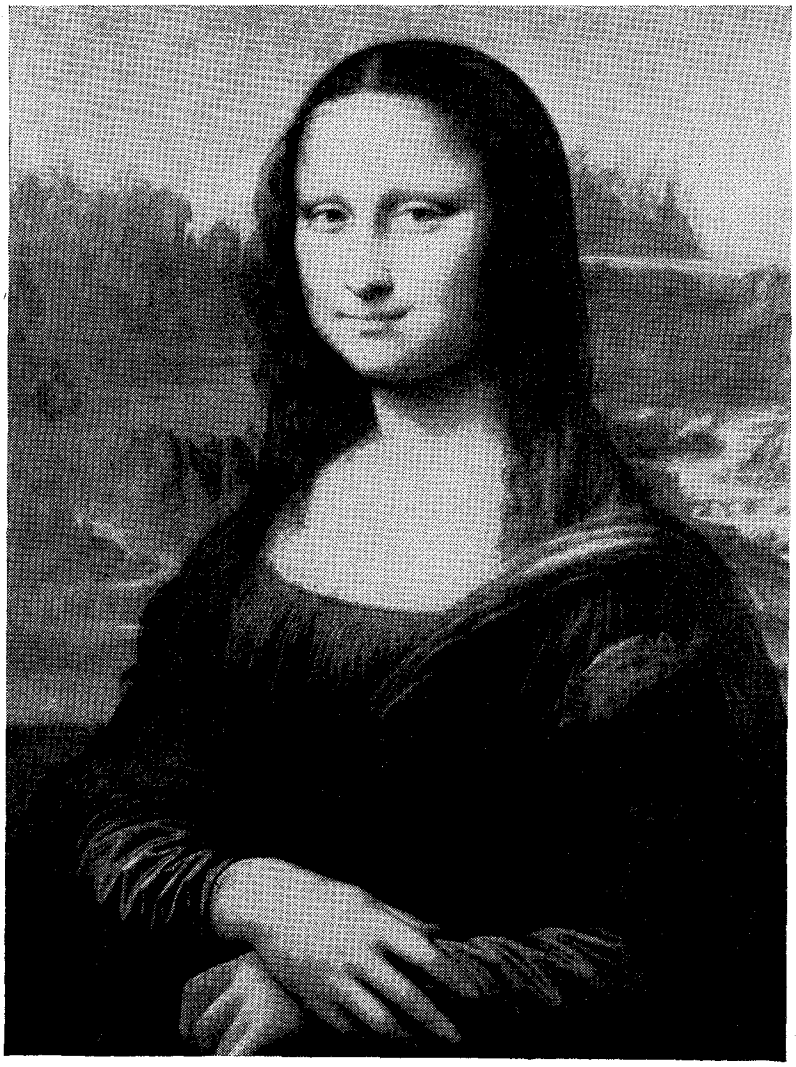
Is her hair black, brown, or red?



The most famous lady in all painting has appeared in print thousands of times since Leonardo da Vinci laid down his brush. In some color reproductions, she looks pale and flat. In others, with a profusion of printing ink that would have shocked da Vinci, she appears highly "made up."

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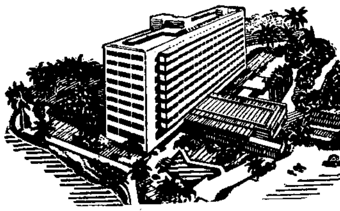


much interested in humanity as in the amount of blood contained in each human body, and in the various manners in which this blood can be spilled. In this book, he occupies himself, apparently pleasurably, with the carnage that took place just before, and during, the fall of Constantinople in 1453.

THE WEATHER IN MIDDENSHOT, by Edgar Mittelholzer (John Day). Middenshot, an English village, is terrorized by a homicidal lunatic who has escaped from a nearby asylum. Mr. Jarrow, an elderly eccentric who lives near the village, destroys the maniac and his accomplice for the good of society. In this he is abetted by two whimsical private detectives, Messrs. North and Southerby. The narrative suits Mr. Mittelholzer's wizened, capering style of writing, but his manner and his ideas are unfortunately a little old-fashioned for the kind of satire he is aiming at.

DOM CASMURRO, by Machado de Assis (Noonday Press). A dark, mahogany-colored tale of emotional self-indulgence in nineteenth-century Brazil. Dom Casmurro, the narrator, a man of sly righteousness, ruins his own life and the lives of his wife and son rather than fight down his suspicions of his wife's fidelity. It is a sad story, but it moves one to impatience rather than pity, because the spark of life that lies behind it is so remote, and, more than that, so weak.

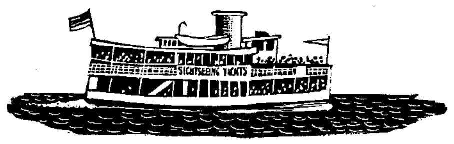
AFFAIR OF THE HEART, by Margaret Long (Random House). Carter Kelly, a Southern newspaperwoman who has been a success in her career in New York but whose marriage to a Southern newspaperman has failed, returns to her native town in Georgia to try to patch up her broken heart, and becomes involved in plans to start a liberal paper to fight prejudice and injustice in the community. The story of the founding of the paper keeps time with Carter's personal story and with the intimate problems of her close friends. One trouble with this book is that although we may have sympathy with Carter's aims and hopes, we continue to find her and her friends talky, shrill, and humorless.

THE HUMAN KIND, by Alexander Baron (Ives Washburn). Mr. Baron, who feels deeply about his fellow-human beings but who gets a little weary, or a little ashamed, when it comes to saying how he feels, here presents a series of short, brittle sketches of Englishmen at the beginning of a war, in the middle of a war, and at the end of a war. His characters, who are seen intermittently, as in a newsreel, change from enthusiastic recruits in their native England to seasoned and cynical soldiers on battle fronts all over the world. The writing is terse and tired.

TAW JAMESON, by May Davies Martenet (Knopf). Taw Jameson, a mealy-headed manservant on a North Carolina estate, describes the fortunes of his employers from the time the daughter of the house, Chloe, is six until she arrives at the age and the inclination to marry. Taw's cringing concern for the rich people in his life is not very attractive, and his prose, which strikes a note halfway between a mew and a coo, is very hard to put up with. The story begins in 1918.

GENERAL

NORTH FROM MALAYA, by William O. Douglas (Doubleday). Mr. Justice Douglas's fourth travel book deals with a corner of Asia that has become the cockpit of the world, so it is not surprising that it is his most politically-minded work. In Malaya, the Philippines, Burma, Indo-China, and Formosa, he watched the battle between Russian Communism and the varying ideologies opposing it, and his book is both a report on the battle and an estimate of the chances the free peoples have of winning it. In Indo-China, he found, the Vietminh is winning against the French—a fact, he says, that is "not wholly reflected in the news." In the Philippines and Malaya, he says, the enormous, never-ending police action that is going on against the guerrillas will never succeed until the people awake to the threat to their freedom and stamp out the guerrillas on their own. Formosa he discounts as a bastion against Communism; it is of potential value as a bomber base, he says, but ideologically it faces the past and means nothing to democratic Asia. Only in Burma, where a counter-revolution based on true democratic ideals is winning against Communism, did Mr. Douglas find a mass movement that could hold the key to a free Asia. His description of conditions there is

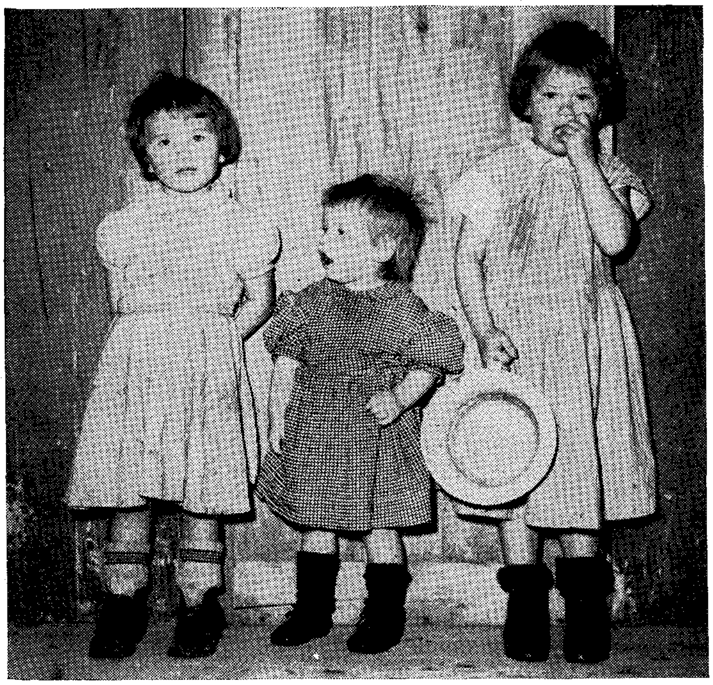


cogent, and his general recommendations as to how we can best help Asia seem both progressive and practical. Many photographs.

SO NOBLE A CAPTAIN, by Charles McKew Parr (Crowell). An extremely good chronicle of the life and times and voyages of Ferdinand Magellan, the Portuguese nobleman who mapped the world for King Charles I of Spain. Without ever losing sight of Magellan, the author ranges out in all directions to tell us in detail how international banking and commercial rivalry, as well as royal politicking and missionary zeal, played their parts in the great explorations of the time. The climax is, of course, the tragic voyage on which Magellan sailed west to the Philippines, which he had already reached from the east, and was killed there by the natives at almost the very moment he completed his circumnavigation of the globe. Mr. Parr is a workmanlike and painstaking writer; when he conjectures, which is seldom, he says so, and he has apparently tracked down every important document relating to his subject. Maps and drawings.

THE KREMLIN VS. THE PEOPLE, by Robert Magidoff (Doubleday). A report on Russia's intramural cold war, written by an American newspaperman whose knowledge and experience of Russian life is almost unique in his profession. Mr. Magidoff, Russian-born and Russian-speaking but American-educated, lived in the U.S.S.R. from 1936 until 1948, when he was expelled on the standard charge of being a spy. He says that an internal struggle has been disrupting Soviet society since the Bolshevik seizure of power, and he takes up, one by one, its various "fronts"—the religious front, the anti-Semitic front, the Party front, the bureaucratic front, the labor front, and so on. Stalin is the dominant figure throughout (the book was on the presses when he died), but that does not date the work, since at the time of writing the author believed that any successor to Stalin—he named Malenkov as the leading candidate—would have to carry on Stalin's oppressive policies until forced by outside pressure to liberalize the regime or face an internal explosion.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, by Allan A. Michie (Sloane). An evaluation of the British monarchy as an institution, written by an American who lives in England, is thoroughly up on



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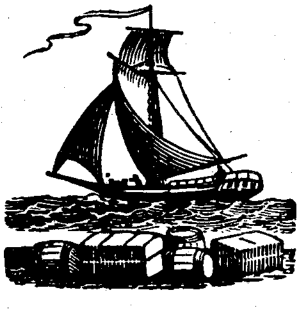

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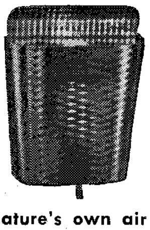

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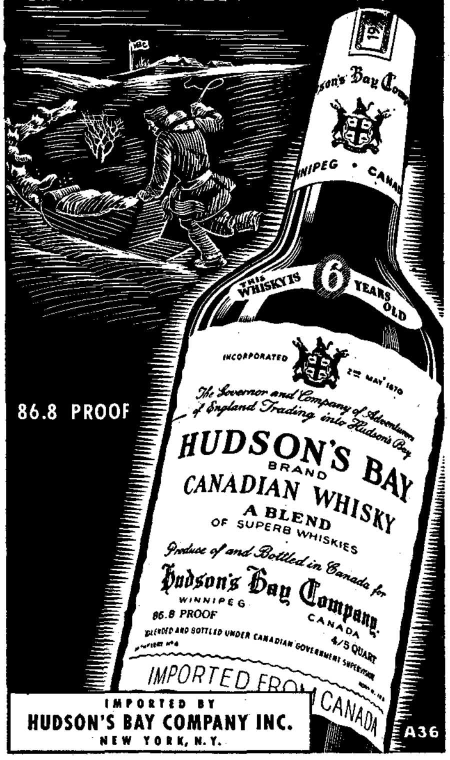
his subject, and treats it with respect. He discusses its broad aspects and intricate machinery, describes the ceremonial minutiae that have evolved through sixty reigns, and supplies ample details of the kind that bemuses citizens of the Coca-Cola age. (The Queen of England is, for instance, entitled to the tails of all whales caught off the coast of Britain.) The latter half of the book is devoted to sketches of the several personalities who have dominated the royal scene in England in the recent past—George VI, the Duke of Windsor, the new Queen and her sister and husband, and the royal relatives. This part abounds in anecdotes that border on the inconsequential, and is likely to please only the more passionate royalty buffs. Photographs.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: THE ERA AND THE MAN, by Virginia Cowles (Harper). When the author of this biography told its subject what she had in mind, he answered, "There's nothing much in *that* field left unploughed." Even so, Miss Cowles has managed a pretty good book. She has concentrated, for the most part, on Churchill's early and middle political years, when he was making himself unpopular all over the place and impatiently awaiting his cue to play the Man of Destiny. It is a sympathetic biography, but it is written with a full awareness of Churchill's limitations and occasional unscrupulousness. Miss Cowles doesn't sit in judgment, but she gives a full hearing to Churchill's opponents at critical stages of his career—the Dardanelles episode, the money crisis of the nineteen-twenties, the debate over independence for India, the years the Nazis were rearming Germany, the abdication mess, and so on—and lets the reader draw his own conclusions. The last sections, which deal mainly with Churchill's part in the Second World War, are weak and skimpy. Photographs.

THE STORY OF EVEREST, by W. H. Murray (Dutton). A portrait and biography of the mountain, with an account of the various doomed efforts to conquer it. Everest was known to geological surveyors merely as Peak XV until 1852, when it was named for Sir George Everest, chief of the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, whose expedition in the eighteen-forties was unable to calculate its height (29,002 feet, according to the 1852 India Survey, and 29,141, according to later com-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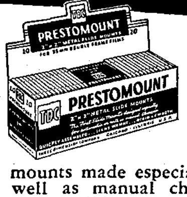

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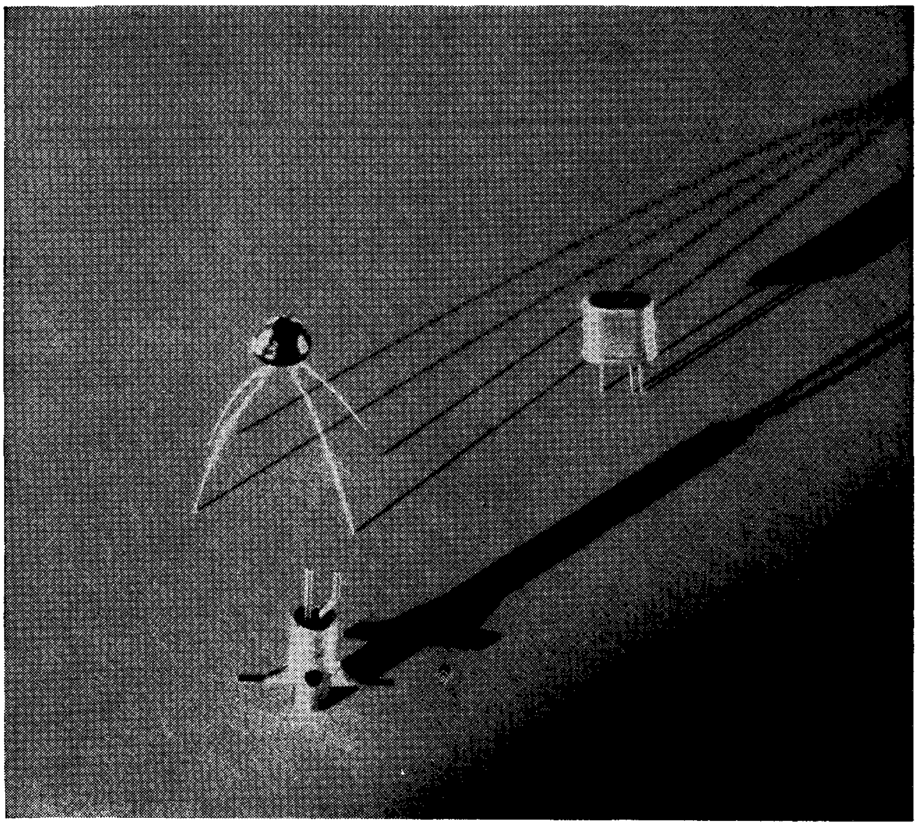
putations) but did chart its position. Previously, the honor had been accorded to a neighboring peak, Kanchenjunga (28,146 feet), which looked taller from India; travellers weren't allowed in Tibet, where Everest's cold and cruel supremacy can clearly be seen. Mr. Murray, a British Alpinist, was deputy leader of the reconnaissance expedition to Mount Everest in 1951, and has studied the records of all other reconnaissance expeditions and of all attempts to scale the peak, including the two Swiss attempts last year. His book is the most complete study of the mountain available, and gives a clear exposition of the difficulties of trying to climb it—the rocks, snow, avalanches, and icefalls, the monsoons and sudden storms, the extremes of cold and the rarefied atmosphere, and the odd and frightening behavior of the human body and the human will as one approaches the summit. An excellent piece of work, well illustrated with maps and photographs.

THE MOUNT EVEREST RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITION OF 1951, by Eric Shipton (Hodder & Stoughton). An album of splendid photographs, supported by text, that can serve as a companion piece to Mr. Murray's book. The author led this expedition, whose object was to find an approach to the mountain from Nepal and try to determine whether an assault on Everest from the southwest was feasible. Mr. Shipton describes the party's successes and disappointments vividly, but it is the pictures that make the book. A series of aerial photographs and accompanying maps give the reader the orientation necessary to understand the close-up shots of the complex of peaks, cols, glaciers, and massifs of this section of the Himalayas. There are also arresting studies of the Nepalese and their villages, temples, and priests, and of the Tibetan landscape.

SLAVE MUTINY, by William A. Owens (John Day). A historical account of the adventures of a band of Africans from the Slave Coast who, after they had been sold in Havana in 1839, seized the ship that was carrying them to another part of Cuba and killed the captain. They tried to sail home but fetched up instead off Montauk Point, where they were captured by a United States Navy brig and taken to New Haven to stand trial for piracy, although in freeing themselves from the slavers



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they had committed no crime recognized by American admiralty law. The case, which caused a tremendous stir between anti- and pro-slavery factions in the country, was finally dismissed by the Supreme Court and the Negroes were freed after a dramatic session at which the aged John Quincy Adams pleaded for them. The central figure in their story is their remarkable leader Cinqué, the son of an African chief, and though it is told in narrative form, it is documented by fact at every turn. Illustrations.

BLUE TROUT AND BLACK TRUFFLES, by Joseph Wechsberg (Knopf). This is a book about European eating (and drinking), and it is natural that a work dedicated to such pleasures should make more interesting reading than our native brand of nostalgic gastronomic reminiscences. Not that there isn't some nostalgia in Mr. Wechsberg's chronicle, what with his recollections of the brilliant past of the great epicurean monuments of Vienna and Budapest, but his gustatory adventures are mostly concerned with the kitchens and cellars of France, where things are still doing fine. Such establishments as the great M. Point's Restaurant de la Pyramide, in Vienne; Lapérouse, in Paris; and the Hôtel Côte d'Or, in Saulieu, along with restaurants more reservedly star-spangled by the *Guide Michelin*, are discussed with happy gusto. Three chapters of the book first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH HAS A SMALL VOICE, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). A young novelist called Hilda Godwin has irritatingly put several of her friends in a book in such a way as to make them both identifiable and ridiculous, and, naturally enough, it isn't long before one of them feels obliged to strangle her. The Norths get into the case in a rather roundabout manner—a small-time crook mails them a phonograph record that puts them on the killer's trail—but, once in, they undergo some of the most unsettling experiences of their career, and it takes a good deal of assistance from Captain Weigand to extricate them undamaged. As usual, the Lockridges write agreeably, and their plot, though as improbable as any they have turned out, is ingenious and full of lively happenings.

OUT OF THE PAST, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Alan Field, a young man whose outward charm has deluded a great many women and who isn't above mixing a little extortion in with his winning ways, is found stabbed to death in a beach house on the Channel coast of England. Practically everybody in that part of the country is immediately suspected of his murder, as well as that of a French maid who was also a fairly accomplished blackmailer. It is a difficult case, complicated by digressions having to do with a lost South American treasure, among other matters, and it takes all the combined ingenuity of Miss Maud Silver and Inspector Abbott to clear it up.

MEET ME AT THE MORGUE, by John Ross Macdonald (Knopf). The hero of this tangled work is Howard Cross, a Los Angeles probation officer, who somehow gets mixed up in the kidnapping of a four-year-old boy. The child fortunately survives, but four men are killed before Mr. Cross succeeds in unravelling a conspiracy that often seems to involve everybody in California, particularly all women with red hair. The story, as the jacket notes, leads its protagonist "to an unsolved burglary, to a lost adolescent mourning a dead lover, to a suitcase under a bed in an aging sadist's hotel room, to a kidnapping in Chicago thirty years before." Mr. Macdonald, who obviously has an unusually fertile imagination, also throws in a touch of romance at the end, but it might be well to ignore that.

•

CORONATION or longer, 14th century tower near London, $300 month, includes gardener, wife, pool, garage; modernized. N574 Times.—*Adv. in the Times.*

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REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE BY A SILENT RUSSEL CROUSE

[*Leonard Lyons in the Post*]

. . . Russel Crouse remained silent. "I've always regarded myself as an amiable short-hair," he said. "But in the presence of these distinguished long-hairs, I feel absolutely bald."

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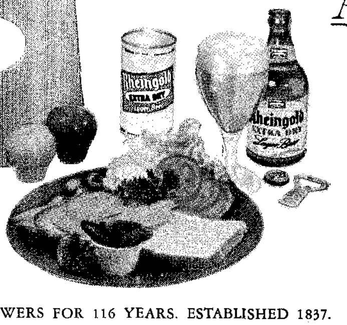
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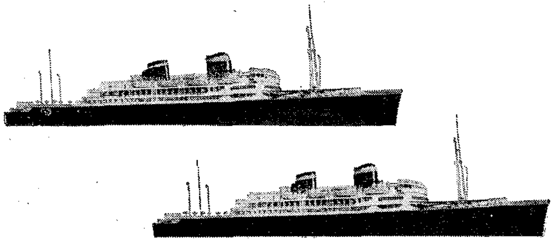

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